



to

## MAJOR DAVID PRICE

OF

ON THE RETIRED LIST OF THE BOMBAY ARMY.

MY DEAR PRICE,

Accept the Dedication of this little Volume—a very fitting testimony of that Fateem and Friendship which have been growing uninterruptedly, not far short of half a century.

Our destinies have run nearly parallel over a considerable portion of the course of our lives. In early day we started as "Soldiers of Fortune" for the same country. So long ago as 1763 we were, though then unknown to each other, within gun shot perhaps, in military operations against Tiroor on the coast of Malabar. We have since served together in the same armies, the same detachments, the same garrisons, and the same regiments. We have together stormed the same forts—have been grievously wounded and mutilated in the service of our dearly beloved Country, and our blood has watered the same dust.

After an active intertropical servitude of nearly a quarter of a century—having filled almost every staff situation of the same army; having gained the same military rank, we returned with an honorable competency resulting from persevering industry and economy, to our native Country, on the same ship, and have set up our several resting-places within sight of our native hills. Unwilling to be altogether idle or useless, we alike share in the administration of the

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# DEDICATION.

Justice, and in the preservation of the Peace, of our respective Counties, by acting in various Commissions under the Crown.

Not unobservant while in *India* of the people among whom our early fortunes cast us, or of their languages or literature, we have, since our return, during the lapse of another quarter of a century, resorted to the Press; and have published to our Countrymen the results of such observations with this difference,--that yours have been chiefly directed to *Mahomedan*, mine to *Hindu* literature: and with this farther difference;--that you have made the most of the advantages of a good and classical education, while I have had to contend with the disadvantages of a bad one. You have drank deep, while I have only sipped at these Oriental Literary springs.

They who live long must pay the sad penalties of existence:--must see their old comrades, and associates, and friends, fall around them. If we look back to our early brethren in arms--where are they? And more and more recently we are called to mourn over the aged Affections of our later years. It behoves us therefore to fasten the more closely the remaining links of Friendship's early chain--and to await, in contentedness and humble hope, its final severance.

With these sentiments and feelings towards you, My dear PRICE, my oldest FELLOW SOLDIER and FRIEND, I most cordially and affectionately say--FAREWELL.

EDWARD MASON.

Bealings, Suffolk,

March 1, 1834.



## P R E F A C E.

Philosophers and Scholars produce, no doubt, the most useful and instructive works. But a great portion of Readers, however willing to be instructed, seek what is also amusing as well as useful. If only the first classes of authors were to produce books, the wants of a great mass of Readers would remain only half-satisfied. Hence other grades of authors are called into productive activity. Or does their existence create the mass of Readers? Or do they act on each other?—No matter:—hence proceed works of a lower—but let us hope not of an altogether useless—class:—still striving to hit the happy old medium of “mixing the useful with the agreeable.”

I have, I think, observed of late an increasing disposition on the part of the Public to receive with complacency the relations of travellers and others, of

personal adventures, and feelings. I am not aware that I—although sufficient of a traveller to have in part qualified myself to ask such courtesy—have met with many adventures—or that I have been very observant—or that I am gifted as to the means of communication. Still I presume to hope that I may be borne with when I play the egotist. I rest this hope chiefly on the conscious absence of ill intention.

Touching the longest article—or series of *Fragments* of this volume—on the spread of “Sanskrit names of Places”—I have I think elsewhere noted, that, extensive as it is, I have not read a single volume or page expressly in search of them. All have occurred in the currency of desultory and confined reading. If the extension of that article were deemed desirable, synonymic instances to almost any length might be multiplied, both in *Greece* and *Africa*, and in many other—I had nearly said in all other—countries. My casually-collected examples are by no means exhausted.

It may be reasonably thought that the Index to this little book—though severely abridged—is disproportionate. I took the pains to compose it, and

at much greater length, from the consideration of the curiosity, not to say importance, of such wide spread of Sanskritisms. A reader, even an Orientalist, finding such words or sounds in the Index, might not know their "whereabout," till he seek in the page referred to—whether they appertain to the geographical nomenclature of *Greece, Africa, America*, the *East Indies*, or other regions. Can the like be said of any other language? I know not if the hypothesis of such spread be mine: this is, I believe, the first attempt to show it. And I farther think that the time is approaching when the hypothesis of such extended spread of the language and religion of *Brahmans*—for their language is almost a necessary portion of their religion—will be more and more developed. Such evidence will lead to farther matter of curiosity, interest, and importance.



# LIST OF THE EMBELLISHMENTS

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# ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

## FRAGMENTS - FIRST.

ON EASTERN CORRESPONDENCE - SEALS -  
STONES - ORIENTAL MAN, &c. &c.

SEVERAL writers have noticed the refinements observable in the correspondence of Asiatics. I have myself had occasion to mention it at some length ; and, finding among my memoranda a collection of materials on the subjects enumerated at the head of this chapter, I purpose to illustrate them rather fully. Without much affectation of arrangement, I hope I may produce an article not altogether incurious or unprofitable.

I will premise that between "persons of condition" in *England* or *France*, fine gilt paper, sealed with the arms of the writer, is appropriate. But nothing farther is expected when a private gentleman may address a duke or the king. Not so in *India*, as we shall presently show. Between ladies of rank, indeed, in these western regions of refine-

ment, especially between young ones—something farther—finer note paper, beautifully embossed emblematic with variegated and perfumed wax, or antique impress, and fancifully. These, and other niceties that may reach my eye or ear, would mark an elegance in the external delicacies of style, that is the mark of Oriental refinement. But they are not

Gentry of most grades among us are contentless, to imitate the higher ranks in the points that are above noted. The vulgar men, inferior paper with uncut edges, a thin wafer, would, perhaps, on common occasions be deemed sufficient. Sometimes, however, some of this class raise themselves a step higher in external forms of correspondence, in the fashion of others—we may not, in our peradventure in truth, say as in *David's* "they *become* their *better*." They imitate the others in going to dance, sing, play, draw, and in ending in *-ology*. In this, I am not to blame them—it arises chiefly from a noble desire of rendering themselves more attractive; nor can I discommend a certain degree of smartness in dress and decoration. The extreme in everything, is to be recommended, alas! have no unmixed good. The man too fastidious, who sees first and chiefly lurking, remote evil in these efforts. For myself, I cannot resist the temptation. Coming once after a short sojourn

*Flanders and Holland*, again into *France*, the pleasing effect of the becoming smartness of the French *tonnure*, &c. was such a relief after the skull-caps and ugly habits of the *Franks*, so well depicted by *Terentius* and his compatriots, as is not to be easily imagined. What, indeed, are metics in dress, but amatory correspondence telegraphed? The *Hollanders* are strikingly contrasted to the *French* in their externals, and perhaps in their internals too. They are an ugly, honest, tasteless race.

Among ourselves we thus see that different degrees of refinement distinguish our external forms of correspondence. I may also note another or two:—among persons of *ton* in *London*, letters or notes must not be sent by post. So in *India*, letters of exalted persons are sent by special messenger (I may, perhaps, see it fit to notice how I have had the honor of being the bearer of a letter from the King of *England* to the Ruler of the *Mahrattas*): nor in *London* must the address of the recipient party be superscribed. The name is all-sufficient. It is not predictable that any one can be ignorant of the abode of “The Right Honorable The Lady Honorable &c.,” “‘Twould argue one’s self unknown.” In the like feeling, the houses in *Grosvenor* (or, as some well-disposed persons of both sexes have of late years sought to deserve favorably of their country by calling it, *Gratania*) Square are not numbered. Little folks affect to smile at all this: and let them. It is an allowable revenge at their exclusion from a participation in these and other fashionable frivol-

pass sometimes in great pomp, att  
ficient presents. The letters are v  
fully manufactured paper, bespr  
woven flowers, and ornaments of  
do not know that I have ever seen  
quisitely manufactured than that of  
of exalted persons, as well as the  
Oriental penmanship, are written.

The letter is rarely an autograph  
particular mark or flourish is ma  
bottom. This is I think called *by*  
sure if that be an Indian or a Tur  
perhaps both. Sometimes, more  
between Mahomedans, the imp  
ring is made at the top or bottom  
letter. This is said to be regulated  
quette. If to a superior, or to one  
or flattered, it would be placed at  
would be from any affectation of  
sumption, or a decidedly real  
induce a superior signature: latera

The paper marks also, in very nic  
grades of the parties, especially of  
the very exalted, that already descri  
To others you may use paper of  
to the precise rank of the party a  
no means of a quality inferior to his



one-third greater extent, is redoubled in small folds of about an inch : its length being the breadth of the paper. It is then put in an envelope of fine gold or silver powdered paper, about two inches wider than the letter : this is folded up in a peculiar way, not easily described, in folds of the size of the letter ; but the ends of the envelope are not all folded or doubled in, but project, as it were, beyond the folds or doublings in : the enclosure is thus secured in a manner not admitting of easy abstraction. The last edge of the envelope is managed so as to end at the middle of the letter, and is closed with paste or size in its whole length. The signet-ring usually is impressed over the middle of the pasting, and generally contains the name and principal title of the writer—sometimes his name only. The signet is of stone, cornelian, emerald, turquoise, &c. : if of metal, the seal is mostly in the form of a stamp : it is dipped on a hard, inked cushion, leaving an impression of a black ground—the uninked inscription white. The direction, or address, is then added at considerable length : not, however, the name merely of the addressee, with a handle or tail, equivalent to our *Sir Charles*, or *Right Honorable*, or *Bart.* or *Esq.*, but the style and titles in full, interlarded with amplifications and complimentary adulations. It runs sometimes half, sometimes the whole length of the letter, from right to left, in a single line.

Several of such letters are in my possession and to great men—from the King of Persia, the Governor General, Lords Wellesley, TRIGNMOUTH; DOWLET RAO SINDHAN, Koorg, &c. &c. to exalted persons. Of these we will speak more particularly, and give impressions of their seals, but we are now done with our first subject, the letter is folded, closed, stamped, and directed.

Plate I. is a well-engraved facsimile of a letter, not selected for the importance of its contents, but because it is the only one in my possession, and the only one that could be conveniently copied into the required size. DOWLET RAO SINDHAN to the Governor of Bombay, on some occasion, as will be seen, quarrel on the sea-coast.

It is read from right to left, beginning at the top line. The Alif ! at top is *Allah*, the revered name in, and with which the Mahomedans with any pretensions to piety are among the most religious of men. They commence every undertaking, important or trifling, with an invocation of the name of Allah. The anomaly of such an invocation in a letter from a Mahomedan to a Christian will be noticed.

It is written in Persian, in the *Sheketch*, or broken, or, as we should say, carelessly pointed, on very fine paper covered with an interwoven besprinkled dust. The paper is just twelve inches long and a half wide. The writing occupies more than a quarter of the paper, the



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bottom quarter. The ' is at the very top in the original, in the engraving brought down to the writing.

In the Plate it has been necessary to place the address on its end in the margin. It is written in the same broken, running hand; in which the letters are strangely transformed, almost *ad libitum*, the short vowels or diacritical points omitted, or misplaced, or mis-written, with other puzzlings to a tyro. A practised friend thus translates it for me.

Address on the envelope placed upright in Plate I.

" Let this come under the consideration of the benefactor of his friends, the distinguished in the state, the *Ameen* (conservative governor) of the country entrusted to his care, *Quahty* (a word obscurely written—it may be *Omuntun*, and an initial J has perhaps been omitted—these supplied, we may read JONATHAN) DUNCAN—the renowned, the lion in battle—on whom be peace from the Most High.

" Sir, the benefactor of your friend—peace be with you from the Most High—the noble and exalted in dignity BAHU RAO ANGRIAN, invested with confidence on my part, recently dispatched a certain *Chelak* (a slave or a freedman) of his own of the name of JAY SING RAO, for the purpose of regulating and adjusting some affairs of the fortress of *Cullian* (this word is as much like *Calabak*) and the districts dependent on it. The said personage, accordingly, on his arrival, took possession of the country, moreover advancing batteries against the fort. But according to the sordid and contracted character, which is pe-

culiar to himself, the said RAO, re-  
allegiance to the noble and exalted in-  
named, and with views of worldly inter-  
than this might have been expected to  
has proceeded to sow dissension ; app-  
upon the assistance of the English G-  
renowned, to aid him in the reduction  
fortress.—Now the relations between  
(governments—that is, Sinddeah's and  
being in unison, and having due regu-  
mony thus subsisting, means have been  
chastise the said revolter, and to re-  
orders of which he has been the occasion  
it is that I have employed the pen to  
sire that in no shape shall such aid or  
ever extended to him, and that in no  
reliance be ever placed in his insin-  
uations.—What more should I write ?



The last sentence is in the margin  
in the plate—in the latter divided from  
from the external address. The broad-  
ter at the extreme end may be a mis-  
termination ; but it is rather supposed  
RAO's autograph.

The exterior signet-seal of the letter  
of the plate, and may be thus read as

انک فرزند ار عالیجاء مہاراجہ دولت راو

“ 36. Chief Governor of Kingdoms—  
—of eminent station—*Maharajah*—  
SINDDEAH, *Bahadur*, 1208.” A. H.

*Maharajah* is equivalent to *great prince*. DOWLET RAO and his predecessor were usually so called, and addressed; abbreviated to *Meraj*. The 36 is the date of the reign of the King, by whom these titles were granted—the late SHAH AALIM. Of this more presently.

In reading the impression of this seal, you begin at the bottom on the right. Reaching the  you stop, and go to the second line, where the  is elongated its whole length, the line having but two letters. You must then return to the lower line, and read to the end; skip the second line, read the whole of the third, skip the fourth, read the fifth or top line till you come to the last syllable of *SIX-URAH*, then read the fourth, which comprises but three letters *ke Haka*, and finish with the *dur*, at top.

All this may seem complicated and difficult, and doubtless is so, to novices; but by those accustomed to it, it is as currently read as a newspaper:—by Sir GORE OUSELEY, for instance, and Major PATER.

The observable anomaly of Indian Courts and diplomatists, be they Christian, Mahomedan, or Hindu, communicating with each other in the Persian language, even where both parties may be wholly ignorant of it, has been adverted to. In the south of *India*, except about the Mahomedan Courts of *Hydrabad* and (late) *Serengapatam*, Persian scholars are rarely met with. Here and there a Mahomedan *munshi*, or writer, or teacher, may

be found in the service of a native  
 also a Mahomedan gentleman was  
 Persian, and perhaps more or less  
 such persons are not common. A  
*Koran* does not necessarily imply  
 is understood, even by him, must  
 a hundred, its hearers are allego  
 that particular. Hindu rulers, o  
 other great men who may have occas  
 with their equals, mostly employ  
 penman. I do not recollect that  
 more than one Hindu skilled in P  
 Brahman, in the service of my c  
 tary commander, PURSHAM B  
 RAMA-BHAI). He was also my m  
 Persian, and my *guru* in Hinduism  
 MOHUN LAL. I name him with  
 felt and feel myself under deep o  
 for when I was lying grievously  
 fifty miles at considerable person  
 enemy's country, solely to visit  
 leave, thinking or fearing that  
 country, in such strange times,  
 strange circumstances, in a remote  
 might be in want of means, presen  
 most delicate apologies a pursu  
 tressed him by persisting in not  
 were greatly against our again  
 the moon; for my wound was a  
 coming events were strangely fo  
 did, however, meet; and I kee  
 remembrance, a copy of HAVN

beautiful manuscripts I ever saw, a present from that kind friend. If alive, may prosperity be with him; if dead, peace!

Although natives see fit to employ writers in a foreign unknown language, the English do not labor under that disadvantage. So many of the East-India Company's civil and military servants are completely skilled in Persian, and other languages, that it is not difficult to find gentlemen, so qualified, for the various diplomacies and missions at and to all the Courts of *India*. Thus, my kind friend Mr. DUNSTON, to whom the noticed letter was addressed, was an elegant Persian scholar; but his exalted correspondent, DOWLAT RAO SINDHAN, knew not a letter of it.

This comprises, I think, all that I have to say on the subject of Plate I.

Our letter being written, folded, closed, stamped, and directed, is put into a loose bag of fine muslin, which is placed in another bag, of ample size, in reference to its contents, say a foot long and three inches in width. This bag is made of a very rich stuff called *kamkhab*, by us usually *kinch*. It is of silk, red generally, sometimes blue, embroidered in gold or silver, mostly of gold, with flowers, sometimes so full as to show but little silk. This bag is called *khurita*. Men and women's dresses are sometimes made of this rich stuff, especially trousers, *pajama*, sometimes coats: it is very gorgeous; cushions, pillows, paltry-bedding, &c. are also covered with it. In the *khelant*, or honorary dress, so often given by great men to visitors of note, a



piece of *kamkhab* for the trousers is the five, seven, nine, or more pieces of *khelant*, according to the rank of the person proposed.

The compound name *khawab* rather forcibly been translated rest-dreamless, is said to have been given to this stuff, from its uncomfortable rough touch; but it is perhaps a fanciful derivation. Sheets made of it would certainly not be of rest, the literal meaning of its name. If truth, the derivation may be rejected. *Khawab* dreamless is spelt *khawab* not *khawab*.

The top of the *kharita* being secured by two or three inches down, with a slight twist of silk and gold twist, tasselled at the end, a string is passed through a flat mass of wax pressed with the great or state seal. The tassels showing themselves beyond the wax sometimes contain in a knot a slip of paper round its middle. On this slip is written the name and short principal title of the writer. Some specimens will be given.

The spread of wax is regulated by the size of the seal—from one inch to four or more inches in diameter, and from the thickness of a dollar to half an inch. It is skilfully managed to form a pretty exact circle, with smooth edges, oval, or polygonal, as the seal may be. The most commonly round.

The *kharita* thus prepared is put all



and all, into another bag of fine white muslin, and is ready for the hand of the special messenger.

It remains to describe more particularly these great seals of great men. The central subject of Plate II. is an exact representation of the seal of DOWLET RAO SINDEAH, of whom the world has heard so much, and will hereafter hear so little, appended to the Letter of Plate I. It is four and a half inches in diameter—the way a quarter of an inch thick. Nothing can exceed the accuracy of the engraver,<sup>1</sup> nor, I think, the beauty of his execution of this as well as the other subjects of this book, which bear his name.

The impression of this seal is easily read. Beginning at the bottom on the right, it runs to the left, upwards, thus:—

عبدہ الامراء رندار جند شہجاء مہاراجہ  
دولت راو سیندھید بہادر سری تا ۳۹  
منصور بہان نائب دلا سہلال وکین مشفق  
امیر الامراء فرید خاص الخائن مہدی جہ بدلت  
بود ہان مہاراجہ دہراج سوای بادشاہ راو نارائن  
بہادر قدوسی ۱۲۰۹ شاہ عالم باد شاہ ناری

It is well cut—not, I should think, in the *Dekkan*. At *Hydrabad*, and *Surat*, and perhaps at *Aurangabad*, artists may, however, be met with capable of such work.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Swaine of Queen Street, Golden Square.

Such *Sanskrit* words as *Sri Nath* and *Purdhan*, look awkwardly in Persian, and puzzle a mere Isfahani, or a Shirazi; but a Persian recognizes them immediately. And when asked, how came the Persian word *دولت*, wealth, to appear as the proper name of a Mahomedan, I am not aware that it has any relation to the *Sanskrit*. In an earlier work, published forty years ago, I have shown the propensity of the Mahrattas to borrow vocables from all languages. From Arabic, Persian, Hindu, English, and probably others, numerous words were legitimatized into theirs. I do not immediately recollect any Mahomedan proper name connected with *Sanskrit*, or any language strictly—nor, indeed, any other Hindu having a proper name (independently of titular acquisition) except DOWLUT RAHU SINDEAH.

A learned friend has favored me with the following excellent translation of this great man (once—but like NAPOLEON, he came once in contact with WELLINGTON, and therefore a great man:—

“Pillar of Nobles—among sons most distinguished—Exalted in Dignity—*Maharajah* DOWLUT SINDEAH, *Bahadur*—(renowned warrior) *Divine Natha*—Conqueror of the age—Lord with powers unlimited—Minister absolute of the Lords—Son, among the excellent, most excellent the sublime in dignity, *Pundit Purdhan* (properly divine) *Maharajah Dehraj Sevai* MAHARAJA

*Hejra* 1208, corresponding to 1793 A. D. To the left of the second line from the bottom is 36—the year of the long reign of poor SHAH AALUM— (“Emperor Victorious!”)

DOWLUT RAO must at the above period, 1793, have been a mere lad. I first saw him in 1796, and he was then a very young man—under twenty perhaps.

In cutting these seals, the artists seem to put the dates where most convenient—the 36 is in the middle of the word *Natha*. They like to make, by a sort of arbitrary flourish, letters to run backwards or forwards, wholly across. In this seal four run backwards, and one forward—for which, save for appearance, there was no occasion.

Showing, since this was written, my pretty plate to another friendly and accomplished Orientalist, he favored me with another translation of SINDEAH’s great seal, as follows :—

“ The Pillar of Nobles—the beloved Son, of eminent station—*Maharajah* DOWLUT RAO SINDEAH *Bahádúr*—*Sri Nath*, the victorious of the age, the Minister with absolute power, supreme Deputy of the Lord of Lords, the most particularly beloved Son, of the highest rank, *Pandit Pardhan Maharahdiraj*: *Sevai* MADHU RAO NARAIN BARADUR, vassal of SHAH AALUM, King, Hero of the Faith.”  
A. Hejiri 1208—36 of his reign.

The MADHU RAO of this seal was *Peshwa* when

I first visited *Poona*. His brief history is singular. I may devote a future page to it.

I have now pretty well done with the subject of Indian Correspondence, DEAH's seal, in particular. The Plate II. remain to be described. Before I describe them I have a few remarks on the acquisition of titles from the King (by the other sovereigns or rulers of the Mohammedan and Hindu, as well as by almost every nation and religion, and rank.

These titles are high-sounding, and above, and according, more or less, to the honored—not, however, very exact. Indeed, been said, that of the late SHAH AALUM, the fees on these titles of importance to him as revenue; and well applied, would obtain a title below the rank of the aspirant. This, to a may be true; but it would be manifest that he could not grant such titles as those of SINDEA to a puissant personage. To him even the absurdity may not be at once conceived. I can be recollected, however, that SINDEA, at that time, as was his predecessor, indeed reigned, wielding despotically the potent armies—overawing all the powers of the English, including his own immediate Peshwa, the "MADHU RAO NARAYAN" of the seal; and the *Badshah*

aged, blinded, reduced, SHAH AALUM; whom he held in a direct state of thralldom, comfortless to the unhappy King, and not honorable to himself.

His predecessor, MADAJEE SINDEAH, was the master-mind that did all this for DOWLAT RAO, his adopted; he rescued the King from a tenfold depth of misery and degradation in the hands of the infamous, beyond all names for infamy, GHOLAM KHAN, and left a mighty sway to DOWLAT RAO. It is said that he, as HYDER did to his son TIPPOO, cautioned the ministers and guardians of his adopted I believe nephew, and the had himself, to avoid, to the last effort, hostility with the English. MADAJEE SINDEAH and HYDER were master-minds, fitted to raise themselves to empires—DOWLAT RAO and TIPPOO, from different reasons, were likelier to lose it.

It was to MADAJEE SINDEAH, probably, that the titles of *Ameer al Omra*, and *Wakeel Motluck*, were granted. The first, "Lord of Lords," may have been merely complimentary; but *Wakeel Motluck*, "Lieutenant, with powers unlimited," is, as I have known in another, a substantive patent, giving extraordinary power to a minister.

Many Englishmen, residents in *India*, have received these patent titles of honor from the reigning King. Persons of high rank, Governor-Generals, Governors, Commanders-in-Chief, Ambassadors at different courts; and others of inferior dignity, aggregately a great many, have received them. At native *durbars*, or courts, you take precedence in

conformity with the grade of your *alkhab* rary title. But I believe this is confined to the *medan durbars*. At the native courts the *entrée* of these title-bearing nobles is a very flourishing style by the full-mooned officers; who so well know how to make the most pompous titular phraseology. I have fine high-sounding grandiloquence, I enter, literally, a "gentleman without as CRISPIN HEELTAP puts back in the of Garrat." But he was, notwithstanding of note; wearing, albeit shirtless, a shield, on which alone the haughty was himself.

I once, when residing at a native court, ambition—I will not give it POPE's preference in invocation to St. JOHN—to become an Officer in the Moghul empire. Mentioning it one day to my and much-lamented friend General PALMER, the most noted and skilled of Eastern dignitaries, he offered to procure me a title from *Dehli*. It was very influential. But if it was ever granted, I never received it. I was removed from the presence of my friend—he was immersed in the management of important state affairs, and I in my moment, but not less incessant—times and circumstances changed—my *alkhab* was perhaps changed—my friend died—and I am still a wanderer, whether at the court of *Dehli*, or elsewhere. My highly-gifted friend also undertook to procure for me from the archives of *Dehli*,



a list, with a translation, like the foregoing, of the high-sounding honors so conferred on my countrymen, and a brief memoir of such as I could learn any thing of, might be entertaining; but, like my own *alkhab*, if ever made, such document did not reach me.

These honors have not been confined to the English—Frenchmen, Portuguese, Italians, Americans—one instance only is known to me of the last—I have received them. To some I have known them give pleasant and profitable precedence at court. Mahomedans, speaking of such individuals, give them their native titles; dropping their European names. I have heard such a person have the insolence to call Lord CORNWALLIS by his *Dekli* title of

and DOWLET RAO SINDHAN by his, of

عمدت الأمراء *Omdut al Omra*—pillar of nobles.

I may dilate farther hereon in another page; but I rather wish to return hence to Plate II., and to make an end of what I have to say specifically on that plate.

No. 2. is the seal of my much-respected and accomplished friend, the Right Honorable Sir GORE OUSELEY, Bart., containing the titles conferred on him by the king SHAH AATUM. It is, like the others, an exact fac-simile of his seal, which is cut in a white agate.

Reading, as before, from the right at bottom, it runs thus :

امتياز الدولة ممتاز الملك كور اوزلي بهادر ظفرجنگ

Imtiaz ud Dowlah—mūmtaz ul mulk—GORE OUSELEY, 1212, Bahadur—Zaffer Jung.

“The Distinguished of the State—the Exalted of the Kingdom—GORE OUSELEY Bahadur—(Hero)—Victorious in War.”—1212 A. H. 1797 A. D.

Or, as translated by another skilled hand, thus :  
“Pre-eminent in the State—Distinguished in the Realm—GORE OUSELEY—Bahadur—Victorious in Battle.”

This seal is well and beautifully cut by a *Lucknow* artist of celebrity.

No. 3. of the same Plate II. is a curious specimen of a whimsical style of writing and graving, in which Arabians I think more particularly delight and excel. Persians and Indians imitate them successfully. It is called *toghra*, or flourished. The writing reads the same, backwards or forwards—and the art seems to rest on making the letters, of which the words or names are compounded, as difficult to read as possible, by unexpected and whimsical, and sometimes scarcely authorized, combinations. I shall leave it to the ingenuity of my readers to find this out. It is not difficult; as the letters of the names are not very tractable as to combinable facilities—the four medials, out of the eight letters, resist union with their neighbours. The first and last two are more tractable. The date is 1211 A. H.—of A. D. 1796. It is a cornelian seal.

is, "GORE OUSELEY—the favored of the Holy KRISHNA."

The other two at the bottom of this Plate, Nos. 4 and 6, I shall leave unexplained, to be made out, which is easy enough, by the reader. No. 4. is on a cornelian called *yemeni*, the finest kind: it is a ring. No. 5. is a stamp seal—the dates 1212 and 1210 A. H., corresponding with 1797 and 1795 A. D. A critical reader will perceive that in SWEDIAN's great seal the initial of MANDU in the second line is not strictly correct, being *u* instead of *u*. But the original seal, of which I have two impressions, is exactly copied.

I will here interpolate the remark that Indian wax is so hard as not to yield to the climate. Impressions can be preserved through the hot seasons, and for many years. I have many that I have had thirty or forty years, as sharp as ever. English wax yields to a very little heat—100 degrees, perhaps, or less. I remember when I was a postmaster in *India*, the use of wax on letters crossing the peninsula, or for despatch by the overland packets to *England*, was interdicted. English wax is sent out in great quantities, and is chiefly used, officially and privately, in *India*—while the country wax is so much better and cheaper.

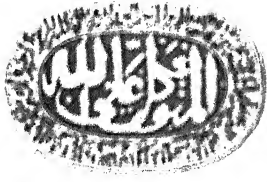


This is all that I have to say on the immediate subject of Plate II.

We turn now to Plate III. This I reckon a very beautifully executed work of art, as relates to the engraving, and filled with curious and valuable subjects. No. 1. is a *fac-simile* impression of the signet-ring usually worn by the lately renowned, now half-forgotten, HYDER ALLY, first *Sultan of Mysore*. It is characteristic of HYDER—plain, useful, and unostentatious. It is a common red cornelian, set in silver, with black enamel. It has this inscription—read from the top: “HYDER ALI KHAN *Bahadar*, 1173.” This corresponds with A. D. 1759. A figure 6 is observable about the middle. This may be the year of his assumption of the style of sovereignty.

This ring, together with the subjects 2. 3. 4. 5. and 6. which will be noticed presently, were found among the booty captured with *Seringapatam*, and were purchased at the prize sales by Major PRICE, prize agent for the *Bombay* army. They are still in his possession. He has favored me with impressions. The subjects themselves have been, indeed, years in my possession.

No. 2. is the seal-ring of TIPPOO. It is cut on deep red, liver-coloured, cornelian, set in gold. It bears simply تپو سلطان TIPPOO SULTAN, with the date 1215, and prettily beflowered. But in this instance the date is not of the *Hejra*, or *Flight*; and is perhaps the only instance of a Mahomedan presuming to alter that universally received and re-



الحمد لله رب العالمين الرحمن الرحيم مالك يوم الدين  
 انما هذا العبد الحقير المستضعف والذليل  
 عاجز عن القيام بواجبه في هذا العمل





vered era. TIRROO invented and used an era of his own. Ignorance on this point led me, on a former occasion when I published and commented on TIRROO'S coins and coinage, into various erroneous views, then, unaccountable an anomaly, but the subsequent publication of WILKES' *South of India*, and MANNING'S *Numismata Orientalia*, has fully cleared the subject of all embarrassment and difficulty. I purpose, in another place, to devote a page or two to this matter of chronology, and some others connected with it.

No. 3, of Plate III., has no immediate legendary connexion with TIRROO or his family. Having been found, and being kept, among such subjects, and having probably been engraved by the command of TIRROO, and used by him, or one of his family, it has found a place in my pretty plate.

It is a seal of yellow cornelian, set in gold, bearing the date of 1199 A. H. (there) corresponding with 1784. It has this inscription—read from the top: *يا منير كركي* Ya manir Kirkhi. "O, thou! who wast manifested at Kirkh."

This is reasonably supposed to refer to the 7th Imam, *MUHAMMAD al KAUFEM*, who is buried at *Kirkh*, a suburb of *Haghdad*. He was poisoned by *KHALED*, one of the *Harmecides*, in the reign and through the jealousy of *HARI S HAKIM*.

It is probable that TIRROO, in a pious or fearful feeling, may have thus and otherwise invoked the blessing or protection of the holy martyr on himself, or one of his family, on the occasion of a birth, per-

haps, or some impending danger.—But this is mere conjecture.

No. 6. contains the same invocation, on a smaller scale, differently written. This is to be read from the bottom. The date is the same as on TIPPON's ring, 1215. This may have appertained to another of the family.

No 4. is a gold ring, with a yellow cornelian, engraved with the name of محى الدين MOHI ud DEEN, one of TIPPON's sons—which, in the order of succession, does not immediately occur to me; but he was, I think, one of the two hostages surrendered by TIPPON to Lord CORNWALLIS, for the due performance of the first *Seringapatam* treaty of peace of 1792. The date of the ring is 1218—read the wrong way, it is true—but if read the other, it would carry us out of all chronological bounds. It is of his father's era; for if taken as of the *Hejra*, it would correspond with A. D. 1803, four years after the subversion of his father's power and the duration of his life.

Of this prince MOHI ud DIN, this anecdote may be worth relating.

To arrange and catalogue the vast amount of property captured at *Seringapatam*, to make it available for sale, or division among the captors, skilled individuals were selected. Major, since Major-General, OGG of the *Madras* establishment, and Major PRICE of *Bombay*, were selected to inspect and arrange TIPPON's splendid and invaluable library. While engaged in this interesting employ-



books." Poor youth!—it may easily be forgiven him. His name means "Restorer of Religion."

No. 5. of Plate III. has no other relationship to TIRMOO than as having, like 3 and 6, been found assorted, purchased, and kept with the same lot. It is a small gold ring of yellow cornelian. The following names are almost illegibly engraved or scratched on it.

الله محمد بنى وعلينا حسن حسين

ALLAH—MAHOMMED—ALI—FATIMA—HUSSEIN—HUSSEYN: being the Deity, and the holy family. It may have been worn as an amulet—not used as a seal—for the engraving on the stone reads unreversed, as in the Plate.

It is a curious subject. Women are very rarely brought to notice or recollection by Mahomedans. FATIMA, it may be scarcely necessary to note, was the daughter of the prophet, the wife of the great ALI, and the mother of HUSSEIN and HUSSEYN, who were most atrociously murdered by the infamous YEZZID. No human being, probably, that ever existed, has had so much execration heaped upon him, or more deservedly, than the said murderer. The copious subject of the fate of these martyrs—on which more pathetic poems and essays have been composed, and more

feelingly recited, and more tears shed, than on any other, perhaps, since the fall of man—may probably invite re-attention in a future page. At present I shall only stop to add that the memory of *FATIMA*, the prophet's beloved daughter, the "Mother of the Faithful," is held in deep respect. This may be supposed, when the character given of her by the prophet is to this effect—that "he had known many really good or perfect men—but only four faultless women:" these were *ASIA* the wife of *PHARAOH*, the *Virgin MARY*, *KADIJAH* the daughter of *KHO-WAILED* (the prophet's first wife), and his own daughter *FATIMA*.

We will now turn to No. 7. of Plate III. This is a representation of a very curious and valuable subject. It is an agate, or cornelian, most elaborately and beautifully cut—to a degree, I think, exceeding any I have ever seen of a like nature. It was purchased by a deceased friend in *Perma*. It was shown by a common friend, in whose hand I placed it for that purpose, to Professor *LEX*, who returned it with this memorandum:

"The inscription round the border contains the opening chapter of the *Koran*, very beautifully and correctly written. The inscription in the middle compartment is *الله التوكّل عليّ* i. e. 'The (person) confiding in God.' The stone itself is probably an amulet, and perhaps has been worn for preservation against evil spirits, &c.—*Cambridge*, 4th December, 1830."

Another orientalist calls it "a very rare and

curious relique, if it be, as I conceive it, an amulet once worn on the arm of *MUTUWKEET*,<sup>1</sup> the tenth *Khalif* of the house of *ANASS*." He adds, "I can not conceive that any thing could have been better executed than this engraving."

The part left white in the Plate is finely polished on the stone, and raised, by the cutting away and sinking of the dark ground. The central words are *AL MUTUWKEET ALI ALI AN*. This was the name and title assumed by *ALI FAZZI JAZZIR* with the *Khalifat* in the year 232 A. H. = 847 A. D. In *PATER'S Retrospect* II. 151, his name or title is translated "Confident in God," or perhaps more properly, *Deo delegatus*, "delegated from God." He was very intolerant, especially of Jews and Christians, on whom he heaped many indignities. He did not stop there. In his imbecility and ferocity, he forbade the pilgrimage to *Kerbela*, and caused the sacred repository of the ashes of *HUSSEIN* and the other martyrs interred there to be razed.

After numberless follies and enormities he was put to death, at the age of forty, in the fifteenth year of his reign.

The chapter of the Koran enclosing the words of the name of this ill-fated *Khalif*, the ignominy of the house of the *Abbasides*, is finely graven; but as the liberties taken by fine Arabic penmen with the combinations of their letters are somewhat arbitrary, and not, in such cases as this, easily made out, I

<sup>1</sup> If this be admissible, this will, indeed, be a rare relique. And why not? Who would thus embalm the hated memory of such a monster?

have put the flourished Arabic into a more readable form in the three lines lower in the Plate. Thirty or forty years' want of practice has, however, rendered my penmanship in such matters not very praiseworthy, whatever it may once have been.

A critical reader may, perhaps, suspect inaccuracy, in my having placed the *بسم الله* last, instead of first.

The first critic that I showed it to, did indeed remark it: and he may be right. Every chapter of the *Koran*, save one, is prefaced with it. I examined two *Korans* which had not the *humillah* at their beginning; but on looking at three others, they have it. The 9th chapter is the only one without it.

The following is the account which I find among my memoranda, touching the inscription before us.

It comprehends the introductory or opening chapter of the *Koran*. This chapter is called *al Fatiha*, meaning the *Preface*, or *Introduction*. It was revealed to MAHOMMED at Mecca. The chapter being so short, is in use as a prayer, and held in great veneration. It has several other titles, meaning the chapters of *prayer*, of *praise*, of *thanks*, of *treasure*, &c.—all denoting veneration. It is esteemed as the quintessence of the whole *Koran*, and is repeated both in public and private, as the Christians do the Lord's Prayer.

The impression has not as an invocation the usual formula of *بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم*, common to every chapter of the *Koran*, save one. Here it is a *terminus*. This sentence is pronounced by Mahomedans all the world over, on every important occasion, and

on many, especially the first words *al'hamd lillah*, altogether unimportant. It is with them as the sign of the cross with papists. It means, "In the name of God—the Merciful—the Compassionate."

GIYAN, a celebrated Arabic writer, relates that "when these words were sent from heaven, the clouds fled on the side of the East, the winds were lulled, the animals erected their ears to listen, and the devils were precipitated from the celestial spheres."

رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ, *rabbi 'alamin*, with which the chapter opens for *الحمد لله* is merely invocatory—similarly meaning "Praise be to God," and is similarly often in the mouth of "the faithful"—signifies "Lord of the worlds," but *Alamin*, in this and other parts of the *Koran*, probably means the three species of rational creatures—men, genii, and angels.

On this text some European writers have endeavoured to prove that MAHOMMED believed in a plurality of worlds. In SAVARY's translation it is "Sovereign of the worlds."

This is SALE's translation of the 1st chapter of the *Koran*, entitled the *Preface* or *Introduction*.

"In the name of the most merciful God. Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures; the most merciful, the king of the day of judgment. THINE do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray."

The last sentence, SALE informs us, contains a petition that the suppliants may be led into the true religion; by which is meant the Mahomedan, in the *Koran* often called "the right way." In this place it is more particularly defined to be "the way of those to whom the Most Merciful hath been gracious"—that is, of the prophets and faithful who preceded MAHOMMED:—under which appellation are also comprehended the Jews and Christians, such as they were in their primitive purity: before they had deviated from their respective institutions:—*not the way of the modern Jews*, whose signal calamities are marks of the just anger of God against them for their obstinacy and disobedience:—*nor of the Christians of this age*, who have departed from the true doctrine of JESUS, and are bewildered in a labyrinth of error.

This is the most common exposition of the passage;—others, by a different application of the negatives, refer the whole to the true believers, and read it thus: "*The way of those to whom thou hast been gracious, against whom thou art not incensed, and who have not erred.*" Which translation the original will very well bear.

Thus far SALE; who refers to his authorities. In poor return I will express my sense—of little worth in itself, but it is grounded on the opinion of the competent—of the masterly manner in which he has translated the *Koran*. His Preliminary Discourse is excellent; and his notes and annotations are equally instructive. His work is too little read. It has been found all-sufficient; for, although the only

translation in our language, no other has been thought wanted in the lapse of more than half a century.

In my more modern, and easily read lines of Plate III. I have put the *brimillab* at the end. In reading the inscription on the stone, they may, no doubt, be taken as the first or last words; as, being circular, they meet near the top.

I will here note that I know nothing of Arabic—and as little of Persian as my reader may please to suppose. Thirty or forty years ago I might have known a little—and but little. But as very few of the Company's servants then knew any thing of it, my little passed for more than it was worth—with myself, perhaps, inclusive. But in such great lapse of time, hundreds, thousands, of the Company's servants civil and military have passed me, onwards towards eminence; which many have attained. I have stood still—or rather obviously retrograded. What, therefore, was once something, though but little, positively, is now next to nothing, comparatively.

Before I take leave of the beautiful Stone, the subject of No. 7. of Plate III., I will observe, that the history of the KHALIF whose name occupies the centre, MUTUWIKKETI, the *Confiding*, may be found in that grand magazine of Mahommedan historic lore, "PRICE'S *Retrospect*." This comprehensive work is much less known than it ought to be. It came out under manifold disadvantages, which it will take some time to overcome. But it must, eventually, find its way into all public libra-

ries, and into such private ones as have any pretensions to an historical or to an oriental class of works. It came out under the disadvantage of a distant rural press, in single volumes, with intervals of years between. It has been insufficiently advertised; and, not having been printed for any bookseller, has not been at all pushed. The *Reviews*—those useful vehicles to public notice for works of merit, unconnected with party in respect to religion or politics—have scarcely heard of it; and its price is too high, perhaps, to admit of its purchase for their purpose, if they had. The times of the publication of all the volumes were, moreover, times of great national excitement—when the public mind was intent on mighty events passing under our own eye, involving the destinies of thrones and empires—possibly of our own; and regarded but little the sayings and doings of semi-barbarians at our antipodes a thousand years ago. Under all these disadvantages, it may be questioned if the sale of this great and laborious work hath yet repaid the author's positive publication outlay; that is, the mere paper and printing. The great expense incurred in *India*, in the purchase of various works of the Mahomedan historians he can scarcely expect to be reimbursed. An Arabic or Persian historian, whose work is looked at in *England* and declared to be very pretty, may perhaps have cost a hundred pounds to him who knew how to appreciate it. And for a return for the learned labours of half an industrious life, the author of the "*Chronological Retrospect of Mahomedan History*" must look to



posterity—and he will not look in vain :—for the merits of the work, comprising an intimate acquaintance with the language of his authorities, sound judgment in selecting and great industry in examining and collating them, and the happy talent of communicating the result, will eventually insure the just reputation of both the work and its author.

I must return for a moment to Plate III., and then resume the topic of the great cost of Oriental MSS.

No. 8, of that Plate is a fine deep red cornelian, which I purchased in the bazaar at *Bombay*, for two rupees, between thirty and forty years ago. The inscription is not cut, but *painted* white; and is, although I have taken no particular care of the stone, as plain and perfect, apparently, as ever. With what pigment it is so painted I know not, nor where it may have been done. Like its neighbour No. 7, it is unset; and as they read on the stones as in the plate (not reversed) they have both been, probably, intended as amulets or phylacteries. This applies also to the ring No. 5. The other subjects of the Plate, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6, have been used as signets, being reversed.

No. 8, may have been done by or for some zealous Mahomedan: they are addicted to amulets, charms, &c. of this sort. It seems to invoke a blessing *علي* upon all and each; on *ALL*, on *MAHOMMED*, on the family of *MAHOMMED*, on *MAHOMMED* again, on *FATEMA*, the immaculate, and upon (her children, the martyrs) *HUSSON* and

HUSSAYNE, ending, at the bottom, with — *Help n from God.*

This is, I think, all that I have to say at present, on the subjects of Plate III.: unless it be to repeat that what the reader there sees are, as to size as well as inscriptions, the exact representations of the originals. Nos. 9 and 10 will be noticed hereafter.

Now a word on the subject of the cost, in *India* and *Persia*, of Arabic and Persian MSS.

The few, in *England*, of the class of Orientals who will read the curious catalogue of his collection of MSS. printed by that eminent Orientalist Sir WILLIAM OUSELEY, may learn much of their estimated value, and of the cost of some of them in the East. A hundred pounds and more have been given for several in that extensive and valuable collection. Those only who have made such things the recreation and pleasure of their lives, can duly appreciate the pang of the collector when parting with the objects of his solicitude and solace, almost of his affection—and seeing the probability of their not only passing from him—but of their dispersion, or loss to his country. I fear no individual or body in *England* will purchase Sir WILLIAM's collection. Individuals are not inclined; or if half so, want a good bargain; and the nation, and its learned bodies, corporate and incorporate, are too poor!! Foreigners feel differently—but let that pass.

I have, in a recent page, made slight mention of TIPPoo's magnificent library. If the reader will kindly call to mind that this is avowedly a volume of "Fragments," "a thing of shreds and patches"—

he will, perhaps, overlook its want of connexion, link in link ; and pardon the intermingling of subjects under any of my fragmental heads, which, as SHERIDAN says of Mrs. MALAPROP'S vocables, "might get their *habeas corpus* from any (critical) Court in Christendom."

With this feeling I will ask leave to introduce an extract from my "Common-place Book," of some length, from one of its subjects, entitled "Reminiscences connected with the conquest of *Seringapatam*." I am the more emboldened to ask this, from witnessing the favorable reception by the public of sundry works published of late years, in the form of Reminiscences, Recollections, and Personal Memoirs. Without presuming that mine may deserve the like extent of favorable reception, I shall here, and may hereafter, introduce, without farther preface or apology, a few pages of such matter as I have adverted to.

I was, at the period of the siege and conquest of *Seringapatam*, in *Bombay* ; and from the situation I then held, at the head of the Quarter-Master-General's department, and the nature of the duties of that office, and of others that I was then executing, was very much with the Governor, Mr. DUNCAN. I was, indeed, acting confidentially under, and with him, in several important matters, as I was afterwards in others more important. I was daily witness of his extreme anxiety touching the progress of the siege. He had, as well as I, several constant correspondents in the besieging armies ; but the post-office

department of western *India*, though in a much improved state, was still in a very backward one, as compared with its subsequent perfection; and our intelligence did not keep pace with our anxiety and eagerness.

Mr. DUNCAN's anxieties were at some moments so intense as to border on agony—to a degree that, I dare say, he manifested to no one but me. I was, I trust, reasonably zealous in respect to the public interests—and laboured as hard, I believe, as any one to promote them. Still, with less of responsibility, though I had no small share, mine fell far short of the extreme anxieties of my almost over-zealous patron and friend.

Our exertions at *Bombay* had been immense; the honor of the army, and no small portion of national welfare, hinged on the pending event. Mr. DUNCAN identified himself so intimately and entirely with the success of public measures, that no one who was not with him confidentially, could estimate the intensity of his eagerness for success in public operations.

The month of May arrived—that critical time as to the extreme of heat, and drought, and distress in *Mysore*—especially about *Seringapatam*. On a former occasion, of Lord CORNWALLIS's distressful retreat from that neighbourhood, I had witnessed and felt them; and the letters of our correspondents contained deprecating forebodings of their re-arrival. The setting in of the S.W. monsoon might be hourly expected in the first week of May, with very uncertain severity. If in great severity—or if at all—

with the fort uncaptured, we knew, in good part, the disastrous effects which must ensue. And if, instead of being conquerors, we should be repulsed, we too well knew that "the attempt, and not the deed, would confound us." These points, I say, became the topics of our daily, nightly, almost hourly, discussion and anxiety.

Under these circumstances it was odd, but true, that I was in possession of the intelligence of this most important conquest, some hours before it was known to the Governor, or any one in *Bombay*, — or even to myself! It seems worth while to explain how this was.

I lived in the country, two miles from the fort. In busy times it was my habit to breakfast early, by seven, sometimes by six o'clock, and to be at my office in the fort an hour after. I had there to undergo the process of being shaved — *our* natives of *India*, and formerly but few English, shaved themselves — and while thereunder, usually gave audience and orders to my official people. Then came the reading of letters, returns, &c. papers, and an arrangement for the business of the day.

The *dawk*, or post, did not then come in from the eastern parts of *India*, through *Poona*, more than twice a week. The day to which I am adverting was not *dawk* day. I saw on my table a number of letters &c., and went through the usual processes, and had more than the usual personal audiences and orders to give. It was ten o'clock before I noticed and opened a letter, received by an express, from my constant correspondent and kind friend, General

PALMER, our Ambassador at *Pooné*, announcing, in three lines, the all-important, the astounding event !

Had I been half shaved, or all belathered, I should assuredly have run—if possible, flown—to the Government House. Thither I hastened. Mr. DUNCAN had gone late over-night to *Pardé*, his country-house, five or six miles off, and his letters—including one of similar import with mine from General PALMER—had been forwarded to him. Scrawling one hasty line of congratulation, I despatched a horseman to him with my *Pooné* letter, and hastened to the Commander-in-Chief, to the members of Government, to the Adjutant-General, and officers and gentlemen of rank, with my joyful news, half crazy with delight. I can never forget the emotions of that day—more especially those of the meeting of the Governor and myself about noon. He had hastened to town, and found his house crowded with public officers, gentlemen, and others, in waiting to congratulate him. Joy, as well as misery, almost levels, for the moment, all distinctions. Our shake of the hand, when we encountered, was hearty and long, but we scarcely exchanged a word—and although together several times during the day, we conversed very little indeed. We seemed, now, either to have little or nothing to say to each other (though, on preceding days, they seemed scarcely long enough, and we often trenched deeply on the night)—or knew not how to say it. As our fears had, day by day, augmented as the time for action became abridged, we had been almost afraid to

think and feel that the middle of May had arrived and passed—so was our relief from all such fears thus not only suddenly removed, but by such a measure of success, so critical, so complete, so important, that it seemed almost to bewilder us. I could not think of business the whole day—and so early, I believe, returned to my office.

General PALMER was perhaps among the best letter-writers in our language. I do not find his brief announcement of the fall of *Seringapatam* to me. But, without meaning to adduce it as a specimen of his epistolary talent, it ran, in substance, thus:—  
“*Puttur* fell by storm on the 4th. The Sultan was killed—his family and capital are in our possession—his armies were submitting—the slaughter, and our loss, were great.”

Having touched on this once most important consequent and subject, prolific in events and speculation—though it is already half forgotten—let me call up another recollection and reflection or two thereon.

TIPPOO'S government could not have been very oppressive; and his country must have been one of great resources. Notwithstanding the frequency of his wars, his accumulation of personal property in *Seringapatam* was immense. The cities, and towns, and villages of his dominions, were generally in a flourishing state. He had, for many years, kept up very large armies. His last war—I mean that with the English and their allies, before his fatal war, when his country was over-run and devastated in every direction, more than once to the very walls of his capital—must have cost him immense wealth and

sacrifices. On the score of devastation I can speak extensively; for I served two years of that war with the worst of all devastators, the Mahrattas—and may, in a future page, say something thereon. The English and their allies extorted from him, not only one half, geographically, of his entire territory, of their own selection, but, as it was supposed, all his resources in cash and credit. Still, within a few years, we found him again reigning over a flourishing empire—his fortresses restored and well supplied, his coffers full, his subjects wealthy, and his armies faithful. One sentence will confirm the last assertion: the day after the storm of his capital, we buried upwards of 10,000 bodies of his soldiers—so manfully had they defended their master. I may add, that none were unnecessarily, unresistingly, slain. What a scene, at mid-day!—but on that subject I will not dilate. Who would not be a soldier of such a victorious army?

In such a conquest, over which night's curtain soon fell, it is impossible, as soldiers well know, to prevent plunder. Property to a great amount, no doubt, changed hands violently on that night; but I heard of no cruelties. It was said that you might, for some days after, see soldiers betting handfuls of pagodas in the streets on the issue of a cock-fight. Tipproo had collected a most splendid assemblage of jewellery. Every officer of the conquering army had a portion, according to his rank, assigned to

<sup>1</sup> I am not sure if every officer. It may have been only generals, field-officers, and captains.



him, in part of his share of the booty. My old friend, Major PRICE, Persian Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of the *Bombay* army, was appointed one of the committee of prize agents. To him was allotted the arrangement, and apportionment, and valuation—of course, duly assisted—of the jewellery; and, in conjunction with Major OGLE, of the *Madras* army—as has been already noticed—the arrangement and disposal of TIPOO's library, which was found, in articles of rarity, beauty, and value, on a scale corresponding with his extensive assemblage of jewellery.

One anecdote current, and well known to be substantially true, in *India*, was the fact, that soon after the capture, a drummer of one of his Majesty's regiments brought a pair of *bangles* (wrist ornaments) to the assistant-surgeon, to purchase. The medical gentleman, however skilled professionally, knew little of gems. He thought the *bangles* handsome, and gave the glad *finder* a hundred rupees for them. Not thinking much of his bargain, it was laid by.

After the pressure of his duties, during weeks and months, had passed off, he bethought him of his *bangles*. Showing one to a friend, it was pronounced of great value—and, to cut my story short, the pair proved worth thirty or forty thousand pounds! What became of them I did not hear; but all were pleased to hear that the fortunate purchaser obtained the discharge of the lucky drummer, and settled on him an annuity of £100.

In a small way I was myself concerned in a matter somewhat similar, and connected in subject, more or

lent soldier, and an accomplished gentleman—bought a book, a few days after the conquest, from a soldier, for five rupees. Thinking I knew more of Indian books than he did, and seeing it was a handsome one, he sent it to me at *Bombay* to sell for him, if any one would buy it—or as a present to me, if I would accept it.

It was a very splendid, large-paper copy of the *Koran*. I had rarely seen, and never possessed, any thing equal. I apprised my friend of my gratification at possessing such a book, deeming it of great value; and told him, that if I could get any thing like its worth, I would sell it for him: if not, that I would accept it; and, in return, would make him a present of the best pipe of *Madeira* that he could procure on his return to *Bombay*. With this my old friend was well pleased.

Some time after, I showed the book to Colonel **BARRY CLOSE**, knowing him to be a good judge of its beauty; and he valued it at 2000 rupees. My keeping it was now out of the question; and I soon after—to the great surprise of **FITZ-GERALD**—sold it for that sum—say £250—to **N. H. SMITH, Esq.** of the *Bombay* Civil Service, then at the head of the Foreign Secretaryship, and a good judge of such things. He is now, as I am, a resident in *Suffolk*.

This is a specimen of how beautiful Manuscripts are appreciated in the East—a topic that I may recur to, in a future page.

that I became somewhat skilled in gems and *orfèvrerie*. There was one necklace that I have often regretted I did not purchase. It was composed of fifteen or twenty chains of gold, each link being a very small bunch of grapes, of most exquisite workmanship. I know not that I ever saw any thing more beautifully wrought. The number of links, or bunches of grapes, must have amounted to many thousands, they were so minute. The chain may have been between four and five feet long, connected by a pair of splendid clasps composed of diamonds and rubies. It had been valued at *Seringapatam* at only 6000 rupees, at which price I sold it to Captain William Paterson, son of the General. It was certainly worth a great deal more; intrinsically, I should think, as much. Although such a *Koran* as I have just spoken of, might not be highly valued in *England*, such a necklace as this would. It was, as a whole, of an exceedingly graceful and elegant aspect.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Connected with the subject of my now calling of jeweller, I may here notice that many years after—perhaps fifteen or twenty—a courteous reference was made to me from *Ireland*, touching the lot of jewels of one of my late and friends, who had sent his share to me, as just mentioned. He had died, and among his papers his heirs found a memorandum of the fact of his having sent his jewels to me, but none of their ultimate destiny. The fact itself of my reception of them, I could recall dimly to my recollection; but both me-

A word more may perhaps be permitted on the subject of Tippo's library. It must have cost him much time, research, and money. His father, HYDER, was altogether illiterate : and it is not likely that he had laid any foundation for such a fine collection. It could not be kept together : and it was deemed not desirable to disperse the books by sale. I have said that my talented friends, Major PRINCE and OGG, had the pleasing task of inspecting, cataloguing, and arranging them. A select portion was set apart for, and presented to, the East-India Company's Library in *London*. Another portion was, in like manner, presented to the *Calcutta College*. Of part of this, Major CHARLES STEWART, one of its learned Professors, has published a "*Descriptive Catalogue*." It is a very curious and valuable work—and would have been continued, if encouraged : but let that pass.

So different from most Eastern monarchs, Tippo

mory and recollection failed in the endeavour to trace any thing farther respecting them. As my friend returned to *Bombay*, and lived several years thereafter, there could exist no doubt but his jewels, or their amount sale, if I sold them, were accounted for to him. This explanation seemed to satisfy the inquiring heirs—and I trust did fully convince them, that there was no cause to imagine me "a friend of an ill fashion."

<sup>1</sup> 4to, *Cambridge*, 1809 ; Longman and Co. My memoranda on this Library do not exactly accord, in all particulars, with those of the worthy Professor. Some Manuscripts were presented to the Universities of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, and some, I think, to the Governor-General, Lord WELLESLEY.

was among the most industrious of mortals. His pen must have been for ever in his hand. Signs of an immense number of his despatches and letters were found. Many of these were selected, arranged, translated, and published, with curious and valuable notes, by that accomplished Orientalist and diplomatist, Colonel KINNAIRD. This would also have been extended and continued—but for the aforesaid *but*. Who cares to be amused, or instructed, or interested in East-India topics? I cannot but be as foolish as greatly to have wished its continuation.

TIPPOO'S "low ambition" seems to have been a desire to be considered the only mover in his dominions. From the management of a treaty, or of a war, with the English, to the formation of a gun, the instructions were all his own. Not only would he not brook a *brother*, he would, seemingly, have no *helper* "near the throne." All, all, was of his own doing and dictation.

Who can look back on the capture of *Seeringapatam* without admiration of the share borne therein by that distinguished officer, HARRY CLIVE? With a dozen such men as he, and THOMAS MUNRO, and JOHN MALCOLM—all *Madras*—and ALEXANDER WALKER, of the *Bombay* army—(but where are they to be found?)—such a general as WELLINGTON may repose securely in the result of any achievable operation: while five hundred such men as my kind old friend, Lord HAURIE—a brave and

' "Select Letters of TIPPOO SULTAN." 4to, London, 1811.

good soldier, deserving of all his honours, and all the warm recollections that cling around his memory--at the head of all the armies of *India*, and of all their departments, would never have taken *Seeringapatam*.

That conquest was, no doubt, owing to the combined efforts of many able heads, seconded by stout hearts and vigorous hands--but it was owing, infinitely more than to any other individual, to *BARRY CLOSE*. It may be too much to say that had he not been there, the place would not have fallen (the preparatory measures and arrangements, as well as the approaches to, and operations at, the scene of action, are here adverted to, inclusively) but many, I believe, think so. He was a Lieutenant Colonel, and Adjutant-General of the united armies. His grateful King made him a Baronet, and he rose to the rank of Major-General.

Of all Englishmen, or indeed any other countrymen, I ever knew, I never heard one so fluent in Persian as *SIR BARRY CLOSE*. I have seen well-educated Persian gentlemen listen with astonishment at his impassioned flow of the finest and best-selected words and arguments that their language could afford. Not one of them could equal him in the eloquence they so much admired and envied. His style was highly animated and declamatory : you were almost in pain lest he should flounder and break down ; but he never paused for a word, nor ever failed in his ready selection of the best. He was sometimes so warm on such occasions, that one would think he could never be cool : but as a soldier

he, no doubt, was. I did not know him in that capacity; nor, indeed, at all but in social life we never corresponded.

May I be forgiven if I relate, connected with our very slight acquaintance, an anecdote of a ludicrous sort. Although of a grave, dignified port, he had a lively sense of the ridiculous. On one of his political visits to *Bombay*, he returned my call of courtesy—and as his stay was short, he did it more conveniently at my office in the fort, than at my house in the country. Being early men in *India*, he came I think about nine. I was "at the saddle," of course; the old remark was made, that "a man never looks more like a fool than when he clatters;" a hope expressed that no future aspect would be so intentionous—and with a little laughter and a pleasant chat, half an hour passed. On that visit we met no more.

After the lapse of years, Colonel Cruise again visited *Bombay*, and again returned my call, at the same place, about the same time of day, and found me exactly as before, with the shaver, razor in hand. The first soapy event had, of course, been forgotten, but this exact repetition brought with it, in our revived recollection, such a ridiculous association, that, without succeeding in speaking a word, we both broke into an immoderate fit of laughter, which continued to a length painful probably to us both. The poor barber, at first surprised, became amused—and, by the time we had well nigh resumed a little composure and gravity, the former scene—for it was the same shaver—coupled itself in

his recollection. He could not resist; but, being also a fellow of some humour, he tittered, and, unable to repress his risibility, was seized with the infectious fit. This caused a return of our paroxysm, and all three were simultaneously convulsed—i. e. all the while, “lathered up to the eyes.” This strange, unaccountable, and almost indecorous scene was witnessed, with just amazement, by all the writers and others in the office—who stuck their pens behind their ears in wonderment, for all this time scarcely a word had passed.

This is all that I dare venture to give here, of my recollections connected with the composition of *Seringapatam*.

Without any affectation of writing an essay on Stones generally, or of much, as to methodical arrangement, of what I may have to say on some particular points connected therewith, I shall proceed, as desultorily as may be, and as it may suit my convenience, in continuation of my extracts from my collection of “Fragments” on that head—progressing as may be expedient.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS says that “there was a sacred black stone in a temple of Mars, to which all the Amazons, in times of old, addressed their prayers.” All ancient people seem to have venerated stones, in some form or shape. In Scripture, several instances of it occur. The sacred, black, conical stone, at Mecca—the *Crumlechs* of the ancient Britons—our Coronation Stone brought from Scotland, are others. Among the Irish, Welsh,



and Scotch, similar examples may be adduced ; and among the Hindus, the reverence shown to stones—the worship, as some have called it—is very strong, in many mystical forms—conical, circular, &c.

A good deal of mystery has attached itself to our well-known Coronation Stone. The Scotch feel sore at the English having purloined that *palladium* of their independence, and the Irish, putting in a prior claim, deem the royal Scot the original thief. It is asserted by "the Emeralders," that this is the very stone of very stone—*Isafail*, or Stone of Destiny,—that gave an early name to *Ireland*. But it is not a native of that "gem of the ocean"—that "emerald isle, set in a sea of silver," and so forth. It was brought "from the East." KEATING may be referred to for a relation of the wonderful virtues of *Isafail*, which for many ages was as much venerated in *Ireland* and *Scotland*, as was JACON'S Stone in the Temple at *Jerusalem*, both by Christian and Mahomedan—are not these all one and the same ?—or the famous black conical stone at *Mecca*, centuries before the time of the Prophet. Some antiquarians—among them the "old virgins," I believe, who take pence for their descent on the *vestigia* of the Abbey—affirm that the *Westminster Stone* is the very pillow on which JACON'S head reposed when he saw his celebrated vision ; but deny all right in it on the part of the Irish claimants. The latter adroitly admit this—believing that their original pebble has worked its way, somehow or other, back again to *Ireland* ; where, in due time, its development will mark the typical nature of the pro-

phetic exchange of position. Not, indeed, of position only, but of substance; for the abstraction and substitution of another (pretended) stone were effected at *Westminster* in a way not to be discovered, and, if discovered, not to be understood. It is not suitable that this mysterious and portentous transaction should be told in mere matter-of-fact language. I have therefore endeavoured to wrap it in fitting words—and trust that I have succeeded in not having made myself easily comprehended.

In CROKER's "*Legends of Killynecy*" are found, as might be expected in so poetical a region, many Hinduisms. Some notice of them will be taken in another place. This introduction of such analogies in *Ireland* and *India*, may be too abrupt: some prefatory explanation was intended; but I shall here say no more, in that strain, than that *Ireland* is full of Hinduisms—and that, without having formed, or caring to uphold, any determined hypothesis, I can scarcely travel a stage in *Ireland*, or read a page, at all of a miscellaneous nature, connected with that interesting island, without meeting with something Hinduish. Of this, probably, as I have hinted, more hereafter. Meanwhile the reader may, haply, think of the old adage—"To the jaundiced eye all things seem yellow."

We return to CROKER's "*Legends of Killynecy*," and extract one of a "knee-worn stone," to which we may find an Eastern parallel.

It is near the Cathedral of *Aghadoc* that this incident occurred. "A circular stone, with two hollows in it," is described and delineated—"the holes

caused by the kneeling of the holy friar at his devotions." A native approached. "And here she began to scatter some crumbs upon the ground, to which the little birds from the neighbouring bushes immediately flew, with all the fearlessness of conspicuous security."—"Ah! then," said their feeder, "ye're a blessed race, and 'tis good right ye have to know this place: and it would be a mortal sin to hurt or harm ye; but what are ye to the little bird that sung to the holy friar for as good as two hundred years?" On the bush, by this knee-worn stone, rags were hung: "as is usual," continues Mr. C. "in *Ireland*, near places that are considered holy." Vol. i. 20.

This is truly a *Hindu* legend. Passing by, for the present, the suspended rags, of which extended practice we shall speak under another head of our "Fragments"—passing by, also, the benevolent feeding of the sacred birds—the unperceived "arrested celerity of time" on the part of the "holy friar," when interestingly engaged, is matched by the slowness of the *Hindu* "holy friars," VISWANATHA, KASHTU, and others: with, however, this important difference—that the *priest* was engaged, during his unperceived flight of time—thinking two hundred years but a day—in penitence and prayer;—the *Brahman* in profligacy, with the soul-seducing MESSAKA and PRAMENOKA, under the like illusion.

The knee-worn stone has parallels in *Hindu* story, though I have no immediate note of them. Callousity from long kneeling, is related of the *Mahratta* Brahman general, SADASHY RAO HOW, (SIBA

SIVA RAHU BAHU ?) killed, with the flower of the empire, at the fatal battle of *Pomput*, in 1766. He was so maimed and mutilated as to have been recognizable only by his knees, on which were well-known callosities caused by his unequalled pety in the article of genuflexion.

The Hindu, like the Papal, religion is one of ceremonials. As JUNIUS says of some individuals of his time, both these great classes of men include too many with whom "prayers are reckoned religion, and kneeling morality." Another Papist is famed for kneeling (surely it is ST. JAMES of *Compostella*? but I am oblivious and ill read in Hagiology) who, like the Mahratta, was famed for kneescallosity, and is known in history by the appellation of the "camel-knee'd prayer-monger."

The rag-bush at *Killarney* is in keeping with the rag-trees and rag-wells of other parts—*India*, *Persia*, *England*, &c. as noticed in another place. And, at *Killarney*, a farther coincidence of reverence to a cleft stone, is in keeping with such things—cleft stones, cleft trees, &c.—in *India* and *England*: of which, in connexion with this *Killarney* legend, more hereafter.

Having under this head mentioned the Hindu legends of VISWAMITRA and his brother sinning-saint, I may as well here conclude what I have to add thereon. It was intended for another head, to be entitled "Papacy and Paganism," for much of which I foresee there will not be room in this brief volume. Under the just-named head, a subdivision "On Flagellants" is included, from which

this extract is made, and given here, confessedly out of place.

Touching the temptation of ST. FRANCIS by *Satan*. A man, not a saint, may be easily persuaded while unmercifully scourging himself, to listen to the seducing sound of "hold, enough!"—*or*, in reference to preparation for the future, to the allusive whispering, "there's time enough for that by-and-by." Not so ST. FRANCIS; he saw the cloven foot; and we may conclude, to spite and shame the devil, scourged the more: *or*, as Paddy said, "the more the devil seduced, the more he would not leave off."

This is very Hindush. Legends of singular perseverance in penance and austerity, on the part of Hindu saints, have abtained not only the unholy ones, but their gods and demigods. Of these, several are related in the Hindu Pantheon. *ISHANA*, the firmamental regent, the Jovian *Yonah* of the Hindu *Olympus*, fears danger to his throne by the almost omnipotent perseverance in prayer and severity of an ascetic. Various seductions, including

Surely the doctrine recently put forth in that dangerous vehicle of Infatuation—for such I cannot help considering it—"The Morning Watch," is very reprehensible, on this point of "almost omnipotent perseverance." My phrase was written many years before the "Morning Watch," in which this passage occurs.—"Every miracle is an answer given to prayer, and the prayer of faith is omnipotent." This is the theory and doctrine of the Hindu *Anamedha*, and their other means of extorting, by sacrifice and prayer, boons from on high.

as great a variety as those of ST. ANTHONY and ST. FRANCIS, as far as they have reached me, and some original or unique in addition, are recorded of the Hindu worthies. In general the flagellations, or other self-inflictions, are too much, even for the devil, as we have seen ST. FRANCIS was, or for INDRA. Sometimes, however, the devil, or INDRA, gains the day. Too truly has it been said, that when the devil angles for man, he baits his hook with a lovely woman.

Alas ! poor MENAKA !—interesting offspring of poetical imagination !—why should you suffer for the ordainments of destiny, or the decrees of the gods ? It is related in the *Ramayana*, sect. 50, that when the sanctified ascetic VISWAMITHA,<sup>1</sup> who had, for thousands of years, been engaged in the most rigid mortifications, beheld MENAKA the *Apsara*,<sup>2</sup> sent by INDRA<sup>3</sup> to debauch him—“ bathing ; of surpassing form ; unparalleled in beauty ; in form resembling SRI ;<sup>4</sup> her clothes<sup>5</sup> wetted in the stream— he, seduced by the arrows of KANDAMPA,<sup>6</sup> ap-

<sup>1</sup> The *Guru*, or spiritual preceptor of RAMA.

<sup>2</sup> The *Apsaras* of the Hindu Pantheon are water-nymphs, Nereids, demi-Venuses.

<sup>3</sup> As profligate as his counterpart, JUVENAL of *Rome*. On one memorable failure in a base attempt on the virtuous wife of a pious Brahman, the *Rishi* cursed him—INDRA became instantly covered with marks of shame—which, on his repentance and contrition, were changed by the relenting *Rishi*, to eyes. Thus marked, INDRA is usually portrayed.

<sup>4</sup> A goddess of good fortune and beautiful aspect.

<sup>5</sup> Hindus—female or male—never bathe nude.

<sup>6</sup> The Hindu, many-named CUPID.

proached her.—Five times five years, spent in dalliance with this seducing creature, passed away like a moment." "What!" exclaimed, at length, the reflecting sage, "my wisdom, my austerities, my firm resolution—all destroyed at once by a woman! Seduced to the crime in which *Isvara* delights, am I thus, in a moment, stripped of the advantages arising from all my austerities!"

In relations such as this, the Hindus, it is supposed, intended to inculcate good, by showing how sages, even of great virtue and renown, have not been proof against female blandishments: hence warning all less safe individuals from trusting too much to their own firmness; and that, after all, the greatest security for frail mortals is in the absence of temptation. But admitting that the object was the inculcation of morality, the vehicle is of doubtful tendency. How vastly inferior to "when ye stand, take heed lest ye fall."

There are many stories similar to this falling-off of the pious *Viswamitra*, detailed with great poetical beauty in the *Puranas*—the grand magazine of Hindu mythological legends. Any pious Brahman, sinking into such a predicament, (on an early work I had occasion to note how a great many militant Brahmans, including my old friend and commander the Mahratta general *Pisharam Bhow*, so sunk) may be too prone to seek consolation in the "flattering unction" that it arose rather from the potent envy or fear of *Isvara*, than from his own sinful weakness. To avert the consequences of such persevering austerities as *Viswamitra's*

(or ST. FRANCIS's) to the "most potent king of the gods," as INDRA is called, he not unfrequently despatches an *Apsara* on a seductive mission. INDRA's dethronement, is an occasional object of these austerities. His failings render him ever watchful and suspicious.

In the *Brahma Purana* it is related how the rigorous ascetic KANDU, on the sacred banks of the *Gomati*, commonly called the *Goomtee*, a river of Bengal, was thus seduced by PRAMNOKA. Her history does not occur to me; she is probably an *Apsara*, or one of the celestial choristers of INDRA's splendid Court. She is described as "excelling all her sisters, by her youth, her beauty, her ivory teeth, her figure, and the lovely swelling of her bosom." In her sin-exciting embassy, she was accompanied by the god of Love (KAMA or KANDARPA), the Spring (VASANTA), and *Zephyrus*—I forget the *Meru-ic*' name—to assist, as might be necessary, if her charms should prove resistible. But she "possessing all the weapons of beauty, and all the arts of delusion," required but little auxiliary aid. "KANDU's firmness vanished—he, by the miraculous power which his austerities had conferred on him, transformed himself into a youth of corresponding celestial beauty, seized the hand of the treacherous PRAMNOKA, and led her, nothing loth, into his hut."

One evening he was proceeding to his devotions. "Why this evening," said his fascinatrix, — "more

<sup>1</sup> *Meru*—the *Olympia* of INDRA.



than a hundred others which have been passed in different sacrifices?" "How?" said the anchorite, "was it not this morning, O amiable creature! that I perceived you for the first time on the bank of the river, and received you into my hermitage? Has not Anaya! for the first time witnessed your presence in this calm abode? Why that speech?—Why this smile?" "How can I restrain a smile," said she, "at your error? The seasons have nearly finished their circular course since the morning of that day of which you speak." "How!—can this be true? O too seductive nymph! Surely I have reposed but one day by your side—O woe! woe is me!" exclaimed the unhappy Brahman, from whose eyes the dimness of delusion was now wiped. "Ah, for ever lost fruit of my long penitence!—all those meritorious works!—all those virtuous actions! prescribed in the sacred books, are annulled through the seductions of a woman!—Flee, flee far from me, O perfidious nymph!—thy mission is accomplished."

This adventure is beautifully translated by that eminent Orientalist, and my much-respected correspondent, W. SCHLEGEL, and will appear in his *Indische Bibliothek*, with an instructive introduction.

Among the "*Apurva* sisters, proud of their charms," sometimes selected for these poetical embassies, are URVASI, MISAKA, RHEMNA, MISRAKESI, &c., including, I think, but am not sure,

<sup>1</sup> The driver of the car of SURYA, the Hindu *Phoenix*—the dawn.

<sup>2</sup> These are the usual designations of the enjoined penances, of the self-inflictions, of the *Purnasa*.

TILOTAMMA. Their histories would prove entertaining to a certain class of readers, but not perhaps to all: and I must not, in this place, indulge any further therein. A better opportunity may, perhaps, offer.

I am not aware that in the *Purana* of Rome—as the legendary books of papal saints, including much that passes under the names of the “Fathers,” may be not inaptly designated—there are many relations of the *fall* of the anchorets of papacy. ST. ANTHONY, ST. DUNSTAN, ST. FRANCIS, &c., generally, perhaps always, triumph over the INDURAS and the MENAKAS, and the Devil, of “the Church.”

That Church, by the way, has a ST. MONICA. Is she any way related to my poor MENAKA, except being almost her namesake? Of this I know nothing; and have not the immediate means of learning. I have an interesting friend named after this Lady Saint: and I know little farther of her history than that she was the mother of ST. AUGUSTINE. As far as regards similarity of sound, the names of the papal saint and pagan sinner are sufficiently cognate. But it would be unreasonable to imagine, on that ground alone, that there is any real relationship. I should be able, and perhaps may try, to adduce some strange transmutations of pagans into papists. MONICA may be easily derived from the *Sanskrit Muni*, pronounced exactly alike—an important word in Hindu Hagiography; and they have, I rather think, female as well as male *Munis*, or holy persons. And the papas have also a holy MONI:—*ca*, or *ka*, is a Hindu, as well as a

Romish or Greek termination. There is a convent of St. MARY in the Isle of *Paros*, erected into a theological seminary in 1830. There is a small island in the Gulf of *Engia*, called *Mani*; and there is a river *Munick*, running into the *Snyder See*. These, and *Munich*, and other proper names, may have reference to the honored lady.

But, as I have said, the name interests me; and I was pleased, while it floated in my mind, to hit on a poetical and affecting passage connected with it. In "CHARLES LAMB'S Works," I find St. MARY thus touchingly spoken of in a quotation from FILLER, the Church historian: "Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to Heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body!" Vol. II. 75.

The idea is thus verified by WALLER:—

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Let in new lights through chinks which time has made."

But, seduced by the subject, I wander from the topics intended more immediately for this *First Head* of my *Fragments*. The last half dozen pages belong rather to the other *Head*, alluded to in page 52.

Pope INNOCENT III. sent to our King JOHN a present of four rings. In their round form they symbolized *eternity*; in their square number, *constancy*. The stones, as to their colour, were of course also significant. They were the emerald, denoting *faith*; the sapphire, *hope*; the garnet, *charity*; and the topaz, *good works*.

These whims, in themselves rather poetical, and in their extended application they have been rendered highly so, were perhaps borrowed from heathens. Omitting the mention of the *Urim* and *Thummim*, those precious stones placed on the breast-plate of Heaven's high-priest, and other mystical stones of our scriptures, the Mahommedans have many fanciful notions of the virtues, connected with colour, of stones. They prefer stones to metals for rings, signets, &c.; and, as the Jews did, and most likely do, they attributed talismanic virtues, as we have seen, to stones.

The ruby is in *India* in the first degree of estimation. Of equal merit on the points of size, shape, and freedom from flaw, a ruby is generally of more value than a diamond. One might have expected that the emerald, from being the Prophet's colour, would be the most prized by Mahommedans—but it is not understood to be so, though much esteemed by them, as well as by Hindus. We have seen above, that among Christians it denoted *faith*. In *India* it is deemed a preservative against some varieties of ill-fortune, and an antidote to the venom of serpents. The ruby averts some diseases, and the effects of lightning. The cat's-eye is also of phylacteric virtue.

As Mahommedans adhere strictly to the Mosaic precept of not making to themselves the likeness of any thing in Heaven or earth, &c. they do not therefore engrave figures of such things on their seals; as we, under a more liberal interpretation of the text, do, so beautifully, on ours. As remarked by M. De

BLACAS, in his *Monuments Arabes*, it is usual for Mahommedans to apply their signet rings, instead of their sign-manual, to instruments or letters: these signets, he adds, bear sometimes the name, sometimes a text from the *Koran*. As we have shown in a former page, the Mahommedans are prone to seek, and may easily find, "sermons in stones."

In such strict and erroneous adherence to the Mosiac text, the Mahommedan coins rarely—never, perhaps, of the orthodox—bear the effigies of royalty. It was, and is, deemed an abomination in JENNAH having put his own bust, and the signs of the zodiac, on his medals. In a former work I published, for the first time with any accuracy of representation, JENNAH's *Zodiac rupees*. They have more recently been given to the public in a style of great accuracy and beauty, with a corresponding description and commentary, by my learned and kind friend DR. MAXMÜLLER, in his first-rate work *Numismata Orientalia*, Plate XL, p. 603.

The impression of seals or rings, which I suppose may be called signets, were in days of yore extensively applied in lieu of manual signature. In such days it was not usual for any but the clergy to learn to write or read. Not many years, say 400, have elapsed since reading and writing were in *England* deemed ungentlemanly acts. Those must have been glorious days for priests.

Forbidden, as they suppose, to imitate any existing thing, the Fine Arts have made no progress in Mussulman countries—architecture excepted. Hence the strange unimproved patterns on *Turkey* carpets,

*Kashmir shawls, &c.* From the substance and beauty of the textures and colours, we have taught ourselves to see something not displeasing in these uncouth patterns.

The decorative parts of their architecture consist chiefly in sculptured texts; and these we see in mosques and mausolea, finely executed. The windows of such buildings are sometimes formed of such texts in perforations through solid stones: the mul-lions and tracery form letters and sentences. I have several specimens of this sort of writing. One is in a beautiful *Koran*, on a long single roll of very thin fine paper. It has now and then a chapter written very small *within* other large letters. These rolls are in *India* called *puti* or *potee*. I have several of them. I intend, if done in time, to give a plate of a compartment of my *Koran*. A fac-simile of an initial invocation of *بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم*, with its enclosed chapter, will arrange with the size of my page.

I have also a curious shield of rhinoceros' hide, on which are a central *Gorgonic toghra* (see p. 20. and No. 3. of Plate II.) or *flourish* of the names of the holy family, and four tigers, in as many compartments: their outlines are formed partly of letters, enclosing a text. I purpose giving also a plate of this shield, the history of which is somewhat curious. As well as stones, mosques, shields—arms, great guns, muskets, swords, pistols, and pieces of furniture, are seen engraved and inlaid and ornamented with *Koranic* texts—the *Tekbir* الله أكبر *Allah Akbar*

—*God is Great*, or other phrases so often in the mouths of "the faithful."

The Mosaic text, to which they so mistakenly adhere, referred not to the mere manufacture of such forbidden things, but to the falling down and worshipping before them: not to the manipulation, but to that mental working—that proneness to idolatry, which the human mind, unaided, has so extensively and wonderfully manifested. The literal interpretation of the first part of that important commandment of the first of legislators, and its too rigid and mistaken observance, have led to results among Mahomedans, more momentous, perhaps, than from any other source. This literal interpretation and observance has barred their progress in the Fine Arts—"whence proceed all the decencies of life." This has kept them stationary as to civilization and refinement—progressing only in the ordinary, and comparatively vulgar, courses of society; and causing them to retain, generally speaking, the ferocity and sensualities of early social life and manners, unmitigated by the softening, polishing, impressions of the Fine Arts. And thus they have become an object of dislike, repulsion, and resentment on the part of their more refined neighbours; and it will end in their expulsion from *Europe*, with whose inhabitants they cannot assimilate.

Such comparative standing still on an important point, has retarded or prevented a corresponding movement on others. Other nations obtaining more and more knowledge, and therefore more and more power than the Mussulman people—of *Europe* I

now more particularly speak—that people will ere long yield to such power and influence, and will cease to be. In other regions this has been the historical result.

There was a well-known time when the sum of civilization, and refinement, and chivalric feeling, was on the side of the Mahommedans. Looking back, through say six centuries, at those times, and making comparisons on those points, generally against ourselves, we are, perhaps, apt to give our then enemies credit for more of the above generous feelings and sentiments, than they positively and historically deserve. Their ascendancy was, however, commensurate. Their declension has kept pace with the progress, on those points, of other nations, and the non-progress of their own.

Having mentioned the ruby as a very highly prized gem among Mahommedans and other eastern people, I will here note that it is rather a favorite proper name among them. It has several names, some of which I have forgot. *Lal* and *Yakut* are those only which I now recollect. The first لعل I should imagine to be also a Sanskrit word. Many Hindus bear names resembling it, as well as Mahommedans—males I think only, as noticed in another page. *MOHUN LAL*, as the name of a Brahman, occurs in page 10.

The name ياقوت *Yakoot* is not so common as *Lal*, or *Lalla*, but it is heard occasionally. I have before me an impression of the ceremonial signet of a pirate chief on the *Malabar* coast, of that name. He



was, I believe, a *Habshi*, that is, of *Habesh* or *Abyssinia*, and may possibly have been a freed man of some more potent pirate, or chief, or a descendant of one. He was usually called, when I lived in his neighbourhood, *SIDI YAKUT*. The impression of his state seal, which is only an inch and a half in diameter, may be read thus—

ما قوتجان فدوي عالم گير بادشاه غاري

and thus done into English—

"YAKUT KHAN," (or the Lord YAKUT, or the Lord RUDY,) "the vassal of the victorious Sovereign, ALUM GER. 1127." A. D. 1712.

Perhaps the ancestors of YAKUT KHAN may have had his patent of nobility, which is a very modest one, from ALUM GER, better known to us by his princely name of ABRINGZEN. The first name means "Conqueror (or seizer) of the World," the last, "Ornament of a Throne." He was contemporary with our rulers from CROMWELL to QUEEN ANNE; having lived to the age of ninety, and reigned nearly fifty years. He died in 1707.

It is said that he also assumed the name of *Muhammad Dîn*, on his obtainment of sovereignty; which is not unlikely, although he is little known by it. It means "Restorer (or reviver) of the Faith," or of religion. He affected great sanctity and piety, throughout his wicked life. "Preserve me from that teller of beads," said his noble-minded brother DANA—with prophetic fears, for he was murdered by the order of his saintly sovereign.

Of the history of this YAKUT KHAN I know

nothing—that is, I do not immediately recollect any thing about him. It is probable I have some account of his family, &c., but it may not be worth searching for; nor, perhaps, is his seal worth being engraved. But, as pirates and piracy on the western coasts of *India*, from the *Indus* to *Goa*, have flourished long before the time of *ALEXANDER* to our own, a history of such doings would be curious. I may, perhaps, say and show something farther thereon, in a future page. In another work<sup>1</sup> I devoted a few pages to the subject; but it does not appear to have excited any attention.

A vast mass of materials is in the hands of my old and valued friend *FRANCIS WARDEN*, Esq., late member of Government at *Bombay*, for a history, military, political, and statistical, of that interesting and beautiful island, and its dependences and connexions. This would, in fact, embrace a history of all Western *India*; and partially of *Arabia* and *Persia*, as far as relates to the shores of their commercial gulfs. It is not easy, as I have endeavoured to impress on my kind old friend, to arrange such a mass of materials for the press, as he contemplated, amidst the disturbing forces of the comparative idleness of *London*, *Bath*, *Cheltenham*, &c. In the unceasing drudgery and labour, not easily appreciated, of thirty years, in the offices of Chief Secretary to Government, and Secretary to the Military Board of *Bombay*, Mr. *WARDEN* found time to collect, and, to a certain degree, condense and

<sup>1</sup> "On Hindu Infanticide."

arrange this vast mass. But he will find the final extracting, polishing, and arranging for the press—one quarto, or even one octavo—an effort not easily made and continued to its issue, under the little leisure of comparative idleness. An idle man has no leisure. Mr. PITT, with all the business of our empire, and almost of *Europe*, on his hands, had leisure for every thing. An allotment, and, to a certain degree, an undeviating application of our time, are essential to every achievement, beyond the daily routine of getting up and lying down, and beguilement of the intervening hours. Mr. CONNELL, who composes, and writes, and prints more (and, as to style, better) than any living man, has more spare time than most men. He has often told us how and why. He confirms Lord NELSON's aphorism, that "no man can achieve very much in any walk of life, who is not an early riser."

If I were again to advise my laborious hard-worked friend, it would be to put forth, as I am now doing, a duodecimo or an octavo—as a feeder of the public pulpit. Let him, for example, select a subject for one volume, and let it be the "History of the Pirates and Piracy of Western India, from the time of the Invasion of ALEXANDER to the present;" scarcely, indeed, to the present time, for within the last quarter of a century, the English have, I believe, extirpated such piracy, root and branch, ashore and afloat.

When my kind friend shall have thus put forth half a score of such monographs in as many years, he may then come, as I am, to a volume, or haply two, or

more, of *Fragments*—odds and ends—sweepings of his common-place book—gleanings out of his portfolio—“things of shreds and patches”—cheese-parings and candle-ends—or whatever else may best designate such a miscellaneous volume as this is, or is expected to be. He may thus in time reduce, if not exhaust, his mass of Manuscripts without any laborious effort of application;—not, indeed, beyond the recreative daily occupation of two or three hours, if uninterruptedly given—rendering the burden of the other hours less unbearable than total idleness must ever find them. Nor would he then run the risk of the mortification of finding himself half ruined by the expense of at once putting forth three or four quartos, and half killed by the labour of producing them—and possibly of the apathetic public indifference to their merits. For such has, more or less, been the fate, I suspect, of several writers on the non-exciting subject of our Eastern Colonial empire.

Two other much-regretted friends of mine similarly made ample and valuable collections, while apparently fully occupied in the great labour of their public and important offices in *India*. And they were deterred from risking the press, in view to which their collections were made, by some such considerations, of certainty of much labour and expense, and an almost equal certainty of a cool reception. When I name my two lamented friends, SIR CHARLES MALET, and BRIG. GEN. ALEXANDER WALKER,<sup>1</sup> all who knew them will know that the

<sup>1</sup> Of this my old and much-esteemed friend, I drew up a little memoir, for the “*Annual Obituary*,” 1831. The com-

collections of such men must be valuable. Both did me the unmerited honor of asking my assistance in selecting, arranging, &c., from their masses of Manuscripts--press-ward. But, also hard worked in *India*, I too had made a collection--vastly less valuable than theirs; and I had inflicted some volumes--in substance I may say many volumes--on the public; and have always indulged in the contemplation of more; and could not undertake the task to which I was flatteringly invited.

The two collections last mentioned may, it is to be feared, be lost to the public. Of the first I still entertain hopes. My able friend, its possessor, was so flattering as to signify to me, some years before he left *India*, that in the event of his labours terminating there, he should bequeath his collection to me, to arrange and publish at my discretion. Thank Heaven, this proof of his kind intention has been spared me. And I hope that his prolonged life may afford him opportunity to work for himself; that the publication of his curious and valuable materials may long yield occupation and fame to him; and--in corresponding tendency with all the actions of his life--benefit to his country and mankind.

communications to that respectable work are usually anonymous--and such I assuredly intended mine to have been. But to my surprise, and, at first, rather to my mortification, my name was, through I suppose some mistake or other, prefixed to the article. The thing is of very little moment. I care little indeed who know what I write--never, I humbly trust, intending harm or pain to any one.

I may still name a fourth friend, who made ample collections of the same description, but who did not, alas ! live to return to his native land. This was that most excellent public servant—that most careful labourer in the public vineyard—that kind friend—that good man, JONATHAN DUNCAN, the Commissioner superior of us all, Governor of Bombay—of whom I have, in an earlier page, made respectful mention. He died in that high office. I had fondly hoped that my earlier return to *England*, whether he alone was about to return, might have been useful to him, a stranger here from his boyhood : that I might, by little useful attentions to his early acquaintances here, have shown him how to avoid many things which, though separately trifling, amount to importance in the aggregate, and are apt to operate with combined annoyance on one new to the ways of *England*. It would have been highly gratifying to me thus to have triflingly evinced my sense of his great kindnesses to me. But it was otherwise ordained.

In this case, also, an invitation was given to me, to look over, with a view to some arrangement of, and selection for the press from his voluminous mass of Manuscripts, by our common highly respected friend, MR. DUNCAN'S executor. But I was reluctantly compelled to decline it. My rural occupations and propensities are among the causes which would prevent my giving up the necessary portion of time, in addition to what I am besides obliged to give to sedentary pursuits.

To return for one moment to YAKUT KHAN. I conclude from his name of SIDI or SERDY, that he

was black, or dark, thickish lipped, with crisped hair. Persons of that description are common in Western India; and are usually termed *Sudi* as a reproach. It is not a term at all carrying an air of reproach: unless, indeed, the individual were several removes from African blood; for no pure native of India has such personal distinctions. He would then, perhaps, desire to lose the name with the features.

Many *Sudi* are among our native soldiery; and although good soldiers, I do not recollect any rising to the rank of commissioned officers. They are all Mahomedans. In a future article I may resume this subject, under a more appropriate *Head* than this. *Fragments First*. On "*Scaly, Stoner, &c.*" to which let us now return.

MARCO POTO speaks of fine rubies as being found in *Peru*, but it is *Ceylon* that he praises for being "for its size better circumstanced than any other island in the world." Among other desirable things, "it produces more beautiful and valuable rubies than are found in any other part; likewise sapphires, topazes, amethysts, garnets, and many other precious and costly stones. The king is reported to possess the grandest ruby that ever was seen" - I omit the dimensions given by this very entertaining traveller, rendered also most instructive by his very able and accomplished editor. "brilliant beyond description, and without a flaw. It has the appearance of a glowing fire, and is on the whole so valuable that no estimation can be made of its worth in money." The grand *Khan*,

KUBLAI, sent ambassadors, offering the value of a city for this ruby; but the King of Ceylon "would not sell it for all the treasure of the universe: nor would he on any terms suffer to go out of his dominions such a jewel, handed down to him by his predecessors on the throne." *Mandeville's Travels*, p. 622. CORDIERER enumerates as the production of Ceylon, the ruby, emerald, topaz, quartz, thyst, sapphire, cat's-eye or opal, cinnamon stone or garnet, sardonyx, agate, and some others. *Ibid.*

Before the acquisition of Ceylon by the English, the ancient opinion of its unequalled value was common in India. The extreme jealousy which the Dutch manifested in the exclusion of all foreigners or interlopers, equalled only by their perseverance in the conquest of this celebrated island—the scene of half the fables of the East—tended to corroborate the impression above quoted, of its being unequalled in its circumstances. Our long and entire possession of Ceylon has dispelled this illusion. The Company's servants in India cannot, it is true, cast off the opinion that it is sadly mistruled—mistified, perhaps, by their disappointed expectations as to ruling over it. They cannot understand how an island, which used to be deemed by the best judges so extremely rich and productive, cannot, under our sway, either pay or feed itself—but which, instead of enriching, is a drain on our treasury.

All who visit this interesting land of fable, are tempted to purchase some of its valuable productions in the gem line: but much care is necessary. All sorts of beautiful stones are imported thither from



*England.* On a very short visit—if being within sight and reach of it may be so called—I purchased, as curiosities in their kind, specimens of all the lithic products of *Ceylon*, knowing at the time that they were so manufactured and imported.

The turquoise does not seem a product of *Ceylon*. In *Persia* it is a much-prized stone—as contributory, it is said, to the success of the wearer, by averting the effects of the evil eye and boding looks. It is found in several places in *Persia*. Those from the mines of *Khorasan* are said to be most esteemed. It is found also in *Kerman*, and in *Tibet*. It is called, in Persian, *ferozeh*. I do not think *turquoise* a Persian word. It is not, I believe, much esteemed in *England*; and would not, probably, sell here for its cost in *Persia*. Its opacity and lack-lustre render it inferior in beauty to the emerald. The colour of both has, no doubt, some share in raising their value in the estimation of Mahomedans: it is the colour of the Prophet—and none but his descendants, and those of the faithful who have made the pilgrimage to *Mecca*, wear turbans or clothes of the sacred colour. I possess rather a fine turquoise ring, somewhat curiously engraved.

I am here reminded of an adventure touching an emerald ring—which, as it develops some traits of character, I beg permission to relate.\*

Just before I finally quitted *India* with my family, an emerald ring was sent up to my wife with a request that it might be purchased. She wanted no

\* It is copied substantially from a letter to a literary friend.

severingly on the beauty and value of the stone, and on the very small sum with which he, under his peculiar circumstances, would be satisfied—"even if it were only one hundred rupees"—about twelve guineas. It happened that Major Pater was at that time in the house, preparing also to quit India. Communication was held with him—he having, as before mentioned, had much experience in such things as a prize-agent at *Seringapatam*. He thought it a remarkably fine stone. Still, as it was not wanted, rather with the view of getting rid of the man's importunity than to purchase, an offer of two *mohurs* (thirty rupees) was made, with an apology—the fact, that it was not wanted. An affected reluctance at accepting such a very inadequate sum, but still a not very tardy acceptance, led to an uncomfortable suspicion that all was not right: but, as the vender was evidently a warrior, a slight bold hint, or hope, was all that could be ventured on so delicate a point. His open, bold answer spoke volumes—or as much as need be said on such a subject. "I am a *Mahratta*!" said the man of sword, and shield, and ring: pretty much as to say, "I am of the Rob Roy school,"—in practice upholding

— that simple plan—

That *he* should take who has the power,

And *they* should keep who can.

wife—not altogether approving the mode of sale and purchase—possessed the splendid ring.

We brought it to *England*; and, having some business with Messrs. GREEN and WARD, the eminent silversmiths, then of Ludgate Hill, now of Pall Mall East, we showed the ring. It was prodigiously admired; their lapidary was summoned, and, after due deliberation, it was determined to have it cut and set in a peculiar and suitable fashion. "Such an emerald!"—such a size, and so free from flaw, was rarely seen."

A few months elapsed; we returned to *London*, and sought our splendid ring, in its new aspects. On taking the stone from its setting, it had turned out a piece of glass with green wax and foil under it, and not worth one farthing! to the great surprise of the skilled lapidary and the worthy jewellers—and to our, at least equal, mortification; aggravated, perhaps, by looking back at the awkward feeling of having received the goods, not knowing, but half-suspectable, that they might not have been altogether honestly acquired.

A Mahratta soldier and a jewel are always a suspicious union. In this case, peradventure,

"As naked and asleep an Indian lay,  
A bold Mahratta stole the gem away."

But whether naked or draped, asleep or awake, would, perhaps, be pretty much the same, with our

famous PITT diamond)—

“ He brought it to the dame—not with much wit  
She bought the emerald—and the dame was hit ”

Now, had we been content with the ring as purchased from the bold ignorant plunderer,<sup>1</sup> we might still be in the enjoyment of the luxury, such as it is, of possessing a splendid emerald. Thus you see “where ignorance was bliss, what folly to be wise.”

Being on the subject of *stones, seals, &c.*, I will here introduce an account of a seal found a few years ago, digging near my residence in *Suffolk*. I conceive it to have some reference to Hindupem, though unconsciously on the part of the designer. It is the original seal of the great Lazar-house of *Horton*, in *Leicestershire*, and has not been before engraved. I had it lithographed for another volume, which may

<sup>1</sup> Moralists must not be too austere in their view of the purchase of this ring, under the acknowledged circumstances of suspectability. Living long among Mahrattas may not have tended to sublimite one's *morale*. I had, besides broken periods, been three whole years among them: two in camp, devastating and plundering, to an extent not easily appreciable, an enemy's country. One year at court—a time of intrigue—treachery—revolutionary ups and downs beyond all precedent, even at that theatre of such political exacerbations—*Poona*. Surrounded on both services by two or three hundred thousand armed, bold, bad men, I know not which was the worst school.

itself.

In the reign of King **STEFEN**—say about 1150—two great establishments were founded on our island. One at *Great Ilford* in *Essex*, of which I know nothing; the other at *Burton*, still called *Burton Lazars*, or *Burton St. Lazars*, near *Melton Mowbray*, in *Leicestershire*. The latter was built by general contribution through all *England*. It was dedicated to the *Virgin* and *St. Lazarus*, and consisted at first of a master, and eight acolyte, and several poor leprous brethren. They professed the order of *St. Augustine*. The establishment became so rich and extended, that all the *Lazar-houses* of *England* were in some measure subject to its master; as he himself was to the master of the *Lepers* of *St. John of Jerusalem*. (*Malta?*)

Possessing this seal, I felt some interest in its subject; and made a pilgrimage to *Burton* to seek the site of its once splendid establishment—and (to compare small things with great, as *St. Helena* did the true *Cross* in *Palestine*) soon found it. Traces of its foundations, ponds, &c. extend over many acres; but not two stones remain supererogatoriously one over the other. The foundations may be traced as extended, I think, as those of *St. Edmund's* at *Bury*. If examined, masonic and other curiosities might haply be still turned up. But the sojourners in the neighbourhood of *Burton* do not dig for and turn up antiquities; but turn out and dig for foxes.

ful springs at *Bath*, and *Holywell* in *Flintshire*, are and were of all that respectively surrounded and surround them.

Such was the spread of the loathsome disease in *England*, for which I have supposed the pretty spring at *Burton* was considered a *Nethesda*, that similar receptacles for lepers multiplied in great numbers; scarcely a town of any note being without one, or more. It was, of course, among the poor that this disease was most malignant and prevalent. Their improved condition, as to food, raiment, lodging, and medical treatment, has happily rendered it no longer formidable, and indeed scarcely known in these realms.

Away with the inconsiderate assertion that the condition of the English poor is not ameliorated. *England* was indeed in a wretched state in those times, if in fact they ever existed, of which the amiable *GOLDSMITH* idly sung—

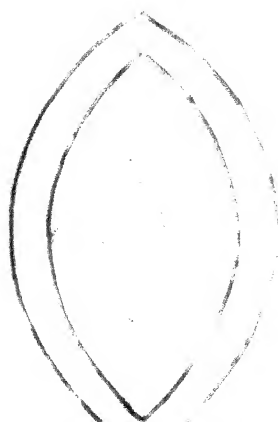
“When every rood of ground maintain’d its man.”

and would be so again, were such subdivision effected—if poor *GOLDSMITH*’s

“—time—ere *England*’s woes began.”

could be restored. He knew little of the causes or cures of pauperism.

Of *Burton Lazar* house, much may, no doubt, be found in *NICHOLS*’s history of *Leicestershire*—which







menlow among mine; and (that I might not unduly covet my neighbour's goods) that the careless owner, whoever he be, had a better.

The central subject of Plate IV. represents the seal. The stone, though well drawn, has been badly worked; and having been effaced for another subject, I can give no better impressions. It is of the exact size of the original, and indeed an exact representation. We see either ST. AUGUSTINE or ST. LAZARUS, in his mitre and crozier, standing in a handsome niche, surrounded by these words—if written at length:—

*Signillum fraternitatis Sancti Lazari Jerusalem in Anglia.*

This is all that I have to say here on the subject of this curious seal; in which, as I have hinted, I discover something Hinduish. It is in the mystical IONIC oval, or doubled cone, and in the position of the saints' (or bishops' ?) fingers. These are, especially the IONI, very mysterious. On the latter, volumes have been written; almost a volume, I fear, by me. But I shall here dilate but little farther thereon. No. 3, the lower subject of Plate IV., was intended as another exemplification of these mysterious figures—taken from a source as little suspected by the designer to be SIVANIC, as was ST. LAZARUS his seal. The IONI and the cone are among the most profound *mythi* in the whole circle

certain class—of course, as we call it—of *Sam-poori* are snake charmers, or catchers. They are called *Sam-poori*—and perhaps by other names—derived from their “dreadful trade,” as it may seem to be. But they “bear a charmed life,” as they tell you, by virtue of the “snake stone;” thus being taken out of the head of the reptile, he is no longer venomous. It is the beautiful species that the Portuguese, and we after them, call *cobra capel*, which exclusively, I believe, “wears the precious jewel in its crown.” It is usual for the *sampoori*, when exhibiting his tamed snakes to *griffins*—as newly-imported writers and cadets are called, and who, by their art, gaze, &c. are at once known to the shrewd impostor—to suffer himself to be bitten by the seemingly enraged reptile, till he bleed. He then, in haste, terror, and contortion, seeks a “snake stone,” which he is never without, and sticks it on the wound, to which it adheres. In a minute or two the venom is extracted, the bitten recovers, and the stone falls off, or is removed. If put into a glass of water, it sinks, and emits small bubbles every half-second seconds. This is the usual test of its genuineness: and it is odd if no one will give a rupee, or half a rupee, for such a curiosity. I have bought several when I could ill afford it. They are usually of a dark hue, but not always of one colour—flat, like a tamarind stone, and about the size—and nearly round. These

are the *genuine* ones : and I declare that I am by no means certain at this day—although I have called the *sampuri* an impostor—that they are not genuine : that is, not actually taken out of the reptile's head. Be that as it may—I have been sufficiently often imposed on by my friends the *sampuri*, to warrant my application of the term. I will add a word or two of particulars.

After having purchased, perhaps, half a dozen *genuine* snake-stones of the above description, duly tested, one of those gentry brought me one nearly transparent. This I bought ; and another, and another, till I acquired a score or two, of different sorts and sizes—and I began to suspect that I was not one of the wisest men in the world. I still retain the box of stones—and have not altogether relinquished the suspicion.

Those beautiful creatures, the *cobra capella*, sometimes lodge in or about your house, or out-houses. On being seen, or suspected—your shrewd servant may suspect, on being fir'd by the *sampuri*—you send for the artist, who, on promise that you will not kill the snake, proceeds to catch him. This he effects by piping on a calabash all about your premises—especially about your diminished poultry-yard, diminished possibly by the curryings of your said servant. When you may not be very intently observing, a sudden shout, spring, and fall by the *sampuri*, announce the caption of your intrusive neighbour. He is produced—the exulting captor holding him at arm's length by the nape of the neck,

the eyes of both sparkling and startling ; the reptile writhing and wriggling itself round the man's arm, neck, &c., till the collected family are frightened half out of their wits.

The victor now squats down, and, with an iron stile, forces open the jaws of the snake ; and, before your face, compels him to disgorge the bloody " precious jewel." If bitten, he applies it, as before described ; and reluctantly accepts half a rupee for it, if more cannot be obtained.

The reader may, or may not, guess that this is all a farce. There was no snake. The servant ate the fowls ; got a quarter of a rupee from a friendly *mag-poree*, who brought a snake in his cask ; and at a favorable unobserved moment loosed it, and, at another favorable observed moment, caught it. Amid the writhings of the snake, and its suitable accompaniments, a little manual dexterity is sufficient to elude your vision ; and the stone is, or seems to be, cleverly extracted.

But sometimes there is a snake really domesticated with you. I lived at *Byculla*, two miles from the fort of *Bombay*. The foundation of my nice little house—"say a small house, Ma'am, if you please"—was raised a foot or two with masonry ; and, from between two large stones in the front, we often saw and watched the protrusion of a snake's head and shoulders. We could never find him wholly out, so as to give any chance of chase and capture ; nor could I catch him with a noosed string. I did not choose, from certain feelings or prejudices, to have

him shot, and resolved to send for a *sampuris* to catch him.\*

My old and esteemed friend, General BENJAMIN FORTNES, then a captain in the 75th Highlanders, was my very near neighbour; and I invited him to come and see the *tamasha*, or amusement, of catching my snake; at whose head and shoulders he had more than once wished to direct his gun.

\* I may, perhaps, be permitted to recollect, and relate an anecdote connected with a snake, of a day long past. When I was an idle boy I caught a very young one—not longer than my pen, and kept it some time in a bottle—feeding it on flies and crumbs of bread. It thrived, and I removed him into a larger bottle, as more suited to his size. I was accustomed to take him out occasionally—and seeing what the *sampuris* did, I amused my snake and myself, and sometimes a neighbour, by whistling or fluting to the *danceeg* of my pet; as the erect, graceful, stately attitude and motion of this species of snake is usually called. I am, all along, speaking of the *cobra capella*, or hooded snake. I know of no other species apparently moved by music. I had deemed it expedient, pretty early, to extract or break his fangs with forceps—and my companion waxed till he could of himself get out of a gallon bottle. He was then placed in a suitable jar, but as he grew, he would occasionally get out—and a calling neighbour might perhaps find him on the sofa, with, or without, me. I fancied the creature knew me—of a cold morning, I have found him in my bed—and I became attached to him. My servant—I then had but one—a Mussulman—also liked him. He was, however, unpopular with my neighbours; and I found that I got laughed at, or worse, for such apparent affectation of singularity; and I resolved to part with my mesmate, who had grown to an inconvenient size—perhaps a yard long, or nearly. At length I carried him to a rocky, sunny place, two or three miles off; and for ever quitted my singular companion.

The *sampori* came—and, after due piping, captured the snake from his hiding-place, caught him, and extracted the stone, in the way already described, before our faces.

A clever *Parsee* servant had reminded us that we had lately lost many fowls, adding that he should not wonder if there was another *somp*, somewhere near the fowl-house. Thither we went; and, after the usual ceremonials, sure enough another was caught. I smelt a rat; and, causing the exulting catcher to bring his writhing captive into the *mandi*, watched narrowly the lithotomic process. At the proper moment, I, to the great astonishment of my friend FORBES and the other spectators, seized the snake—less hand of the operator; and there found, to his dismay, perdue in his well-closed palm, the intended-to-be extracted stone.

The fellow made a full and good-humoured confession of the trick, as touching the second snake and the concealed stone; but stoutly maintained that he fairly caught the first; and that, although the semi-transparent, amber-like stones were altogether fictitious, the opaque concretions were sometimes, though not often, found in the reptile's head, and that it really had some of the virtues ascribed to it. He good-humouredly blamed me for exposing him—hinting that credulity was the easy parent of craft; and somewhat slyly said something Hudibrasically equivalent to the assertion that

— the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated, as to cheat.

After all, I repeat my confession that I, unphilosophically, retain a portion of my early belief, that some individuals of the serpent tribe elaborate a concretion in their palate: nor can I entirely shake off the belief that it has some anti-poisonous virtue. I am, clearly, no chymist. If any such have a desire to analyse snake-stones—(I never read of its having been done)—several of mine shall be at his disposal. The semi-transparent ones are, confessedly, of a composition called in *India*, and I believe in *England*, *sandarach*, or false amber.

Under this head, I find this note from WALPOLE'S "*Turkey*," p. 285.: "At *Cyprus* we were shown, as precious stones, compositions fabricated by artful Jews, said to have been taken out of the head of the Κούφι. They are worn as amulets, to protect the wearers from the bite of venomous animals."

Wonderful relations of tricks exhibited with deadly venomous serpents at *Cairo*, by a charmed tribe, are given by BRUCE. By *wonderful*, I do not mean mendacious. That enterprising traveller may have been deceived; but I do not think, nor did I ever, that he intentionally deceived others.

Having no intention of writing diffusely on *Stones*, but to throw together a few fragments that I find scattered among my memoranda, I am, I hope, drawing to a close on that subject. As among other races, the Hindus are found to have a mystic reverence for lithic forms. Their subterranean cavern temples—colossal<sup>1</sup> statues—towering obelisks—stone

<sup>1</sup> The largest in the world perhaps, of a single stone, is

idols—and other revered things, as well as their hoards of gems, mark them as sharing extensively, with the rest of mankind, in a veneration for stone formations.

But it is under the designation of *Salagrama* that such a form is most mysteriously and awfully contemplated. Only that there is nothing too ridiculous for legend-mongers to invent and display, we might reasonably marvel at the seeming nonsense in which we find this pebble enveloped.

Volumes have been written on its mysterious uses and virtues. Several ceremonies are uncompletable without one. In death, it is as essential an ingredient in the *viaticum*, to at least one sect of *Unt-nava*—perhaps to many sects—as is the *oleo sancto* of Papists. The departing Hindu holds it in his hand—an easier, and less disturbing, and less unbecoming process than the greasings of the dying Papist.

The *salagram* is used in other ceremonies, as well as in those funeral. In honor of RAMA CHANDRA, I know not how, it is accompanied by an offering of *tulsi* leaves, on the 9th of the month *Chaitra*, called *Sri RAMA navami*, or the birth-day of the holy RAMA. The nymph TULASI, or TULSI, as many Hindu females are prettily named after her, was metamorphosed by KRISHNA into this lovely plant

depicted in Plate 73 of the *Hindu Pantheon*. It is upwards of seventy feet high. I suspect that plate is not from a good drawing. I have another, a more distant view, of this *Calasus*, who is at home called GOMUT RAYA. I have not seen a third. He stands on a hill a few miles inland from *Mangalore* on the *Malabar* coast; at, or near, the town of *Illoor*, or *Yenmoor*.



It does not occur to me that I ever saw a *salagram* while in *India*. My deceased friend, General CHARLES STUART, of the *Bengal* army, had two in *England*. He took them back, I understand, to *India*. One has, not long since, been presented to the Royal Asiatic Society, by a lady, with a description; from which, as abridged in a periodical, we learn that these stones are found in a lake 1700 miles in circumference, called *Vishnu-chatrum*. Its position does not appear. A fable is given, as to the origin of the *salagram*, in the usual *Puranic* style. VISHNU—or rather, as I suspect, KRISHNA—being foiled in his unlawful views on a virtuous woman, changed her husband into a *salagram*, and her into the *Toolee* or *tubi* plant, in recompense of their sufferings; and commanded that both should thereafter be offered on his altars.

If the Royal Asiatic Society should publish any account of this stone, it may be hoped and expected that a scientific description and analysis will be given of a pebble, which has somehow or other attracted the veneration of a numerous people, to a degree not perhaps predicable of any other. Several *salagrams* are in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society.

A slight notice is taken of the *salagrama* in the *Hin. Pan.* p. 309. They were supposed to be found

only in *Nepal*, and in only one of its rivers, the *Gandaki* — flowing, according to the *Vaishnavas*, from the foot of *VISHNU*; and, according to the *Saivas*, from the head of *SIVA*. In physical geography both sectarial legends are correct. It is now believed that the pebbles are found in other places; and that, like *Ganga*, *Gandaki* is a generic name; which, though pre-eminently applied, means rather *a*, than *the*, river. Being usually black, the *salagrama* are, like the *tulsi*, sacred to *VISHNU* or *KRISHNA*. They are mostly of a round form, and variously perforated, apparently by worms; or, as is fabled, by *VISHNU* in that shape. Some have internal spiral ammonitic curves; variations in which mark the legendary character of the worming deity. One perforation in four such curves—the curves, perhaps, encircling the orifice, for these descriptions are not very perspicacious—resembling, in imagination's creative eye, a cow's foot and flowers, contains the benign characteristic forms of *LAKSHMI-NARAYANA*. A timid Hindu may venture not only to invoke, but to touch or even to possess, a *salagram* of this innocuous formation. But bordering on a violet colour, with other certain indications, they denote a vindictive *avatara*, or descent, of *VISHNU*, such as *Narasingha*, when no man of ordinary nerve dare keep one. The fortunate possessor preserves his gem in a clean cloth. It is frequently perfumed and bathed; the water, thereby acquiring sin-expelling potency, is prized and drunk.

Those which I have seen are less than a common billiard-ball — solid, without holes; resembling a

common hard smooth pebble—black, as if soaked in oil. The stone is said not to effervesce with acids, and to elicit a spark when struck on steel.

I have recently noticed a colossal statue in *Colnara*, as probably the largest, of a single stone, in the world. Since that notice was penned, I have read of another, a rival. It is described in Colonel WELSH's *Reminiscences*—a work which I have not yet had the good fortune to meet with. In the extract which I have seen from that work, it appears to be at *Nungyden*, and is described as a finely formed image, about seventy feet high, carved out of one solid stone, representing a young man with wreaths of laurel<sup>1</sup> winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which is so exquisitely laboured, as to bear the closest examination. Two vultures were perched upon its head. The upper part was seven times the height of a man, who stood upon the upper part of a building adjacent; the legs and thighs of the statue being beneath him. "That it was cut out of the solid<sup>2</sup> rock cannot," the Colonel

<sup>1</sup> My drawing of the brother of this Colossus shows rather *loti*; or the common *paun*, or *beetel* leaf.

<sup>2</sup> A similar opinion was given by the Duke of WELLINGTON, who examined the first noticed statue. My plate in the *Hin. Pan.* is from a drawing in his Grace's collection. The hill or mountain itself forms a suitable base—having, on this supposition, once sent a pinnacle up-ward, of seventy feet at least, now chiselled into a statue: the whole being a *menzilithe*, in this, as in its twin brother, GOMUT RAYA, of the *Hin. Pan.* On farther consideration, however, I suspect it to be no case of twins, or of rivalry, or duality—but that Col. W. and I have written on the same identical subject. I never

says, "be doubted; for no power on earth could have moved so massive a column to place it there, on the top of a steep and slippery mountain—so steep, indeed, that we could not even see the statue till we had ascended close to it. The legs and thighs are in proportion, and attached to a large mass of the rock. I never in my life beheld so great a curiosity, every feature being most admirably finished. The nose is inclining to aquiline, the under-lip very prominent and pouting, showing the profile to great advantage. Every part from top to toe is smooth and highly polished. I could hardly conceive how the hand of man, particularly of a race by no means either intelligent or educated, could accomplish such a labour. No person on the spot seemed to know of *caro*, when, or how, or by whom, it was made. The Brahmins called it GOMET RAUZ or GOMET REZ. At a distance it appeared like a stone pillar."

The high pitch to which Hindu artists formerly attained in the line of sculpture has not yet been fully shown to *Europe*. It may be doubted if the sculptors of *Greece* have much surpassed them in that branch of the Fine Arts.

Not foreseeing the length to which other Heads of these Fragments may extend, it appears advisable to close this Head; and to proceed, albeit abruptly, to another.

saw the gigantic structure. My wife, with a large wondering and admiring party, made a pilgrimage to it.

## FRAGMENTS—SECOND.

PAGANISM—PAPACY—HINDUISM—NUNS—  
CORONATION—&c. &c.

MAN, after all, is the same animal every where—the Esquimaux or the Englishman, the Levite or the Brahman—altered by the contingencies of geographical position and education. His grand generic characteristics are proneness to accumulativeness and idleness. This may seem contradictory; but the dread of want is the source of all exertion. Those who possess, will work by proxy. This is applicable to mental workings and to manipulation. The priest is ready to think for the wealthy, and to let the poor work for him:—and who is not, more or less, as well as the priest?

If the following, so called, *Christian* fables were slightly altered, or merely a few Hindu names and words substituted, they might be unsuspectedly given as a translation from a *Purana*. It may, indeed, be reasonably doubted if, in fact, they be not thence derived. I am about to quote from "GILLY's *Piemont*," a literal translation of the 12th edition of a little book published by the Pope's authority.

holy *Porziuncola*." Here follow two of these preposterous tales:—

"It was in the year 1221, and in the month of October, that the holy father ST. FRANCIS was praying one night very fervently for sinners in his own habitation, distant about forty paces from the *Porziuncola*, and behold an angel came to him and told him that CHRIST and the VIRGIN MARY were waiting for him in the chapel. FRANCIS obeyed the invitation, and went and prostrated himself upon the earth, and adored the Majesty of the Most High. And CHRIST said to him, 'FRANCIS, in recompense for the zeal thou hast displayed for the salvation of souls, I permit thee to ask whatever thou shalt desire for the benefit of sinners, and for the glory of my name.' And FRANCIS, being prompted by the Virgin, humbly asked that to all those who should enter that church, pardon and indulgence for all their sins should be freely granted, upon condition of confessing them to the priest. And JESUS granted his request; but commanded him to go to *Perugiá*, to his Vicar the Pope, and to demand the indulgence in his name."

A tale exactly similar to this—as to the outline of the machinery—priestly prayers, holy apparition, proffered boon, solicited indulgence, purifying pilgrimage and penitence (or at any rate presents)—is related of hundreds of Hindu temples. It is in *India*

" In the month of January, 1223, two years after the grant of the indulgence, St. FRANCIS was in his little cell near the *Porziuncola*, meditating upon the passion of his blessed Redeemer, and lacerating his own body with stripes, when suddenly he heard a knock at the door, and a voice exclaiming : ' Where is the necessity of so much mortification ? You are a young man, and there is time enough before you to prepare for death.' He knew directly that it was SATAN, with one of his evil suggestions ; and, in order to prevail against him, he threw himself naked into a place full of thorns, which was near at hand, and rolled himself among them until every part of his body was pierced and covered with blood. Oh ! wonderful prodigy !—All of a sudden the prickly bushes were turned into roses, red and white, without any thorns ; the place was illuminated with a brilliant light ; the saint was arrayed in white apparel ; and a multitude of angels appeared, who invited him to accompany them to the chapel, where CHRIST was again waiting for him with his most Holy Mother. Having plucked twelve red roses and twelve white" (there is nothing like being particular in these relations) " FRANCIS, surrounded by the angels, who spread their wings over him, proceeded by a path, which was covered with the most precious stuffs, to the sacred *Porziuncola*, where he saw, for



How many names collected from papal and from pagan legends! I have many, Papal and Hindu, and a few shall be selected for the edification of the curious, and given in this volume.

But I must pause here to note that the above extracts, and some pages of the preceding Head, were not intended for *this* volume of *Fragments*; but for another, which was intended to have been published first. The title-page (which, in all volumes, although read first, is printed last) is written, and runs thus:—

## ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

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### PAGAN AND PAPAL ROME:

CONNECTING THOSE

ANCIENT AND MODERN

PAGAN RITES, CEREMONIES, AND LEGENDS,

WITH THE FABLES OF

HINDU MYTHOLOGY;

AND SHOWING THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF POPERY, AND  
MONKERY AND PRIESTCRAFT—

APPLICABLE TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

By ———, &c.



It is probable that the said intended volume may never see the light : but I may, as I am here doing, give some extracts from the pretty ample mass of materials that I have collected for it—although, as before hinted, they may be confessedly out of place—and possibly not the most apt that might have been selected.

Let it be kept in mind, however, that this is a volume of *Fragments*;—and that although the First Head (which was not intended for the First) is entitled of “ Eastern Correspondence—*Scalæ—Stones—*” I have had the presence of mind to add “ &c. &c.” There is great virtue, and to me, with certain miscellaneous rambling propensities, great accommodation, in your “ &c. &c.” It may, thus, be not easy to say what is “ out of place.”

The Rev. Mr. GILLY observes in the work here quoted, “ that the Roman Catholics condemn as a fable the amours of JUPITER and DANAE, yet make no scruple of marrying CHRIST to ST. CATHARINE of *Sienna*, and would deem the disbelief of it a sin ; though the mere relation of such a fiction has something in it almost blasphemous to Protestant ears. Nay, the Romanist affects to have evidence to this fact : he appeals to documents ; he shows you, in the public library at *Sienna*, the Correspondence between the sainted CATHARINE and her affianced REDEEMER, and her mother-in-law the VIRGIN MARY. I have seen in the Cathedral of *Milan* a large picture representing our SAVIOUR exchanging his own blood with that of ST. CATHARINE of *Sienna*.”

of *Assisi*, had real interviews with the Virgin MARY?"

These papal legends are really too bad. Those of the modern Greek church are, however, equally so. One may compare them with the legendary abominations of KRISHNA; which the Brahmans, indeed, ashamed of their grossness, have the decency to gloss over, by saying that, notwithstanding appearances and particulars which may not be here mentioned, all such indecencies were mere *maya* or delusion. *Maya* would be a very convenient and decorous veil or cloak to throw over sundry papal legends and fables, impiously detailed, of holy and divine characters. We do, indeed, see a semblance or imitation of it; for if you seem shocked, as the Rev. Mr. GILLY was, at the blasphemous tendencies of such legends, the veil, or cloak of spirituality is adroitly thrown over the carnality of the fables. Like the Brahmans with *Krishnaiana*, the priests interpose their *maya*, between their unchristian legends and offended feelings.

"Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph over the polytheism of its predecessors, the principle which had assisted, began to corrupt it. Patron Saints assumed the offices of Household Gods. ST. GEORGE took the place of MARS. ST. ELMO consoled the mariner for the loss of CASTOR and POLLUX. The Virgin Mother and CECILIA succeeded

be here added—of CERES and BACCHUS, became sanctified under a holier dispensation ; and from the disgrace have, by a happy transmutation, proved the consolation of a great, and increasing, portion of the best of mankind.

“ The goddess EOSTRE or EASTRE, the ASTARTE of the *Phœnicians*, is retained by us in our *Easter*; her annual festival having been superseded by that sacred day.”—SOUTHEY'S *Book of the Church*, Vol. I. p. 20.

The goddess just named has been supposed one of the Hindu divinities. This passage occurs in the *Hindu Pantheon*, p. 155. “ One of the names of PARVATI is ASUTARA-*devi*; hence the ASHTAROTH of the Hebrews, and the ASHTARA,<sup>1</sup> or SITARA, of the Persians. It is a name derived from spokes or points. See a legend accounting for it in *Asiatic Researches*, III. 390. 8vo. ed.”

On the above passage I find, in my interleaved copy of the *Hin. Pan.* this note —“ The Paphian goddess was anciently symbolized by a cone.” CLARKE, II. 334. Dr. C. is describing some antiquities in the Holy Land, II. 578, and one might imagine he was in *India*. “ A subterraneous conical temple, having no resemblance to

<sup>1</sup> Meaning a star, or astral.

RETH or ASTAROTH," &c. &c. all denoting that the Hindu superstitions connected with the ritual of the mountain goddess PARVATI have been prevalent there.

" CERES and VENUS, JUNO and DIANA, &c. &c. are in fact the same goddess—Nature under different forms—the *pantamorpha Mater*. URANIA, ISIS, ASTARTE, &c. are the same. DEA JANA, or *Diva Jana*, is made into DIANA by the Romans, and JUNO is the same word. See CLARKE'S *Travels*, II. 317. 319. GALE'S *Court of the Gentiles*, b. II. c. 2. p. 119. OXON. 1699. CLARKE'S *Greek Marbles*. KIRCH. *Aegyptiaca*." So far the Note.

*Eostre, Eastre, Iostre, Easter, Astra*, a star, &c. may be easily connected—all heavenly, or astral.

In another article, not perhaps in this Volume, I shall endeavour to show the *extreme* and *extensive* prevalence of the Ionic sound and allusion; as found primarily in IO, extended to IONI (or Yoni) JUNO, IONIA, &c. among Hindus and other pagans; as well as among western Heathens and Christians of ancient and modern times. Meanwhile return we to the subject whence we have thus digressed.

" Under the Romans a temple of DIANA stood where ST. PAUL'S now stands." SOUTHEY'S *Book of the Church*, II. 33.

" ——— The Pantheon, which AGRIPPA had dedicated to JUPITER and all the gods, was, by the Pope, converted into a church, inscribed to the

Blessed Virgin and all the Saints. Nor was it in idolatry, polytheism, and creature-worship alone, that the resemblance was apparent between the religion of pagan and papal *Rome*. The priests of the Roman Church had gradually fallen into many of the rites and ceremonies of their heathen predecessors; profiting, in some cases, by what was useful; in others not improperly conforming to what was innocent; but, in too many points, culpably imitating pernicious and abominable usages." *Book of the Ch.* I. 308.

Several writers have noticed the striking resemblance, amounting, indeed, to identity, between the superstitions of the polytheists of ancient times, and those of the more modern Romans. There can be no doubt but many of the fables and legends of the poetical mythologies of *Greece* and *Rome* have been **vamped** and altered—not for the better—by papists. Not confined, indeed, to fables and legends; for the Capitoline statue of *JUPITER*, with scarcely a vamp, serves admirably—and here good taste at least was shown—for an image of *St. Peter* in the Vatican. Substituting a key for the *fulmen* might hardly have sufficed—and the valiant apostle was substituted for *JUPITER tonans*. Nor was any lack of potentiality experienced; for the transformed pagan was found, in adroit hands, to work as clever miracles as any saint in the papal kalendar—and almost equal to those, unless under very favoured predicaments, such as *Lucretia* or *Radna*—even to those of Our Lady herself.

"Nor is it easy to detect the cheat.

Where knaves are plausible and dupes discreet."

his thundering madhouse, and petrifically, and substantially, and petrifically one.

It is the natural process of bigotry and fanaticism—and almost of humanity in the abstract—to triumph over prostrate foes. Such proneness is to be corrected only by the prevalence of real religious feelings combined with those of civilization and refinement. A religious sect successfully opposing another, is too apt, all the world over, to mark its success by unseemly persecution and triumph. One of the most obvious manifestations of such baseness is in the desecration of religious edifices, and the change in the rituals of worship: or their destruction, and re-erection into the temples of the triumphant party. Of this many instances could be easily given. St. SOPHIA at *Constantinople* has witnessed the crescent and the cross alternately victorious. The crescent has long kept its proud place there since its last ascendancy. In our day it has tottered more than once. At *Rome* the Pantheon has witnessed a like change of scenery—albeit the actors were somewhat different. Its namesake of *Paris* has, again in our own times, shown its mutations of destiny; arising, in this instance, from political, rather than religious predominancy. Not, however, but religious feeling, in the alternations of its hot and cold fits, has had, perhaps, a sufficient share in the disorders of that vivacious capital.

In *India*, the Mahomedan conquerors have been too often known as the despolers of Hindu temples; and in some instances they have been converted into what we call mosques, and they *mosjid*. And the Portuguese have, in that country, evinced a similar spirit. But I have never heard of Hindus having done so; or of their having evinced any of this persecuting intolerant feeling of triumph. We read of religious wars among them of old; one might, perhaps, like most of such wars, in matters of very little moment to the welfare of society; and alike in another point—the venom and malignity with which they have been prosecuted. But it is not, I believe, on record, that when victorious over foes of another religion, the Hindus have ever converted churches or mosques into what we call pagodas; or even that they have destroyed churches or mosques. It seems a tenet of practice, as well as of doctrine, with Hindus, that all religions teach men to be good; and that it is not a very important point by what name the religion of a sincere victory may be designated. It may be, that in the frequent change incident to the various wars which have ravaged *India* for centuries, Hindus may have found the temple of a subdued or an ejected party suited to their own purpose; and, from feelings of economy rather than of triumph, may have devoted it to a holy purpose; and if so, without any exulting desecration. The English cannot be accused of

<sup>1</sup> A word altogether, I believe, unknown in any language of *India*: nor is *mosque* much more intelligible to any native of that region.

deed, into a Protestant church, but into a country retreat for the Governor: and the genii of festivity have long presided where the followers of IGNATIUS scourged themselves, and deluded others. So it may have been a sense of economy, combined with good taste, that allowed the statue of JUPITER to be a suitable representation of the more modern ST. PETER, as recently noticed. To that feeling, moreover, it may be that the lovers of art are beholden for the preservation of many precious remains in papal and other countries. Why should not an ancient sculpture of MARSYAS, poetically flayed by APOLLO, as fitly represent the execrable martyrdom of ST. BARTHOLOMEW, as that fine, though terrible, performance in the Cathedral at *Milan*, if as well executed?

We find no fault with such transfer of idolatry, when such are its results. How different from the detestable proceedings in CROMWELL'S time in *England*—when every vestige of art was deemed superstitious, and destroyed or defaced by him, or his parliament's, brutal iconoclasts. In my county of *Suffolk*, you can scarcely pass or enter a church without cause to lament the "Visitation" of our imps of fanaticism, WILLIAM DOWSING and Co. Let us rob oblivion of her due, and gibbet his name. It is true, he may have been but a wretched tool in the dirty hands of more detestable miscreants than



himself. But he appears to have done his work *con amore*. And I cannot, as far as my country, my county, my neighbourhood—nay, my own parish church,—are concerned, but hold his name and memory in deep and deserved abhorrence.

In my own parish of *Great Healings* he decapitated and defaced three saints, whose effigies in stone ornamented the summit of our church porch. And the curiously, though grotesquely, carved wood-work of our seats are, in a hundred instances, sadly mutilated. I know not if the statues of our headless and handless saints were ever high specimens of art; but the physiognomy of our pretty porch is much injured by the injuries inflicted on theirs.

I shall here digress from this digression—from the immediate consideration of the conversion of images and temples, or of their destruction or defacement—to another topic, marking a coincidence between pagan and papal *Rome*; connecting occasionally Hindu paganism more especially with the intermediate and existing rites and superstitions.

Some of the Hindu legends, like the fables of the Greek dramas, exhibit the grave irony of the gods triumphing over the impotent presumption of man—the sport and terrible victim of insulted divinity—exemplifying the adage, so often quoted,

“*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*”

<sup>1</sup> If it were asked in what classic author this true line occurs, the answer must probably be, that, although few lines of the Latin writers are oftener quoted than this, it does not occur in any one. A similar *idea* may be variously found—but not the line, nor any line very like it.

any such zealous intolerance:—finding a church of the departed Jesuits in the village of *Parcl*, at *Rom-bay*, five miles from the fort, useless as such, a like feeling of economy led to its conversion; not, indeed, into a Protestant church, but into a country retreat for the Governor: and the germ of festivity have long presided where the followers of *LUNATIUS* scourged themselves, and deluded others. So it may have been a sense of economy, combined with good taste, that allowed the statue of *JEPETER* to be a suitable representation of the more modern *ST. PETER*, as recently noticed. To that feeling, moreover, it may be that the lovers of art are beholden for the preservation of many precious remains in papal and other countries. Why should not an ancient sculpture of *MARVAS*, poetically flayed by *APOLLO*, as fitly represent the execrable martyrdom of *ST. BARTHOLOMEW*, as that fine, though terrible, performance in the Cathedral at *Milan*, if as well executed?

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This is applicable chiefly to the superior of the Hindu divinities, as in the *Narasingavatara* of *VISHNU*. *INDRA*, and others of the secondary causes of the operations of nature (he is the regent or ruler of firmamental, or atmospheric, phenomena) are sometimes in great danger, and even overpowered, by the machinations of men—generally in the line of pious austerities. In this we may discern the cunning of priestcraft. Abstinence, privation, austerity, torture, suicide—these are enjoined in artful graduation, corresponding with the plenitude, or lack, of faith or nerve of the neophyte. Hindu legends are replete with fables of the dominion, wealth, women, and all the reward that can await the ambition, cupidity, or sensuality of craving man, from the continuous completion of such austerities resulting from such vows. Papal lying legends tread closely on their heel, as to gullibility; indelicacy and atrocity abound in both.

The *avatar* of *VISHNU*, just named, is one among the many Hindu legends where their gods appear as “wretches who palter in a double sense—keep the word of promise to the ear.” In this *descent*—that is the meaning of *avatar*—*VISHNU* came to punish one who, by his pious austerities, had extorted this boon from *SIVA*—that he should be invulnerable against man or beast, by night or day, within doors or without. Elated to unbearable impiety and tyranny by such exemption, his destruction became necessary; and *VISHNU* burst from a pillar so critically situated on the very threshold as to evade the promise, at the moment “of night’s black

arch the key-stone," neither in the form of man—*nara*—nor of lion—*singha*—but a compound of both:—and in that shape, at that instant, and on that spot, "broke the word of promise to the hope;" and tore the impious tyrant into *gobbets*.

ST. FRANCIS has appeared before us in his self-infliction of austerity and torture, as superior to the tempter. The *Flagellantes* of Italy, in the thirteenth century, had improved so monstrously on his tenets as to hold that flagellation was of equal virtue with baptism and the other sacraments; that the forgiveness of all sins was to be obtained by it from God without the merits of JESUS CHRIST; that the old law of CHRIST was soon to be abolished; and that a new law enjoining the baptism of blood by whipping was to be substituted. Not only were the sacraments rejected by this sect, but all forms of external worship—save flagellation. On this and faith, they placed their only hope of salvation. The Pope, CLEMENT VII., of course poured out his anathemas against these poor creatures, who were duly burnt by the holy Inquisition—especially in Germany—for the faith and practice spread wonderfully. And why?—it was bitterly persecuted.

It once, and but once, in all my wanderings and sojourn in papal regions or among papists, happened to me to witness the operations of the *Flagellantes*. That was at *Tellicherry*, on the coast of *Malabar*, in 1786. I passed the night of the vigil of Easter at a Portuguese church. The ceremonies of singing, weeping, preaching, taking down the crucifix with the crucified; processions of the body, large as life

and hideous as death, on a bier; circumambulations of the church — (called by Hindús *pradakshna*, a favorite mode of propitiation)—and flogging, occupied, I think, the whole night. I assisted in several of these ceremonies—assuredly not in all. I did not preach or whip myself; but I certainly prayed very fervently, and cried bitterly.

How sympathetic is sorrow! Go I into the jail alone, I choked occasionally at SIDMONS or O'NEILL — and do so still at the domestic miseries of that highly-gifted creature FANNY KEMBLE — but do not always weep. But in a box, with melting females, it is the same, or nearly, as in my younger days, with the heart-broken Christians at *Tellicherry*.

The priest groaned and moaned as the table-cloth — for it was a poor church—was slowly lifted; and exhibited, in its pierced, broken, bleeding, ghastly, state, the crucified body, to the sobbing, bucket-beating auditory and spectators. Not one of us knew a word of the preachment; it was a sort of ritual tremulously and almost unintelligibly chaunted or blubbered out by the roaring priest:—but most of us, perhaps all, “dropped tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum”—and faster too; for I can assure my readers and OTHELLO, that the said gum drops very slowly, if it drop at all.

But, as to the *Flagellantes*—five of them were posted outside the lofty western door. As the cross was high, and elevated, at the altar at the east end of the church, the whippers could see, over the heads of the sitting, kneeling, or standing congregation, the awful object of their penitential adoration.

At particular portions, perhaps pre-arranged, of the ceremonies, they smote themselves more vehemently and frequently. At the first partial uplifting of the curtain—which was after the fashion of a theatre—and view of the pierced feet—whip—whip—somewhat slowly, for some time; for the priest, paid, no doubt, by the day or night, was in no haste, but dwelt movingly on every pane of the curtain, which made four or five halts in its tedious ascent. The last, with a jerk, exhibited the upper limbs of the cross, and the drooping head and stretched arms and pierced hands of THE CRUCIFIED. And now, whip—whip—whip—as fast as St. Francis himself, or St. DOMINIC *Loricatus*, coryphæe of flagellants, could himself have flagellated.

There were five—and, if my memory serves me right, standing one behind the other—sized, as an adjutant would say. In front was a youth, judging by his stature and round soft muscles. But I have omitted, in the place perhaps most fitting, to describe how these deluded, deluding creatures, were habited. They wore long white shirts, or surplices, over all; reaching from the crown of the head to the ground, having long loose sleeves tied at the wrist. These were wholly closed in front, and covered the head and ears, and face; and were open behind, just from the nape, or what we in *Suffolk* call the *nuddle*, of the neck, to the small, or *doke*, of the back. So that no part of the face, head, or person, could be seen, save a certain number of square inches of the shoulders and back—a parallelogram say of about one foot by two—according to

the spread of shoulder—at the hinder open part of the shirt or surplice.

Each penitent had a ball of wax, hardened perhaps by borax, of about the size of a small billiard-ball, suspended by a string, from, I believe, the neck. In this were stuck many spiculae of broken bottle-glass, like inverted pins stuck thickly on a round pin-cushion. Holding the string at a particular length, and somewhat skilfully and gently swinging the ball alternately over each shoulder, the *flagellum*, with its sharp points of glass, lit precisely on the naked portion of the shoulder of the floggee. Blood followed each swung stroke—every *early* stroke; for the whole of the flesh and the neighbouring white shirt, and at length to the very skirts thereof, were soon, or eventually, smeared with blood.

This was not altogether effected by the glassified ball of wax. Each flagellant had a piece of the morr-solid portion, or centre, of the leaf of the plantain-tree—about a foot, or a foot and a half long, three or four inches broad, and an inch thick—shaped something like the paddle of canoe-rowers, or the tail of the beaver—(do I make myself understood?) as it occurred and appeared to me at the time.

After whirling the skin-piercing ball half a minute perhaps—a little more or less, as may have been agreeable—the ball was gently dropped (suspending) and the beaver-tail-shaped flat piece of plantain-leaf was shifted from the left-hand to the right; and with it the parties smote themselves over the right shoulder, on their bloody backs. This was



the measure or motion, more or less quick, which I meant to describe, when I said—whip—whip—  
——and whip—whip—whip. But those expressive and tickling words are of doubtful application here, for to the best of my recollection (I was no minute-maker in those days or nights) there were no *whips*: only the blood-drawing balls, and the plantain leaves, by way of disciplines. These were soon begrimed in blood; and I suspect and suspected that, however frightful and horrible the exhibition of this ensanguined scenery, the pain inflicted by the sharp ball, and that perhaps not much, was mollified or neutralized by the flat leaf. But this was not the only use of the leaf. The effect was greatly heightened by it. The blood was scattered and spirted all over the white dress, and even so as to fly off in small *gouttes*.

I have said there were five. The shortest in front—him I took for a lad of fifteen or sixteen, perhaps. The tallest in the rear—a five-foot-ten, strapping, thick-skinned knave, whose blood did not show, worth speaking of, till his tough, and perhaps half unconscious hide, had received sundry servings of the whirled, and, as I thought, reluctantly impelled, ball of wax. Another, a central one, I really took for a woman! I could not see her face, nor any part of her front, nor her hair; but from the smoothness and seeming softness and plumpness of the only portion of the visible skin—viz. the *trapezius* muscle and its immediate neighbours—and the ready spirting of the blood from even a delicate application of the ball, and a certain sympathetic

thrill with the throb of the said tender muscles, that I think I should not have shared with a *be* skin—from all these combined indications, I really thought it was a female! The rear-rank man might have whipped till he actually and acutely smarted through his bull-hide, before I should have felt so.

No vocal sound, not even a sigh, was to be heard from the Five. It did not seem decorous to go very near—not within five or six feet of these disciplinarians. But from a certain impetuous curiosity touching the supposed female, I approached rather nearer than I ought to have done, and was civilly admonished by my co-bystanders to fall back; and I did so—but not till a few attenuated drops of her scattered blood had flown off, from the smart fall of the leaf, on my sleeved<sup>1</sup> waistcoat. It was, to be sure, a piece of tom-foolery in me, but I did not send my ruby-spotted vest to the wash for several weeks. I was only fifteen years old—of a temperament excitable, and highly excited by the passages of the night which I have described. I accordingly luxuriated in the feeling that I possessed the blood of a young and beauteous and pious female; for so, in those days—and, of all places, in *Tellicherry*, then the *Paphos* of the world—did I, in my mind and heart's eye, pruriently depict her.

The discipline, with intervals, and with more or

<sup>1</sup> The then usual outer garment of the English—and a very comfortable dress in lat. 11°; especially in the equatorial atmosphere of a crowded, excited church, well consoled through the night.

less severity and frequency, of stroke—the leaf and the ball alternately—lasted hours—so it appeared to me. The crucified body was taken down, with great ceremony and vociferation, and carried by priests several times in slow procession round and round the church, with singing and swinging of censers. In these processions the flagellants walked immediately next the bier, followed by some priests, and us, the mere observers of the ceremonies—that is, however, by the whole congregation.

This is a fair and full account—perhaps too full and long—of the first and only time that it has fallen in my way to witness a scene, not creditable to the religion that it is meant—and perhaps entirely contrived—to honour and uphold. It is a triumph of priestcraft, alike in kind, though differing in degree, with the self-inflictions, even the *Sati* (*Suttee*) or concrementation of the Hindus.

Whatever my feelings may have been at the time, such scenes are not in accordance with my present notions of right or wrong. The female, as I deemed her—or the young central penitent—may have been really penitential; and let us humbly hope that, albeit in error touching the channel, the intent may be accepted. And the lad in front may also have been a victim of what I cannot but deem a demoralizing church. But the three rear-rankers I hugely suspect were actors in a melo-drame—not badly got up, considering their means. Piacular whipping by proxy is recognized by the Romish church. There may have been twenty or thirty priests, and perhaps five or six hundred of the congregation. The church would not hold us all.

No—I am sometimes disposed to be an Epicurean : speaking rather philosophically than theologically ; remembering that if pleasure be the greatest good, virtue is the greatest pleasure. *Carpe diem* — with qualifications. Bounteous Nature has filled for us a cup of sweets, and spread at our feet a carpet of roses. Why should we then go out of our way to quaff bitters and to tread on thorns ? Away with such frigid Calvinistic, Franciscan philosophy—and such ungrateful return. Let us rationally enjoy the good which a kind Providence has set before us, and be thankful. Let us humbly aim at being really pious ; and nowise disposed to quarrel about doxologies, or to engage in the logomachy of sectaries.

It would tend much to mitigate the severity with which we judge others, if we would duly consider the advantages which we enjoy, rather than their supposed demerits. When disposed to condemn millions in the mass for cowardly submission to mental or personal slavery, let us rather be thankful that our ancestors broke their religious and political bonds, at the expense even of their lives ; or we might now be, as are the population of *Rome* and her dependencies. Are subjects vindictive and sanguinary :—do not such deeds mostly result from injustice in their rulers ? Wherever justice is ill administered, the injured will redress their wrongs sooner or later. Ill administration of justice includes its withholdance, as well as the infliction of absolute injustice — leading, as has been often predicated, to the oppressed breaking their chains on the heads of their oppressors. Are rulers arbitrary and oppressive :—it results often from not knowing better—not knowing

how to reform their measures and manners; too often taught, as rulers are, that innovation is dangerous—that reform is revolution. Much allowance should be made in princes for the disadvantages of their birth—the debasing prejudices of their education—for the almost inevitable consequences of being ever surrounded by parasites and panders; and rarely, if ever, hearing the monitory voice of friendship or of truth—never feeling the wholesome rubbings of equality.

What, generally speaking, are princes and nobles taught? It is well if such tuition lead only to the blowing of the idle bubbles of folly and fashion. The fact is well known, that the mace of the Royal Society, laid before the President at all meetings, and perhaps used on other occasions, is the identical "bauble" which CROMWELL so emphatically bade "take away," in his dignified dissolution of the Rump parliament. Some years ago an English prince, heir-presumptive of the throne, among other lions of *London*, was shown the library, rooms, &c. of the Royal Society, and among them the "bauble." His tutor attended his Royal Highness. The youth was informed, not by the tutor, of the said identity of the mace—but his Royal Highness had never heard of CROMWELL! nor, it may be assumed, of CHARLES I.

Consideration should also, differing with their condition, be had to the less unhappy, but still disadvantageous and dangerous predicament of nobility and aristocracy. If nearly equal in point of morals and

intellect to their inferiors, as they are apt to deem the grade next below them, they should be hailed, indeed, as superior. If not greatly inferior in those and other important points of moral and social bearing, such exalted persons should be allowed much merit. But merely as "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face," I confess that, with a due allowance, as above indicated, I do not, for such personages, habitually cherish any high degree of veneration. I am disposed to say, with the lamented Sir WILLIAM JONES, "I know none above me but the wise and virtuous, —none beneath me but the ignorant and base."

Reform in the Church, or in any of the institutions of a state, parliamentary, legal, &c. too long withheld or withstood, must in the end, sooner or later, lead to resistance, rebellion, revolution. Subjects then go much greater lengths than they contemplated at the outset. It has been well said that the results of rebellion cannot be thought of too often by sovereigns, nor too seldom by subjects. Nations are naturally passive; and rarely rise in rebellion, until, degraded by the long sufferance of a bad government, they know not what a good one is. We must respect knowledge; but we may not hate or despise ignorance. The ignorant think as their forefathers thought—worship as they worshipped, taught and led by the same class of tutors. Let us, I repeat, be thankful that we know and do, or ought to know and do, better; and that mummeries and mortifications, and such fooleries as we have just read of, so enjoined by knaves on pain of damnation,

and so believed by fools in fear of it, are no longer deemed piacular among us.

What I am now engaged<sup>1</sup> in is, I confess, an undisguised attack on popery. But do I hate papists? No.—I pity and pray for them. Am I a foe to priests? No.—To priestcraft I am, believing it to have arisen from, and to exist in, motives of cupidity and unwarrantable ambition; to be continued, if at all, only in imposture and hypocrisy; and to end inevitably in evil to mankind; I am and must be, until otherwise persuaded (and I am I hope very yielding to reason and conviction), however feeble, its uncompromising foe.

If I have spoken disrespectfully of priests generally, I have done ill—and I ask pardon. But it is to good priests that I make the *amende*. What share the papal priests may claim of my retractation, let them determine.

There are few, however low, who have it not in their power, somehow or other, to inflict injury and pain on others. Happily the will is more rare. The power to give pain, the ability to inflict injury, is a worthless, wretched, possession. Every ruffian, every venomous reptile, possess it; and they are hateful in the ratio of their desire to exercise it. Do I wantonly endeavour to inflict pain? No. May the wormwood cling to his cup, who wantonly mingles a bitter potion for another. It is but just that the sum of pain gratuitously or unnecessarily inflicted on sentient beings, rational or irrational, by every indi-

<sup>1</sup> The intended volume as mentioned in page 94.

vidual in this life, should be re-inflicted on him in the life to come.

But as to papacy, it may be gathered from what precedes, that I think very ill of it. And so thinking, I express myself, peradventure, with seeming bitterness. The disease admits not, I fear, of tender palliatives. For half a century I have, or believe I have, half over the globe—

“ Mark’d its darkening, desolating, sway ;  
Bad man its instrument—weak man its prey : ”

and—Heaven forgive me if I err—I cannot but regard it as the wide-spreading, moral *Upas* tree of Christianity and human happiness.

Let me then repeat that it is not of priests generally that I speak disparagingly—but only of *bad* priests ; including those of every religion and sect. And farther, let me deprecate the too intimate intermixture on this occasion of priestcraft, or even of priests, and religion. It is too common a trick, all the world over, to hear a cry equivalent to “ the Church in danger,” when it is only the fame of a shrine, or of a saint ; the merit of a pilgrimage, the renown of a relic, or a tithe-pig.

I am, I trust, as loyal and fair a subject in Church and State, as need be. But I detest king-craft and priest-craft, as ardently as any democrat, or atheist, if there be one in Europe. He is the best friend of King and Church who, thinking he sees error in either, respectfully and modestly points it out.

*Atheist!*—Is there, can there be, an atheist?—I never met with more than one who professed to have



no religious feeling of any sort. He was a democrat in politics, and an Epicurean, in its worst bearing, in philosophy. But I much question if his feelings, as to atheism, were or could be consistent. I suspected him—it was in 1794—of “pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy”—or of self-delusion. He was a man of talent; and his mind had ranged over an extended circle of science. If very ill, I have little doubt but he would experience certain “compunctious visitings,” and fears that denote the presence of religion, beyond the mere “dread of falling into nought.” And that is sufficiently dreadful.

I have lately—1830, since the above was written—heard of another who, though not ostentatiously, avows atheism. I have met him at table; but did not hear any sentiments of that tendency. He seemed intelligent and agreeable—had travelled much.

We read sometimes the relation of a traveller in barbarous countries, that “the natives had no notions or feelings whatever of religion”—and presently perhaps “that they have abominable ceremonies of funerals, worship the devil,” &c. What is this, or either of these, but religion? Even the fear of lonely midnight, or of passing a gibbet or a murderer’s grave, is religion—as far as it goes. It has reference to something supernatural, something psychological—and that alone is religion. Certain orthodox, or ultra-orthodox, individuals are sometimes apt to think that none others can be religious or devout, who are not so exactly in the same way as themselves. A religious deist, or a devout pagan, they can form

no conception of. But surely such persons, however erroneous their faith, may and do exist.

In a passage quoted, or to be quoted, from SOUTHEY'S *Book of the Church*, we read of "twenty-eight thousand Franciscan nuns in nine hundred nunneries, and one hundred and fifteen thousand friars in seven thousand convents." Twenty-eight thousand nuns!—nine hundred nunneries!—Indulging in a mental range, what strange things come across the imagination of those who have—as I have—passed some portion of their days and weeks in nunneries and convents and monasteries. Twenty-eight thousand nuns! I can easily fancy it—immured, sweet creatures—and one hundred and fifteen thousand friars—fogh!—let them pass. I, for one, have seen and heard enough of them. But with a nun, or with nuns rather, as STERNE says on another occasion, "I could commune for ever." But let us be sober; and I will, with permission, relate a passage or two in my life, mixed up with recollections of these interesting, but misguided, creatures.

In very early life my destiny (and a foul wind) drove me to *South America*. After a long, first, sickening voyage, the delight of entering the fine harbour of *Bahia da Todos Santos*, the view of the city and shores, the near smooth approach to, and gliding along, those shores, fringed with all that is verdant and delectable to the ravished eye, and clothed with trees almost to the water's edge, loaded and glowing with that most grateful of all fruits, the orange—one of the choicest gifts of beneficent Providence to the animal Man—the delight of these in

combination with their attendant feelings, it is humbly hoped, of thankfulness and devotion, can never be, ought never to be, forgotten; and can never perhaps be felt, in all their poetry, but once.

A short stay of only a few weeks at *St. Salvador*, as the fine city of *Bahia* is otherwise called, has left vivid recollections of long-received impressions. The beauty and richness of the churches were among the most striking objects, after the first immediate feelings of arrival—and being once more near and on land. And these feelings, I may remark, in passing, are of a description known, felt, appreciated by those only “who go down to the great deep.”

The obliging, courteous, demeanour of the numerous priests, and indeed the inhabitants in general, ought to be remembered. We received daily civilities and kindnesses at the gates of the nunneries, to which we had, at seasonable hours—I think I may from recollection say,—unobstructed and uninterrupted access:—to the *grates*—mark—not to the nuns. The grates were double—distant the thickness of the walls of the convent—say five feet—the apertures, or windows, lofty, looking usually into corridors or cloisters:—so that one could well see the inmates through the double grates—though, as I recollect, we could not join hands. Little courtesies could be interchanged. “The interstices between the intersections” of the stout, strong, iron “net-work,” are squares of four or five inches—the inner grates wider than the outer; and the kind, pretty, immured creatures could thrust across with-

in our reach, custards, and capillaire, and fruits. Our little returns of scissors, needles, ribbons, and such trifles were apparently acceptable. Scarcely a day passed without finding me at these loved grates. Having learned a little French in *England*, and on the voyage, from my German fellow-passengers, and a little Portuguese from a servant, I found, after a few days, no great colloquial difficulty.

After tremendous equinoctial rollings in the Bay of *Biscay*, in company with a fleet of upwards of 500 sail of ships, many in great distress, (none but a sailor can know the horror of such "lying-to" three weeks in such a tremendous adverse gale, in a deep ship, with over-much dead weight of anchors, guns, shot, and shells) such rolling as I have never since experienced, though I have frequently crossed the "vexed Atlantic," and doubled the *Cabo da Tormentados*,—after, as I have said, such a tedious, lengthened, baffling voyage, in this deep ship over-filled with German troops, aggravated by the apprehensions of capture and imprisonment, (for all the fleets of all the world were then, 1782, hostilely at sea)—after for many months seeing humanity only in the shape of boisterous, bearded, dirty, swearing, hideous sailors and soldiers—after all these, and more "horrors of the deep," to be at once, as it were, thrown into such a climate, and into the society of such delicate, tender, beautiful, pure, creatures—this first awakened feeling of sympathy and kindness, after the first sad severance of parental and fraternal, and all denominations of happy family ties—it was almost all of Heaven that earth can yield.

"——— *Airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove attune  
The trembling leaves; while universal PAN,  
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours*, in dance  
Led on th' eternal spring."*

My recollections of those "pearls in the ocean of purity,"—never, to continue the metaphor,— "to be strung on the thread of matrimony," are, that they were beautiful. My feelings at the time, I am sure, gave that impression. They were attractive and interesting under our peculiar circumstances, in a degree not to be easily described or understood. The universality of black hair and black eyes, things to which we had been unaccustomed, was striking and touching—whether of novice or nun I cannot tell, but I do not think cutting off the hair, at taking the veil, is intertropically universal.

Surely my tuneful and sensitive namesake must have been at the grates of *Bahia*, or in some such redicament, when he thus conceived and sang of the eyes of the maidens of *Iran*:—

"——— And see a sweet *Brazilian* maid,  
With all the bloom, the fresher'd glow  
Of her own country maidens' looks,  
When warm they rise from *Bahia's* brooks—  
And with an eye, whose restless ray,  
Full, fleeting, dark,—ah!—he who knows  
His heart is weak, of heaven should pray  
To guard him from such eyes as those."

*Lalla Rookh.*

I will, I hope, pardon my having changed two  
is—not for the better, for who can change two  
1.

words of MOORE's for the better, but—to suit my story.

But this was not the only danger—of danger, indeed, here was no great—(that is, there *was* a grate). The courtesy of some of the priests was not altogether limited to their usual display. My attentions at convent and church—for these semi-divine minstrels sang there—were thought well of; and a kind feeling of pity, and I believe a wish to save me from the results of heresy, were noticed. Our stay at *Bahia* was not sufficiently lengthened for much to be effected; and I was put on my guard by my observing and listening messmates. And however frail one might have proved, opposed to such fearful odds as might in more time have been put in operation against me, backed by the approaching recurrence of the detested tossings of the Atlantic, I happily escaped from becoming a *novice*, and embarked unscathed, save by the black eyes aforesaid.

I ought to look back with thankfulness rather than with levity, on the above passages of my early life; for few lads ever left their family circle, offering more yielding materials for zeal or knavery to make an impression on. Ignorant, precocious, tender, credulous, half broken-hearted—these elements intermingled with others that may be gathered from what precedes, combined to render me the easy victim of misdirected zeal, or the ready devotee of kindness and sympathy. I am tempted to relate one little anecdote of my yet earlier life, to show what melancholy stuff my mind was, even then, composed of.

In my father's book-case was, of course, the Pilgrim's Progress:—not in that form so tempting to all “with cash and sense,” as it now appears in, from out of the hands of my much-respected friends SOUTHEY and BARTON; but in that nine-penny shape, where honest JOHN'S immense hand supports his more immense head, in his rapt imaginary dream. Passing over the strange embodying of the artist's notion of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and CHRISTIAN'S Combat with APOLLYON, whose cropped ears still dwell in the smiling eye of remembrance—there was one picture by which I was “perplext i' th' extreme.” It was where CHRISTIAN meets EVANGELIST, by the sea-shore, with a beetling cliff over their heads. The sea-shore had been the scene of my contemplations, or rather of my wonderment, since infancy—and it so happened, or I so fancied, that a neighbouring cliff at *Bawdsey* resembled the cliff represented in the picture. I had read BUNYAN'S book so often and so intently as to have been amused into enthusiasm—and another book, that I now deem of a dangerous tendency, until I was wound up almost into despair. This latter book had for its frontispiece a monstrous pair of expanded jaws, armed with enormous teeth, and with goggle eyes. A dragon-like forked tail convolved above. Imagination might furnish the body and entrails. Into these flame-vomiting jaws divers grinning devils with pitchforks were driving terrified sinners, or their souls. To my infinite horror, one or more of these affright-

ed sinners seemed about my own age. Beneath the print was this motto:—

“ Oh !—who can dwell in everlasting torments ! ”

In a long ague, and during the lingering weakness of recovery, this terrific picture haunted me. I began to think that I was old enough and wicked enough to be damned : and—I write now not in levity, for I much doubt if the lapse of more than half a century have yet wholly worn off the effect of that picture—I consulted a neighbour, one of our washerwomen, on the subject ; and she had the good sense to comfort me with the assurance of my groundless fear. In this mood EVANGELIST and CHRISTIAN, the sea and the cliff—and these words of the text of the Pilgrim's Progress also, came to my comfort:—

“ CHRISTIAN—What shall I do to be saved ! ”

“ EVANGELIST—Flee from the wrath to come.”

And in my convalescence, I loitered and lingered under *Bawdsey Cliff*, in the earnest and eager hope of also meeting EVANGELIST !—I may at that time have been six or seven years old.

I note all this — not perhaps very wisely — for two reasons : one, as a warning to those entrusted with the care of children to keep such terrifying books out of their way ; the other, to show, as I have said above, of what mystical, enthusiastic stuff my young mind was composed, when my destinies drew me to the grates of *Bahia*.

I was still very young—so young as not to be sus-



pected by the innocent inmates of my favorite convent, of any treachery or baseness. I took a tender leave of several—of one in particular; and the good abbess kissed me, and wept and prayed over me at my last visit. She said she was a mother, and had lost her son. I can never forget her. Heaven's peace be with her!—

Fifteen years elapsed—eventful years—fraught with all the wanderings and voyagings, and bustlings of a soldier's life—compounded of drilling, reviewing, campaigning, hunger, thirst, maims, wounds, excitement, depression, exultations, and miseries, &c. &c.—and my destinies again led me to *South America*. I ought before to have noted that I had served as a soldier in all the quarters of the world before I was twelve years old.

Times were changed—so was I. No longer a beardless, heedless boy, but a sobered man; still, however, as to years, in my prime—under thirty—with the cares of a family superadded, and the “coming events” and my fortunes, still, as much as ever, shadowed in futurity.

The magnificent entrance to the spacious harbour of *Rio*—for *St. Sebastian* was the city I was now approaching—was equally, if not more, striking and admired; and so were the smoothness of the waters of *St. Janeiro* compared with his immediate neighbour, the vast Atlantic, and the manifold beauties of the scenery and city. Another baffling voyage, under however less unfavorable aspects, had brought its mitigated sufferings; but the dread of capture and imprisonment—for it was again war-time, 1796—had

recurred augmented—and the indescribable sinkings of sea-sickness are always the same. But I was changed. Here were again the orange-groves, and priests, and nuns—almost as young and beautiful as those of *Bahia*; but the grate was no longer my daily resort. It is to those of *Bahia*—(where are they?)—that I apply the lines above quoted.—To resume :

The Roman Papists are a much more enlightened race than the Greeks. The latter may well be pitted in their mental darkness; governed, as so many millions of them have long been, by the degrading despotisms of *Russia*, *Turkey*, and *Persia*. It is, no doubt, equally the object of the Greek priests and rulers to keep their flocks and subjects in, if possible, more than Romish ignorance, fear, and slavish darkness—knowing that the cradle of reflexion, reasoning, and intelligence, is, if not the grave of superstition, and king-craft, and priest-craft, at least a plank in its coffin. A great many—a majority, perhaps—of the Greek priests may be themselves besotted, and almost believe what they teach. I, of course, speak not now of doctrines common to all Christians—if, indeed, any do remain unsophisticated, uncorrupted to all—but of monkery, mummary, miraculous legends and lies, too common to many. The Romish priests *must*, very many of them, know better. How is it possible that in *Rome*, the general resort of intelligence and philosophy, her popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, gentry, and others, *can* believe in the mendacious stuff preached and practised? May I be forgiven if I wrong them;—but must not their lives

—some of them—be “one vast hypocrisy?” Are they without sense to perceive it, or without candour to confess the truth? As was said by one of their heathen predecessors—(was it CICERO?)—of the *Aruspices*, or augurs, of his day—the worthy fore-runners of the popes, cardinals, &c., of this—“two cannot pass each other in the streets without thrusting their tongues into their cheeks”—in insolent derision of their poor, stupid, misguided flocks. But knavish priests work every where with the same tools, and on the same crude materials, and of course with the same results. Their work must be undone with caution. Premature attempts at enlightenment are of little use: they are—or rather, have been—more likely to result in the punishment of the incautious, hasty teacher—his incineration, haply—than in much good to the willing victims of mysterious delusion.

“They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff  
For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough—  
Dark tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,  
Which simple votaries shall in trust receive—  
While stouter feign belief ‘till they almost believe.”

And again—very put to my purpose—

“Still they believe him!—Oh! the lover may  
Distrust the look which steals his soul away;  
The babe may cease to think that it can play  
With heaven’s rainbow;—alchemists may doubt  
The shining gold their crucibles give out:—  
But Faith—fanatic Faith—once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.”

*Lalla Rookh.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It seems an ill requital to make, for the pleasure afforded

A mind—individual or general—thoroughly imbued and besotted with papacy and monkery, may be easily kept so; and in the sad fanaticism of supposing all wrong, save self and Co.—It is easy to fiddle effectively to those bitten by a tarantula.

No people are greater fanatics or bigots than the Abyssinian Christians, as they call themselves. For fastings, processions, and manifold mummeries, none exceed the Christians of *Habesh*: nor are they excelled, or exceeded rather, in debauchery and profligacy by any of their own, or of any other, persuasion. Their Lent lasts fifty-six days. The fasts for the Apostles fifteen in one year, thirty in the next—(a *mythos*, no doubt, for which a “brave legend” is not wanted—). The feast of the Blessed Virgin—most fortunate of women! not so much for her honour in *Habesh* as in other quarters—her fast continues fifteen days. The fast of *Quos Quom—Quos Quom!* was there ever so good a word, except that fine one—*kum-bug?*—the fast of *Quos Quom*

by this delightful poem, to cavil at its very first word. But it is a doubt with me, if *LALLA ROOKH* be a legitimate Mahomedan *female* name. I have known many men—I think both Mahomedan and Hindu—named *LALLA*; but never, I think, a woman. And very many names of females of both persuasions have officially passed under my eye. *Laleh rukh*—or *rookh*, if preferred—*لاله رخ* or *رخسار لاله*—*Laleh rukhsar*, may be translated *Tulip-cheeked*. If rosy, or ruby, or red-cheeked were intended, it would be from a different word—*لال* *laal*, (see p. 64.) pronounced broad and open. Hence the *لال* the “liquid ruby” of the *Anacreontic* *HAFEZ*.

lasts thirty days. This is kept by priests only, (I warrant ye,) and those only who have *fisted* with priests, not exactly *Quos-Quom-arians*, as I have, can tell how. In all, they have one hundred and sixty-five fast-days a year. (In my better days I should have enjoyed the keeping all of them—being, what LEXIPHANES would call, a palatician of piscine and ovivorous propensities, or, in plain English, fond of fish and eggs.) To spit, on the day of receiving the *Eucharist*, is almost damnable. And as to creeds, no people are so well provided. Their commandments are short—their observance, as elsewhere, shorter. On the whole the *Habshis*, Christian or Mahomedan, are a sad race.

But, after all, what is man, that he should thus seat himself in judgment, as it were, and think and speak ill of his brother worm?—The autumn, in which generous season I now scribble, furnishes, with its fruits and falling foliage, disorders for us all; and the winter's cold will convert them into acute diseases. Spring brings flowers to strew our hearse withal; and the summer yields turf and brambles, to cover and bind our graves. All these are our common lot—and all are mere food for the omnivorous worm. Why then embitter the cup, whatever it be filled with, which Providence has variously put into the hands of his creatures? Let us rather endeavour to render it palatable to the lip of our brethren, as far as may seem compatible with their benefit, immediate or remote.

Some speculations are, I believe, on foot, tending to show that *Habesh*, or *Abyssinia*, was the cradle of

the religion of the Egyptians. If so, the mythology and religion of *India*, and of *Greece* and *Rome*—*Rome* pagan and papal—may—(must? more or less)—be traceable to the same source. But, not denying the possibility of all this, one may be allowed to observe that in these bold speculative days, no theory seems too outrageous for adoption, or too improbable for hypothetic ingenuity to show up, persuasively. On this topic, or bearing something on it, I find two or three little memoranda, which I will take the liberty to give here:—and, hereafter, as I may see fit, I may descant somewhat farther hereupon.

As a counterpoise to the certainty that *Moses* was in *Egypt*—and, as it is said, in *Habesh* also—then, perhaps, a portion of *Egypt*—we may believe, if we please, that *OSIRIS*, or his brother *PHEDON*, brought to *Italy* a colony of Egyptians, and domiciled them at *Turin*. There is nothing like being particular on such occasions: so the year is given—1530 years A. C. The fine situation of *Turin*, at a junction of two rivers, in view of peaked rugged mountains, mark it as a probable site for an Egyptian—hindu to fix on, for an abode or for a temple—admitting his locality and power of choice. The celebrated tablet of *ISIS* at *Turin* gives a colouring—rather faint to be sure—to this fancy; though it was not actually found there, but at *Mantua*. And after all, its genuineness is doubted—in common with several hieroglyphic-bearing obelisks also in *Italy*. This fine region seems the destined abode of imposition.

The Egyptians had the notion of the mysticism of the number *four*, in common with many other people. In a papyrus of great antiquity, divers quaternions have been discovered. An altar with *four* horns is consecrated to mythic love—invocation is made to him who made the *four* elements, and blended the *four* winds—he is mentioned who agitates the winds of the *four* corners of the Red Sea. "Indeed," saith the *Edinburgh Review*, June, 1831, "the whole mythological system of *Egypt* may be described as a vast aggregation of tetrads or quaternions. Besides the *four* elements, which are frequently mentioned by IAMBlichus, we have the *four* zones or firmaments—the *four* primary cosmogonic powers; viz. primordial darkness, AMMON generator, his female emanation AMMON NEITH, and CHNOUPHIS PHRE—the *four* divinities that presided over the birth of man; viz. the Demon, Fortune, Love, and Necessity—the symbolical crocodile with *four* heads, representing, probably, the gods PHRE, SOON, ATMou, and OSIRIS. Nor was it in *Egypt* alone that the number *four* was consecrated, or peculiarly sacred. At an early period the same notion appears to have taken root in *Judea*. PHILO the Jew, in his *Life of Moses*, dilates on the holiness of this number, while discoursing of the *tetragrammaton*, JEHOVAH—composed of *four* letters: and JOSEPHUS holds it in equal reverence, by reason of the *four* faces of the tabernacle. The *four* elements of matter were held by some ancient mystics as the *image* of the sacred number. Nor was this

cruciform application of the *oleo santo* might be dispensed with. Why should our passive sovereigns have the filthy operation of being greased, or *ainted*, inflicted on them? It is a barbarous relic of superstition, fit only for the inventors and upholders of the Heaven-descending holy phial and holy oil of King CLOVIS; of which, as I have recently said, more hereafter. As long as the title of "the Lord's Anointed" availed, it had its use. But many ribald poets and others, both before and after PETER PINDAR's day, have rendered the term rather ridiculous than sacred; and the public feeling smiles in unison. Then the *accolade*—the hugging and kissing.—From what I gather from recent speechifying in the House of Lords—I scribble this on the day of the Coronation of their gracious Majesties WILLIAM and ADELAIDE, whom Heaven preserve!—this vile custom is to be still observed, labially. Fogh!—it is too foreign—too much in the *whiskerandos* vein—altogether un-English. In continuation (this occurs in another page of my C. P. B.) of what I have said on the subject of the apparently idle, or worse ceremonies attendant on some parts of our august compact of Coronation, I take some hints from the newspapers of the day, which describe that of WILLIAM the Fourth and his good Queen.

In the *Times* of the following day, I find nearly the same view taken of some of those usages that I had noted. After many loyal and sensible and pious observations, that influential journal offers some remarks, which I substantially quote with much pleasure and advantage:—



which is received as truth by the parties binding themselves to observe it.

"Nothing could be more foolish than to perform a *Te Deum*, read the litany, or appoint the Bishop of London to preach before a Mahomedan congregation, on the accession of a descendant of the Prophet. So the bald Unitarian worship would little suit the prejudices of a Peloponnesian audience; or the grotesque mixture of old feudal barbarism admonish, to any very salutary purpose, the King of England and his people, being Protestants, of even the most sacred of their duties.

"Yet, with the exception of the Litany and Communion service, and the sermon—(provided the latter be an exception; that is to say, not a divine-right and king's-chaplain sermon)—what can be more thoroughly and revoltingly compounded of the worst dregs of popery and feudalism, than a prodigious number of the quackeries played off in the course of King WILLIAM'S coronation?

"What a fuss with *palls*, and ingots, and spurs, and swords,<sup>1</sup> and oil for anointing (greasing) their sacred

<sup>1</sup> Three swords, I think, are carried—and three wedges of gold (*Δ lingua*) are offered. One sword is named *Curtana*—it is called the sword of mercy, and is pointless—a pretty, albeit a petty, conceit. It is sometimes, by old writers, written *Curteyn*, and called the "sword of King EDWARD



Majesties!—and whipping off and on of mantles!—and the rest of it. Why, what has all such frippery to do with an oath?—and what with the spirit of a great political contract?—what with the *splendour* of a public festival?

“A recognition, if you will:—there is a fine animating shout of acceptance when the sovereign is presented to his people. A crown, by all means. It is the received and immemorial badge of the kingly office. A procession too—there is no harm in it, but much to put the people in good-humour, were it for nothing but a train of graceful and lovely women, sweeping past in the robes and ornaments which denote their station by certain and *intelligible* symbols.

“But the matters which nobody understands or cares about—the rigmarales above alluded to, which we do not condemn because they are old; but, because, with reference to our religious and civil history, they are now utterly untrue, and therefore no longer have any meaning—what is their effect, but to give an air of “unreal mockery” to the whole affair—to transform it into a masquerade, or puppet-show, and to weaken any solemn<sup>\*</sup> and deep impres-

the Saint.” It is perhaps a *short* sword. Giving names to swords, guns, &c. is an extensive usage—of which something farther hereafter.

<sup>\*</sup> How ridiculous, even at solemn mass, at which one cannot help being sometimes seriously, and I hope usefully, affected, to see the incense-whirling urchin, at a particular part of the ceremony, lift up the petticoats of the officiating priest, and fumigate him—*à posteriori*. This is, as I have been told, to scare away evil spirits, which might be lurk-

sion which the mind might otherwise be disposed to receive from those parts of the performance which do accord with our religious sentiments and our modern habits?

"Heaven forbid there should be any cause in the health or prospects of his present Majesty to think for many years to come of another coronation! But when a leisure hour shall arrive, it will, we know, be an acceptable service to all reflecting people to recast the entire character of the solemnity—rejecting those parts which had been fitted only to a period when the outward senses were made panders to the all-absorbing superstition within; and retaining those in which an educated and reasoning people may see some relation between the form and the substance—between the nature of the kingly contract and its accompanying incidents." *Times*.

The *ampulla*, which, on such occasions, contains the "holy oil"—the *oleo santo*—is in the form of an eagle, with the wings expanded. The head unscrews, for the convenience of putting in the oil, which is poured out through the point of the beak. The bird is hollow. The anointing spoon is curiously ornamented.

The choice rings of the coronation appear to be of rubies. Her Majesty's ruby, with sixteen rubies surrounding it, is put on by the Archbishop, whose

ing—not like delicate ARIST, "where the bee sucks"—nor lying "in a cowslip's bell:"—but—fogh!—I have sometimes thought the "incense-breathing censer" not altogether useless in reference to other *mauvais sujets*.

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barbarous nations, and bring them to the way of truth."

The greater part of the prayers used in reference to the Queen are said to be the same which were addressed to Queen JUDITH in 856. She was the daughter of CHARLES the Bald, who married ÆTHELWOLF, the father of ALFRED, king of the West Saxons. These prayers are therefore nearly 1000 years old.

The kissing of the priests by the King, and of the King by the nobility, was not discontinued at the recent coronation; and the indelicate ceremony of oiling was inflicted also on Her Majesty's person. It is really too bad. Priests ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus pertinaciously striving to retain their ancient hold of these obsolete and disgusting observances.

In addition to what I have before hinted of the possibility of these very ancient ceremonies—not, as the *Times* sensibly remarks, therefore bad because old, but because, for the reasons given, they are revolting,—being of Eastern origin, I have a few more observations to offer:

In the ceremonials of our Coronation we read much of palls, wedges, the ampullic eagle, holy oil, ruby rings, mystical spoons, &c. &c.

First, of the *pall*.—This word has other significations in English ; not all, perhaps, cognate in meaning. Coronation and funereal seem far apart. Our present sense of it is doubtless from the *pallium* of popery. Whence that is, may be difficult to show. The *pallium* was of old a most mystical thing—an essential part of a bishop, sent or given by the pope, with much ceremony and cost, both at episcopal consecration and translation. The bishop could not wear the same *pallium* at two sees, and it was buried with him.

In Sanskrit, *pal* or *pala* means protection, and is in that sense extensively used in *India*. The protection which a monarch affords his subjects—a warrior to the weak—a father to his family—a nurse to a child—a hen to her brood, and other similar relationships—is expressed by derivations from *pal* or *pala*. In Hindustani, *palna* or *pulna*, is the infinitive to hatch; *pala*, hatched. The funeral *pall* may have reference to the spiritual protection afforded to the deceased over whose remains it is spread. And such may also have been a consideration in the superstitious times in which the over-spreading of the coronation *pall*—consecrated most likely—was first thought of. A *pallium* from the pope may have been as essential a thing at a coronation as at a consecration of a bishop, in those days when kings kissed his holiness' toe, and bishops held his stirrup, as, in mock humility, he mounted an ass. In times much later, perhaps still, happy was or is the man who could or can obtain a monk's cowl to wrap his dead head in. Such cowls have also been called

A *pai* or *pall* is again, on the western side of India, and perhaps in other parts and regions, a protection of just the same form or shape as our Coronation and funeral *palls*—either a parallelogram or a square. It is indeed a tent—with this difference—it has no projecting hips, no rotundity, no upright walls. It is, when pitched, exactly of a pyramidal or wedge shape—like the Royal Coronation offering of gold before spoken of—that is *Lingaic*, or *Sivaic*—but here accidental; probably; not mystical.

The Indian *pall* is of one long piece (made up, of course, to shape and size) of cloth, stretched to pegs, sloping close to the ground. It is a two-poled tent; with a third, ridge-pole, between and connecting the two uprights, from front to rear. The ridge-pole supports the *pall* in its whole width, its ends being pegged to the ground. The upright back is close; the upright front is open in the middle, where it overlaps; and when thrown back, which it may be wholly or partially, is the entrance. Looked at end-ways, it is of the wedge-form of a gabled roof.

I know of no other name for this common description of tent. It is sometimes conveniently spacious. In my early campaigns I lived in one for years. It is less dignified than a marquee. Mine may have been twelve feet square, or a little longer on the ridge-pole than in the frontal width. The sloping

sides coming close to the ground, render a *pall* less commodious than a tent. It is cheaper, and is more readily pitched, struck, packed, and carried.

I have spoken of a conveniently commodious *pall*. Some are larger, more smaller, much smaller, down to a single cloth two or three yards long, stretched on short bamboos, like walking-canes, under which the poor sepoy and camp-follower sadly shelter their wives and families. Exactly such things are sometimes seen in use by gypsies in *England*. Five minutes would, I should think, suffice for unpacking and pitching one of these humble dimensions—and as many for striking, rolling up, and packing one on a donkey.

My *pall* was made, as almost all tents are in western *India*, of white cotton cloth called *kadi*—in *Bombay*, *dungari*, from the name of a village on that island, where it is, or used to be, made. It was four cloths thick—the inner red, then called *kar'oa*. When green it is called *horoa*. When blue, which is most used for the inner cloth, or lining, it has another name; which I have forgotten.

Our magnificent Coronation *pall*, which appears to be also called *dalmatica*—(*Dalmatia*, the region of gypsies ?)—spread as above described over a ridge-pole, would form the body, or sides, all except the upright ends, of an Indian or gypsy *pall*. What do gypsies call their *palls*? I expect, in my next discourse with those curious people, to find that *pall* is also their name.

We have seen that the episcopal *pall* was a part of dress: it was a sort of mantle, or robe. From

some texts in our poetry, I should guess it to have been of some length, with a train :

" ——— let gorgeous Tragedy,  
In sceptred *pall* come sweeping by."—MILTON, *Il Pen.*

" He gave her gold and purple *pall* to wear."  
SPENSER, *F. Q.* I. vii. 16.

" Crown'd with triple wealth and clothed in scarlet *pall*."  
FLETCHER, *Purp. Id.* iv. 17.

" In the old ballads, 'purple and *pall*' is a frequent phrase"—saith NARES ; from whose admirable Glossary the last two quotations are taken.

Our word *apall* may originate in a fearful sense, traceable to the funereal gloomy *supertunica*—so to borrow a coronation term—or *finaletunica* of our poor remains :

" ——— Come, thick night, (saith SHAKESPEARE)  
And *pall* thee in the dunnest smoke of hell—  
That my keen knife see not the hole it make."

The three *linga*-shaped pyramids, or wedges, of gold, offered by the King, I shall say nothing more upon at present. Of the *ampulla*, I have to note, that we have taken the name and the notion from the same source as the French did in King CLOVIS's day.

I had a few notes on the holy vial of CLOVIS—but I prefer taking the following account of this curious matter from Dr. MIDDLETON, *Miscell. Works*, I. 361.:

" This vial is said to have been brought from heaven by a dove, for the baptismal unction of CLOVIS, the first Christian king of *France*, and dropped



into the hands of ST. REMIGIUS, then Bishop of *Rheims*, about the end of the fifth century; where it has ever since been preserved, for the purpose of anointing all succeeding kings. Its divine descent is said to be confirmed by this miracle—that as soon as the coronation is over, the oil in the vial begins to waste and vanish, but is constantly renewed of itself, for the service of each coronation.<sup>1</sup>

“The Abbé de VERTOT defends the truth of this miracle, by the authority of several witnesses, who lived at the time of REMIGIUS, or near to it, and of many later writers also, who give testimony to the same through each succeeding age. Yet a learned professor at *Utrecht*, in a dissertation upon this subject, treats it as a mere forgery, or pious fraud, contrived to support the dignity of the kings and clergy of France; and ranks it in the same class with the *palladium*<sup>2</sup> of Troy, the *ancilla* of old *Rome*, and the cross which CONSTANTINE pretended to see in the

Cujus prece rorem  
Misit in ampullam celestem rector Olympi,  
Corpus ut hoc lavaero regis deberet inungi,  
Deficeretque liquor, ibi corpore regis inuncto.

NIC. de Bruia—de S. Remigio.

<sup>1</sup> The *protector*—or guardian genius:—any reference to the Sanskrit *palla*? The *palladium* of Troy was, like *Jaganant*, of wood, three cubits long:—both fell from heaven. A statue of CERES in *Sicily*—an image of DIANA at *Rome*—many images of the VIRGIN MARY there and elsewhere, were sent from heaven—as well as the *ancile*, or heavenly shield of NUMA. The last-named article descended from the clouds, in great pomp, according to OVID, in the presence of all the people of *Rome*. Hindu legends match all these.

heavens—and the rest of those political fictions which we meet with in the histories of all ages.”

The Abbé de VERTOT begins his Dissertation in the following manner:—

“There has scarce ever been a more sensible illustrious mark of the visible protection of God to the monarchy of *France*, than the celebrated miracle of the sacred vial. On the day of great CLOVIS baptism, heaven declared itself in favour of the prince and his successors, in a particular manner; and, by way of preference to all the other sovereigns of Christendom. So that we may justly apply to every one of our kings, on the day of their coronation, the words of the royal prophet—God, thy God, has anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.”—*Diss. au sujet de la S. AMBROISE*.  
POULE.

This is pretty well—even for papal priests—ranks with the “brave legend” of the *sainte ampoule* of *Loretto*, and another *sainte ampoule* at *Napoli* containing the blood of S. JANUARIUS—and with the invention of the holy cross, and its mendacious accompaniments of the tottering ST. HELENA.

What a convenient spiritual guide is that primitive authority TERTULLIAN, who lays down the rule—“that the true disciples of CHRIST have nothing more to do with curiosity or inquiry; when once they are become believers, their sole business is to believe on:”—*cum credimus, nihil consideramus ultra credere*.

From the time of CLOVIS to that of LOUIS XV. comprising a period of about 1300 years,

wretched farce was played off by the priests at *Rheims*: where this heaven-descended-dove-brought-never-failing vial of oil was, and is, kept. NAPOLEON, we may presume, did not condescend to be anointed—but I am not sure of it. He did not go to *Rheims* to be crowned, as all his predecessors did; and probably the Rheinish priests would not trust their precious charge to be brought to *Paris*. We may, however, marvel, if the fact were so, that the Pope would consent to perform his part in the drama of coronation without so important an ingredient as the *sainte ampoule* and its self-wasting, self-renewing contents.

If LOUIS XVIII. was anointed with it—he went to *Rheims*, and most likely was—he must have laughed at it; for he had—although almost half a papist, especially in the infirmities of his latter days—something of a philosophic mind; not content on all occasions to follow TERTULLIAN'S dogma, merely to “believe on.” But his bigoted niece of *Angouleme* would probably, in the mastery of her comparatively vigorous mind, have insisted on so important a measure being renewed on the person of her uncle, *le Désiré*.

CHARLES X. would of course undergo the greasing gladly. The *Duchesse d'Angouleme* had then other females to back her, as well as poor CHARLES'S fears and feelings. But will LOUIS PHILIPPE submit to it? No—it would cost him his crown.

Holy oils and unctions are in very extensive usage. We will pass over the papal sacrament of unction *in extremis*, the *viaticum*; observing, merely, that where

faith *can* be extended to the efficacy of such cations, they must be of exceeding comfort departing on the dreary journey. It has been that of all religions papacy is the most comfortable to die in.

Hindus also have their holy oils. Images, statues, and Lingas, are with them honoured by over-pourings. Connected with the subject *Linga*, or *phallic* emblem, it may be here noted the oil of the papal saint COSMO, or COSMUS, the Italians call him, COSIMO, is, or until lately in great demand, in honour of that saint of repute, at *Isernia*, in *Calabria*, not far from *Naples*. *Isernia* is one of the most ancient cities of that sical region. I will here pause to observe to the inquirer, without outrageously upholding a favourite hypothesis, might at every step in *Calabria* *Linga*ic débris. *Calabria* itself—what is it? *Cal*, or *Kala*, or *SIVA*: and *bria* is little else than “a hill,” or “hilly,” denoting a mountainous region. *Shiva* and his consort *PARVATI* are the mountain deities of the Hindus—and he is the most Bacchic of deities: “*BACCHUS amat colles*” occurs in a classical poet; but I cannot refer to him. And *Isernia*—*ISA* is a name of *SIVA*, and *nya* is a skrit termination. It is, indeed, primarily, the sonant ञ-*nya*.

The abominations of the festival in honour of saints COSMO and DAMIAN, so late as 1780, attracted the notice of those in authority—and orders were issued that the *great toe* of the saint should no longer be exhibited. At the great altar in the c

*drate* at *Isernia* a canon attends to give the holy unction with the oil of S. COSMO ; which is prepared or consecrated by the same receipt as that of the Roman ritual ; with the addition only of the prayer of the holy martyrs SS. COSMUS and DAMIANUS.

The canon anoints the part affected, and receives the offering, which is usually in money, but frequently a waxen *vow* in the form of that part. These *ex-voti*, even those offered by females, must not be mentioned here. The reverend *canonico* rewards the devotee while anointing by this benediction — “ per intercessionem beati COSMI, liberet te ab omni malo. Amen.”

The concourse at this *festa*, which lasts three days, is described to be (have been in 1780) “ prodigiously numerous,” and the advantages to the *canonici* very great. They of course divide the spoils ; which in vows of wax of the parts affected, as well as in money and other things, are very considerable.

No less than 1400 *carafines* or flasks of S. COSMO's oil are said to have been expended at the last described grand fête at *Isernia*, in 1780—either at the altar in unctions, or charitably distributed for the purpose of anointing the diseased parts of persons having faith and piety—and pence.

This last lingering relic of a very ancient rite—*Phallic*, *Lingæic*, or *Ionian*, as one may be differently disposed to view it—in Christendom, has been thought to deserve a separate and somewhat lengthy dissertation. I have compiled such a one, from sources not now mentionable, with a running commentary showing its close correspondence with

existing Hindu rites. It may fill a hundred pages of such a volume as this—or, what is more likely, it may never appear. In this, I shall say no more thereon.

Our coronation *ampulla* in the shape of the bird of Jove and of his Hindu brother, or double, VISHNU, might furnish a subject of curious inquiry. It reminded me of something similar, which I more than once observed at the *darbar* of DOWLAT RAO SINDEA, whose great seal has in an earlier page been presented to the reader. On occasions of state visits at Indian courts, it is usual to bring in quids of *areka*, or betel-nut, leaf, lime, &c., which are given to each individual, by the great visited, to those of sufficient rank; and by some officer of state, according to the consequence, or no consequence, of others. A vessel, which may be called *ampulla*—there called *golabdani*—meaning rose-water bottle, is also brought in. At courts it is of gold, and fillagree'd, and beset with gems; and the guests are besprinkled out of its pierced top.

My last visit to SINDEA's *darbar* was in company with my gallant and noble friend, Marshal Lord BERESFORD, then Lieut.-Col. of the 88th. I had told him of SINDEA's *golabdani*; and put him on his guard against smiling too conspicuously, should they—I believe there were more than one—be re-produced.

On the top of the long-necked golden bottle were two beautifully executed pheasants, a cock and a hen, in a position not to be described. The cock was the most conspicuous; and his fine plumage

well represented by suitably coloured gems and enamel. Sure enough, the *golabdani* re-appeared; and we, with reasonable gravity, interchanged a significant look while undergoing the operation of besprinklement, through the beaks (as in our coronation *ampullic* process) &c. &c. of the billing birds, after a fashion that might, to the fastidious, be thought not over-delicate.

Oil or *atr* of roses or sandal is smeared on your hand or handkerchief at such visits, by a spoon. And curiously ornamented sacrificial spoons are used by Brahmans in their ceremonies for anointing with holy oils, persons, or images, or *lingas*, in their various ceremonials. Specimens of such spoons may be seen in the Plates of "Sacrificial utensils," Nos. 85, 86, of the *Hindu Pantheon*. Some of those specimens are elaborately ornamented. Our coronation *ampullic* spoon is described to be "curiously ornamented."

A great deal of SINDEA's property and baggage was captured at different times and places by our active forces under Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY, and others;—perhaps the very *golabdani* above described. If so, they are most likely in *England*. Such property, so captured, was sold at the prize sales at *Poona*. At those sales a great collection of paintings or coloured drawings taken from SINDEA, and perhaps others (NANA FURNAVEESE had a large collection, some of which I have inspected,) were purchased by an officer of high rank and distinction. Many were mythological, some historical, some portraits, &c. But many were of a description not to

be described. By way of insuring their non-inspection, the whole were placed in my hands. I garbled and expurgated them into a state of some arrangement; placed them in portfolios, according to their subjects; and on the departure of their exalted owner, shipped them off with his baggage, and have never heard more of them. They are, probably, in *England*.

Having mentioned King CLOVIS and King WILLIAM's *ampullian* birds, I will add a few lines on the subject of the dove, which were also intended for another place, but may come in, not unsuitably, in this page, devoted to corresponding superstitions.

Allusions to the dove are very frequent in ancient and modern mystical legends. Among the modern practices, derived, probably from antiquity, is a ceremonial annually witnessed at the cathedral at *Florence*, in which crowds of neighbouring farmers take great interest. On Easter eve, just as the priests begin the fine "Gloria in Excelsis," a pyrotechnic pigeon starts from the choir, glides along the nave on a wire into the street or *piazza* contiguous, where it ignites a load of straw, and returns whizzing to its starting-post. The eyes of the peasants are intently riveted to the transit of the sacred puppet; for on the dexterity of its proceedings they rest their hopes of the coming harvest.

On the subject of the dove, connected with religion and mysticism—though here conjoined, I mean to be understood as using those words antithetically—much has been written, and perhaps remains to be written. In respect to ST. COLUMBA, or COLOMB, and other superstitious names and things in close relationship,



I shall have, in another place, something to say. I shall try to connect *Col-omb*, with *Kal O'm*—those infinitely mysterious words of Hindu mythology. And with these, divers *mythi*—converging into, or diverging from *O'M—A U M*,—the Irish *Ogham*, *I A M—Amen—I Λ Ω—H-Kolmkill*, &c. &c. &c.

Meanwhile, to the arkite dove, and the more mysterious form awfully contemplated by pious Christians, I shall reverently refrain from alluding. As an apt emblem of gentleness, beauty, timidity, faithfulness and love, it is of course applicable to all that we desire to clothe in those attractive attributes.

Among the many wonders which attended the martyrdom of ST. POLYCARP, bishop of *Smyrna*, as related in the circular Letter of that Church, such as the odour of his body like the smoke of frankincense or some rich spices, his incombustibility—(he was, however, burnt to ashes notwithstanding)—the great quantity of blood, sufficient to extinguish the fire, which came out of a wound made by the executioner—among all these miracles, none amazed the multitude more than a dove, which issued also from the wound.

This story of the dove took well for some time; until, perhaps, the railery of LUCIAN upon the death of PEREGRINUS, the philosopher, who burnt himself about the time that POLYCARP suffered. From the philosopher's pile he caused a vulture to ascend, "in opposition, it may be," says Archbishop WAKE, "to POLYCARP's pigeon."

No early martyr, scarcely, suffered without most wondrous miracles, attesting all that might require

proof as to his piety, faith, sanctity, &c. Resistance to all kinds of tortures, so as to tire the monsters who inflicted them, was common :—but after all such vain profusion of miracles the saints did not succeed : they were always burnt, at the last.

The early editors of the celebrated Circular of the Church of *Smyrna* manfully detailed the story of the dove; but the later editors, shamed, perhaps, by the apostate LUCIAN, omitted it. But one does not readily see why one miraculous thing may not as well happen as another, on such occasions—why, if at the martyrdom of a saint, twenty miracles are to be upheld, twenty-one may not. On the death of a noble virgin named EULALIA, a dove, according to a hymn of PRUDENTIUS, flew out of her mouth.

It does not occur to me that much use has been made of the dove by Hindu mythologians—and, considering what precedes, and has been adverted to, I am rather surprised at it. The Mahomedans are said to be fond of the pigeon, in gratitude for important service rendered to the Prophet by one. His life appears to have been so saved. I do not recollect the legend.

— Passages crowd thickly upon me on that fruitful subject—priestcraft—papal and pagan. Without much pretension to arrangement, I will proceed to quote and note a somewhat curious variety.

We have seen something of the inventive faculty of papal mendacity in the earlier centuries of its darkness. Let us now exhibit an instance of similar gullibility in the 19th. While such full-pocketed

fools exist, how can we wonder that greedy knaves are promptly forthcoming to encourage them?

This specimen may serve to show also the unchangeableness of that Church. It is taken from the newspapers of July, 1830:—

“Lieut.-General Don PEDRO GRIMAREST, first slave of the royal and illustrious slavery of the Holy Trinity of the parochial church of St. ANDREW the Apostle, of this town, in his capacity of Lieut. General of the King our Lord, (whom Heaven preserve!) who is the perpetual slave thereof, in his name, as well as in that of the other officers of the illustrious and royal slavery, invite you, Sir—and hope, from your devotion and your piety, that you will accompany them in the procession on Sunday evening, to be solemnized with the images of the ineffable mystery. You may rely on the Divine reward that will be granted you for this act of religion, and the gratitude of an illustrious and royal slavery.”

The above is a circular addressed to many individuals in *Seville*.

This worthy Lieutenant-General—I mean nothing personal, as they say in our House of Commons—we may set down as a suitable helpmate to the royal embroiderer of petticoats for the VIRGIN MARY. He may, peradventure, be otherways described, as

“ ————— the tool

Which knaves do work with—call’d a fool.”

Under another head I intend to devote some pages to the sad subjects of “Cursing and Ly-

ing." One can never think or write of ly without adverting to those grand magazines of dacity—the more immediate object of these cur pages—pagan and papal. How instructive is incomparable friend SOUTHEY, on this subject; indeed, on every other to which his clear head rapid pen are applied.

"The monks promoted every fantastic the and every vulgar superstition, that could be n gainful to themselves; and devised arguments them which they maintained with all the subtle of scholastic logic. Having introduced a p theism little less gross than that of the heath and an actual idolatry, they hung about their al (as had also been the custom in heathen temp pictures recording marvellous deliverances, waxen models of diseased or injured parts wh had been healed by the saint to whose honor t were there suspended. Cases enough were offi by chance or credulity; as well as by impostor a lower rank: and the persons by whom the p tice was encouraged were neither scrupulous on score of decency nor of truth. Church vied w church, and convent with convent, in the reputat

"The curious reader is referred to Sir THOMAS MO *Dialogue*, for an example of the scandalous practices ari from this superstition. ST. VALORI, in *Picardy*, was scene:—p. 76. Ed. 1530." This "scene" may have b shifted to *Calabria*, as a region of more mental darkness t *Picardy*, and SS. COSMUS and DAMIANUS may have s planted, or succeeded to, the abominable mysteries of VALORI.

of their wonder-working images—some of which were pretended to have been made without hands, and some to have descended from Heaven. But the rivalry of the monastic orders was shown in the fictions wherewith they filled the histories of their respective founders and worthies. No language can exaggerate the enormities of the falsehoods which were thus promulgated; nor the spirit of impious audacity in which they were conceived. Yet some of the most monstrous and most palpably false, received the sanction of the papal authority. The superstitions founded on them were legitimated by papal bulls; and festivals in commemoration of miracles which never happened—nay worse than this—of the most flagitious<sup>1</sup> impostures, were appointed in the Romish kalendar, where at this moment they hold their place.”—*Book of the Church*, I. 305.

—“While the monastic orders,” continues Mr. SOUTHEY, “contended with each other in exaggerating the fame of their deified patriarchs, each claimed the VIRGIN MARY for its especial patroness.” She had, “among other marks of peculiar favour, espoused their founder with a ring, or fed him, like a baby at her breast! (it is fitting and necessary that this abominable system of imposture should be displayed :) and each of the popular orders had been assured by revelation that the place in Heaven for its departed members was under her skirts. All, therefore, united in elevating

<sup>1</sup> “For example, the five wounds of ST. FRANCIS.”

her to the highest rank in the mythology of the Romish church ; for so, in strict truth, must the enormous system of fable be designated. The traces of her in types through the Old Testament :—she was the tree of life—the ladder which Jacob had seen reaching from earth to Heaven—the ever burning bush—the ark of the Covenant—the rod which brought forth buds and blossoms, and produced fruit—the fleece upon which alone the dew of Heaven descended. Before all creatures and all ages she was conceived in the eternal mind—and when the time appointed for her mortal manifestation was come, she, of all human kind alone, was produced without the taint of human frailty. Although, indeed, being subject to death, she paid the common tribute of mortality, yet, having been born without sin, she expired without suffering ; and her most holy body, too pure a thing to see corruption, was translated immediately to Heaven, there to be glorified. This had been presumed ; because, had her remains existed upon earth, it was not to be believed, but that so great a treasure would have been revealed to some or other of so many saints who were worthy to have been made the means of enriching mankind by the discovery :—and that no doubt might be removed, the fact was stated by herself to ST. ANTONIO."

"As an example of the falsehoods by which this superstition was kept up, it may suffice to mention the brave legend of *Loretto*, where the house in which the Virgin lived in *Nazareth* is still shown, and having been carried thither by four angels. The

story of its arrival, and how it had been set down twice by the way, and how it was ascertained to be the genuine house, both by miracles, and by the testimony of persons sent to examine the spot where it was originally built, and to measure the foundations—received the sanction of successive Popes, and was printed in all languages<sup>1</sup> for pilgrims of every nation, who were attracted thither by the celebrity of the shrine; and by the indulgences promised to those who should visit it in devotion."—*Book of the Church*, I. 307.

On the rival orders of Franciscans and Dominicans Mr. SOUTHEY is again most instructive. — The former "gave themselves the modest appellation of the *Seraphic Order*—having in their blasphemous fables installed their founder above the *Seraphim*, upon the throne from which *LUCIFER* fell." *Ib.* 334.

"The friars were bound to the severest rule of life: they went barefoot; and renounced, not only for themselves individually, but collectively also, all professions whatever; trusting to daily charity for their daily bread. It was objected to him that no community, established upon such a principle, could subsist without a miracle. The marvellous increase of the order was soon admitted as full proof of the inspiration of its founder. In less than ten years the delegates alone to the general chapter exceeded 5000 in number: and by an enumeration in the early part

<sup>1</sup> "I have seen it," notes Mr. SOUTHEY, "in Welch, brought from *Loretto*."

of the 18th century, when the Reformation had have diminished their amount at least one third was found that even then there were 28,000 Franciscan nuns in 900 nunneries, and 115,000 Franciscan friars in 7000 convents—besides very many nunneries which, being under the immediate jurisdiction of the ordinary, and not of the order, were not included in the returns." *Ib.* I. 335.

"The rival order of ST. DOMINIC became in time the opprobrium and scandal of the Church. The falsehoods which they fabricated in rivalry of each other were in a spirit of blasphemous impiety, beyond all former example, as it is almost beyond belief. The wildest romance contains nothing more extravagant than the legends of ST. DOMINIC, and even these were outdone by the more atrocious effrontery of the Franciscans. They held up their founder even during his life, as the perfect pattern of a Lord and Saviour—and to authenticate the parallel they exhibited him with a wound in his side, and four nails in his hands and feet; fixed there, they affirmed, by CHRIST himself, who had visibly appeared for the purpose of thus rendering the conformity between them complete!—Two miserable wretches, only two years before, had attempted the same fraud in *England*; and, having been detected in it, were punished by actual crucifixion. But in the case of ST. FRANCIS, it succeeded to the full extent of expectation. Whether he consented to the villany, or was in such a state of moral and physical imbecility as to have been the dupe or victim of those about him; or whether it was committed v



the connivance of the Papal court, or only in certain knowledge that that court would sanction it when done, though it might not deem it prudent to be consenting before the fact—are questions which it is now impossible to solve. Sanctioned however the horrid imposture was by the Church which calls itself infallible; a day for its perpetual commemoration was appointed in the Romish Kalendar; and a large volume was written, entitled “The Book of the Conformities between the Lives of the Blessed and Seraphic Father FRANCIS and Our Lord!

“Jealous of these conformities, the Dominicans followed their rivals in the path of blasphemy—with unequal steps. They declared that the five wounds had been impressed also upon ST. DOMINIC—but that in his consummate humility he had prayed, and obtained, that this signal mark of divine grace might never be made public while he lived. They affirmed that the VIRGIN MARY had adopted him for her son, and that his countenance perfectly resembled the authentic description and miraculous portrait of our Saviour.” *Ib.* I. 338.

These curious extracts and powerful passages suit my purpose so well, that I feel I am borrowing of my instructive friend—if not without shame, without mercy—regardless of the Byronian interdict—

“Thou shalt not steal from SOUTHEY—nor  
Commit flirtation with the muse of MOORE.”

But who can bear being plundered so well as SOUTHEY? who so lavish of his intellectual wealth? who is so often pillaged?

Majesties!—and whipping off and on of mantles!—and the rest of it. Why, what has all such frippery to do with an oath?—and what with the spirit of a great political contract?—what with the *splendour* of a public festival?

“A recognition, if you will:—there is a fine animating shout of acceptance when the sovereign is presented to his people. A crown, by all means. It is the received and immemorial badge of the kingly office. A procession too—there is no harm in it, but much to put the people in good-humour, were it for nothing but a train of graceful and lovely women, sweeping past in the robes and ornaments which denote their station by certain and *intelligible* symbols.

“But the matters which nobody understands or cares about—the rigmaroles above alluded to, which we do not condemn because they are old; but, because, with reference to our religious and civil history, they are now utterly untrue, and therefore no longer have any meaning—what is their effect, but to give an air of “unreal mockery” to the whole affair—to transform it into a masquerade, or puppet-show, and to weaken any solemn<sup>1</sup> and deep impres-

the Saint.” It is perhaps a *short* sword. Giving names to swords, guns, &c. is an extensive usage—of which something farther hereafter.

<sup>1</sup> How ridiculous, even at solemn mass, at which one cannot help being sometimes seriously, and I hope usefully, affected, to see the incense-whirling urchin, at a particular part of the ceremony, lift up the petticoats of the officiating priest, and fumigate him—*à posteriori*. This is, as I have been told, to scare away evil spirits, which might be lurk-

sion which the mind might otherwise be disposed to receive from those parts of the performance which do accord with our religious sentiments and our modern habits?

“Heaven forbid there should be any cause in the health or prospects of his present Majesty to think for many years to come of another coronation! But when a leisure hour shall arrive, it will, we know, be an acceptable service to all reflecting people to recast the entire character of the solemnity—rejecting those parts which had been fitted only to a period when the outward senses were made panders to the all-absorbing superstition within; and retaining those in which an educated and reasoning people may see some relation between the form and the substance—between the nature of the kingly contract and its accompanying incidents.” *Times*.

The *ampulla*, which, on such occasions, contains the “holy oil”—the *oleo santo*—is in the form of an eagle, with the wings expanded. The head unscrews, for the convenience of putting in the oil, which is poured out through the point of the beak. The bird is hollow. The anointing spoon is curiously ornamented.

The choice rings of the coronation appear to be of rubies. Her Majesty’s ruby, with sixteen rubies surrounding it, is put on by the Archbishop, whose

ing—not like delicate ARIEL, “where the bee sucks”—nor lying “in a cowslip’s bell:”—but—fogh!—I have sometimes thought the “incense-breathing censer” not altogether useless in reference to other *mauvais sujets*.

benediction on that occasion savours of the feeling of other people, noticed in *Fragments First*, p. 60, as to the mystical properties inherent in that stone. "Receive this ring—the seal of a sincere faith—that you may avoid all the infection of heresy, and compel barbarous nations, and bring them to the way of truth."

The greater part of the prayers used in reference to the Queen are said to be the same which were addressed to Queen JUDITH in 856. She was the daughter of CHARLES the Bald, who married ÆTHELWOLF, the father of ALFRED, king of the West Saxons. These prayers are therefore nearly 1000 years old.

The kissing of the priests by the King, and of the King by the nobility, was not discontinued at the recent coronation; and the indelicate ceremony of oiling was inflicted also on Her Majesty's person. It is really too bad. Priests ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus pertinaciously striving to retain their ancient hold of these obsolete and disgusting observances.

In addition to what I have before hinted of the possibility of these very ancient ceremonies—not, as the *Times* sensibly remarks, therefore bad because old, but because, for the reasons given, they are revolting,—being of Eastern origin, I have a few more observations to offer:

In the ceremonials of our Coronation we read much of palls, wedges, the ampullic eagle, holy oil, ruby rings, mystical spoons, &c. &c.

First, of the *pall*.—This word has other significations in English ; not all, perhaps, cognate in meaning. Coronation and funeral seem far apart. Our present sense of it is doubtless from the *pallium* of popery. Whence that is, may be difficult to show. The *pallium* was of old a most mystical thing—an essential part of a bishop, sent or given by the pope, with much ceremony and cost, both at episcopal consecration and translation. The bishop could not wear the same *pallium* at two sees, and it was buried with him.

In Sanskrit, *pal* or *pala* means protection, and is in that sense extensively used in *India*. The protection which a monarch affords his subjects—a warrior to the weak—a father to his family—a nurse to a child—a hen to her brood, and other similar relationships—is expressed by derivations from *pal* or *pala*. In Hindustani, *palua* or *pulua*, is the infinitive to hatch; *pala*, hatched. The funeral *pall* may have reference to the spiritual protection afforded to the deceased over whose remains it is spread. And such may also have been a consideration in the superstitious times in which the over-spreading of the coronation *pall*—consecrated most likely—was first thought of. A *pallium* from the pope may have been as essential a thing at a coronation as at a consecration of a bishop, in those days when kings kissed his holiness' toe, and bishops held his stirrup, as, in mock humility, he mounted an ass. In times much later, perhaps still, happy was or is the man who could or can obtain a monk's cowl to wrap his dead head in. Such cowls have also been called

*palls*. The hoods of our more modern dignitaries are of a like description, but I believe never now called.

A *pal* or *pall* is again, on the western side *India*, and perhaps in other parts and regions, protection of just the same form or shape as our Coronation and funeral *palls*—either a parallelogram or a square. It is indeed a tent—with this difference—it has no projecting hips, no rotundity, no upright walls. It is, when pitched, exactly of pyramidal or wedge shape—like the Royal Coronation offering of gold before spoken of—that is *Liturgic*, or *Sivaic*—but here accidental, probably; not mystical.

The Indian *pall* is of one long piece (made up, of course, to shape and size) of cloth, stretched to pegs, sloping close to the ground. It is a two-poled tent; with a third, ridge-pole, between and connecting the two uprights, from front to rear. The ridge-pole supports the *pall* in its whole width, its ends being pegged to the ground. The upright back is close; the upright front is open in the middle, where it overlaps; and when thrown back, which it may be wholly or partially, is the entrance. Looked at end-ways, it is of the wedge-form of a gabled roof.

I know of no other name for this common description of tent. It is sometimes conveniently spacious. In my early campaigns I lived in one for years. It is less dignified than a marquee. Mine may have been twelve feet square, or a little longer on the ridge-pole than in the frontal width. The sloping

sides coming close to the ground, render a *pall* less commodious than a tent. It is cheaper, and is more readily pitched, struck, packed, and carried.

I have spoken of a conveniently commodious *pall*. Some are larger, more smaller, much smaller, down to a single cloth two or three yards long, stretched on short bamboos, like walking-canes, under which the poor sepoy and camp-follower sadly shelter their wives and families. Exactly such things are sometimes seen in use by gypsies in *England*. Five minutes would, I should think, suffice for unpacking and pitching one of these humble dimensions—and as many for striking, rolling up, and packing one on a donkey.

My *pall* was made, as almost all tents are in western *India*, of white cotton cloth called *kadi*—in *Bombay*, *dungari*, from the name of a village on that island, where it is, or used to be, made. It was four cloths thick—the inner red, then called *karoa*. When green it is called *horon*. When blue, which is most used for the inner cloth, or lining, it has another name; which I have forgotten.

Our magnificent Coronation *pall*, which appears to be also called *dalmatica*—(*Dalmatia*, the region of gypsies!)—spread as above described over a ridge-pole, would form the body, or sides, all except the upright ends, of an Indian or gypsy *pall*. What do gypsies call their *palls*? I expect, in my next discourse with those curious people, to find that *pall* is also their name.

We have seen that the episcopal *pall* was a part of dress: it was a sort of mantle, or robe. From

some texts in our poetry, I should guess it to have been of some length, with a train :

"—— let gorgeous Tragedy,  
In sceptred *pall* come sweeping by."—MILTON, *Il Penseroso*.

"He gave her gold and purple *pall* to wear."  
SPENSER, *F. Q. I. vii. 16.*

"Crown'd with triple wealth and clothed in scarlet *pall*."  
FLETCHER, *Purp. Isl. iv. 17.*

"In the old ballads, 'purple and *pall*' is a frequent phrase"—saith NARES ; from whose admirable Glossary the last two quotations are taken.

Our word *apall* may originate in a fearful sense traceable to the funereal gloomy *supertunica*—so to borrow a coronation term—or *finaletunica* of our poor remains :

"—— Come, thick-night, (saith SHAKESPEARE)  
And *pall* thee in the dunnest smoke of hell—  
That my keen knife see not the hole it make."

The three *linga*-shaped pyramids, or wedges, of gold, offered by the King, I shall say nothing more upon at present. Of the *ampulla*, I have to note, that we have taken the name and the notion from the same source as the French did in King CLOVIS's day.

I had a few notes on the holy vial of CLOVIS—but I prefer taking the following account of this curious matter from Dr. MIDDLETON, *Miscell. Works*, I. 361.:

"This vial is said to have been brought from heaven by a dove, for the baptismal unction of CLOVIS, the first Christian king of France, and dropped



into the hands of ST. REMIGIUS, then Bishop of *Rheims*, about the end of the fifth century; where it has ever since been preserved, for the purpose of anointing all succeeding kings. Its divine descent is said to be confirmed by this miracle—that as soon as the coronation is over, the oil in the vial begins to waste and vanish, but is constantly renewed of itself, for the service of each coronation.\*

“The Abbé de VERTOT defends the truth of this miracle, by the authority of several witnesses, who lived at the time of REMIGIUS, or near to it, and of many later writers also, who give testimony to the same through each succeeding age. Yet a learned professor at *Utrecht*, in a dissertation upon this subject, treats it as a mere forgery, or pious fraud, contrived to support the dignity of the kings and clergy of France; and ranks it in the same class with the *palladium*<sup>†</sup> of Troy, the *ancilla* of old *Rome*, and the cross which CONSTANTINE pretended to see in the

Cujus prece tutum  
Misit in ampullam celestem rector Olympi,  
Corpus ut hoc lavacro regis deberet inungi,  
Deficeretque liquor, ibi corpore regis inuncto.

NIC. de Bruia—de S. Remigio.

\* The *protector*—or guardian genius:—any reference to the Sanskrit *palla* † The *palla*-dium of Troy was, like *Jagan-naut*, of wood, three cubits long:—both fell from heaven. A statue of CERES in *Sicily*—an image of DIANA at *Rome*—many images of the VIRGIN MARY there and elsewhere, were sent from heaven—as well as the *ancile*, or heavenly shield of NUMA. The last-named article descended from the clouds, in great pomp, according to OVID, in the presence of all the people of *Rome*. Hindu legends match all these.

heavens—and the rest of those political fictions which we meet with in the histories of all ages.”

The Abbé de VERTOT begins his Dissertation the following manner:—

“There has scarce ever been a more sensible and illustrious mark of the visible protection of God over the monarchy of *France*, than the celebrated miracle of the sacred vial. On the day of great CLOVIS baptism, heaven declared itself in favour of the prince and his successors, in a particular manner, and, by way of preference to all the other sovereigns of Christendom. So that we may justly apply to every one of our kings, on the day of their coronation, the words of the royal prophet—God, even thy God, has anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.”—*Diss. au sujet de la S. AMP*  
POULE.

This is pretty well—even for papal priests—and ranks with the “brave legend” of the *santa casa* of Loretto, and another *sainte ampoule* at Naples containing the blood of S. JANUARIUS—and with the invention of the holy cross, and its mendacious accompaniments of the tottering St. HELENA.

What a convenient spiritual guide is that primitive authority TERTULLIAN, who lays down the rule—“that the true disciples of CHRIST have nothing more to do with curiosity or inquiry; but when once they are become believers, their sole business is to believe on:”—*cum credimus, nihil consideramus ultra credere.*

From the time of CLOVIS to that of LOUIS XV. comprising a period of about 1300 years, the

wretched farce was played off by the priests at *Rheims*; where this heaven-descended-dove-brought-never-failing vial of oil was, and is, kept. NAPOLEON, we may presume, did not condescend to be anointed—but I am not sure of it. He did not go to *Rheims* to be crowned, as all his predecessors did; and probably the Rheimish priests would not trust their precious charge to be brought to *Paris*. We may, however, marvel, if the fact were so, that the Pope would consent to perform his part in the drama of coronation without so important an ingredient as the *sainte ampoule* and its self-wasting, self-renewing contents.

If LOUIS XVIII. was anointed with it—he went to *Rheims*, and most likely was—he must have laughed at it; for he had—although almost half a papist, especially in the infirmities of his latter days—something of a philosophic mind; not content on all occasions to follow TERTULLIAN'S dogma, merely to “believe on.” But his bigoted niece of *Angouleme* would probably, in the mastery of her comparatively vigorous mind, have insisted on so important a measure being renewed on the person of her uncle, *le Désiré*.

CHARLES X. would of course undergo the greasing gladly. The *Duchesse d'Angouleme* had then other females to back her, as well as poor CHARLES'S fears and feelings. But will LOUIS PHILIPPE submit to it? No—it would cost him his crown.

Holy oils and unctions are in very extensive usage. We will pass over the papal sacrament of unction *in extremis*, the *viaticum*; observing, merely, that where

faith *can* be extended to the efficacy of such cations, they must be of exceeding comfort to departing on the dreary journey. It has been that of all religions papacy is the most comfort to die in.

Hindus also have their holy oils. Images, statues, and Lingas, are with them honoured by over-pourings. Connected with the subject of *Linga*, or *phallic* emblem, it may be here noted the oil of the papal saint COSMO, or COSMUS, or the Italians call him, COSIMO, is, or until lately in great demand, in honour of that saint of str repute, at *Isernia*, in *Calabria*, not far from *Naples*. *Isernia* is one of the most ancient cities of that sical region. I will here pause to observe the inquirer, without outrageously upholding a favor hypothesis, might at every step in *Calabria* *Linga*ic débris. *Calabria* itself—what is it? *Cal* *Kala*, or *SIVA* : and *bria* is little else than “a hilly,” denoting a mountainous region. *K* and his consort *PARVATI* are the mountain de of the Hindus—and he is the most Bacchic of t deities : “*BACCHUS amat colles*” occurs in a cl cal poet ; but I cannot refer to him. And a *Isernia*—*ISA* is a name of *SIVA*, and *nya* is a s skrit termination. It is, indeed, primarily, the c sonant *Ṣ nya*.

The abominations of the festival in honour of saints COSMO and DAMIAN, so late as 1780, tracted the notice of those in authority—and ord were issued that the *great toe* of the saint should longer be exhibited. At the great altar in the en

*drate* at *Isernia* a canon attends to give the holy unction with the oil of S. COSMO ; which is prepared or consecrated by the same receipt as that of the Roman ritual ; with the addition only of the prayer of the holy martyrs SS. COSMUS and DAMIANUS.

The canon anoints the part affected, and receives the offering, which is usually in money, but frequently a waxen *vow* in the form of that part. These *ex-voti*, even those offered by females, must not be mentioned here. The reverend *canonico* rewards the devotee while anointing by this benediction — “ per intercessionem beati COSMI, liberet te ab omni malo. Amen.”

The concourse at this *festa*, which lasts three days, is described to be (have been in 1780) “ prodigiously numerous,” and the advantages to the *canonici* very great. They of course divide the spoils ; which in *vows* of wax of the parts affected, as well as in money and other things, are very considerable.

No less than 1400 *carafines* or flasks of S. COSMO’s oil are said to have been expended at the last described grand fête at *Isernia*, in 1780 — either at the altar in unctions, or charitably distributed for the purpose of anointing the diseased parts of persons having faith and piety—and pence.

This last lingering relic of a very ancient rite—*Phallic, Lingue*, or *Ionian*, as one may be differently disposed to view it—in Christendom, has been thought to deserve a separate and somewhat lengthy dissertation. I have compiled such a one, from sources not now mentionable, with a running commentary showing its close correspondence with

existing Hindu rites. It may fill a hundred pages of such a volume as this—or, what is more likely, may never appear. In this, I shall say no more thereon.

Our coronation *ampulla* in the shape of the head of Jove and of his Hindu brother, or deity, VISHNU, might furnish a subject of curious inquiry. It reminded me of something similar, which I have than once observed at the *durbar* of DOWLAH ALI SINDEA, whose great seal has in an earlier volume been presented to the reader. On occasions of visits at Indian courts, it is usual to bring in quantities of *areka*, or betel-nut, leaf, lime, &c., which are given to each individual, by the great viceroy to those of sufficient rank; and by some officer of lower rank according to the consequence, or no consequence of the others. A vessel, which may be called *ampulla*, and there called *golabdani*—meaning rose-water bottle—is also brought in. At courts it is of gold, and filagree'd, and beset with gems; and the guests are besprinkled out of its pierced top.

My last visit to SINDEA's *durbar* was in company with my gallant and noble friend, Major Lord BERESFORD, then Lieut.-Col. of the 88th Regiment. He had told him of SINDEA's *golabdani*; and put him on his guard against smiling too conspicuously should they—I believe there were more than one—be re-produced.

On the top of the long-necked golden bottle were two beautifully executed pheasants, a cock and a hen, in a position not to be described. The cock was the most conspicuous; and his fine plumage

ampullaceous, arranged into beads (as in our coronation *ampullæ* process) &c. &c. of the billing birds, after a fashion that might, to the fastidious, be thought not over-delicate.

Oil or *atr* of roses or sandal is smeared on your hand or handkerchief at such visits, by a spoon. And curiously ornamented sacrificial spoons are used by Brahmans in their ceremonies for anointing with holy oils, persons, or images, or *lingas*, in their various ceremonials. Specimens of such spoons may be seen in the Plates of "Sacrificial utensils," Nos. 85, 86, of the *Hindu Pantheon*. Some of these specimens are elaborately ornamented. Our coronation *ampullæ* spoon is described to be "curiously ornamented."

A great deal of SINDRA's property and baggage was captured at different times and places by our active forces under Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY, and others;—perhaps the very *golabulani* above described. If so, they are most likely in *England*. Such property, so captured, was sold at the prize sales at *Poona*. At those sales a great collection of paintings or coloured drawings taken from SINDRA, and perhaps others (NANA FURNAVRESE had a large collection, some of which I have inspected,) were purchased by an officer of high rank and distinction. Many were mythological, some historical, some portraits, &c. But many were of a description not to

ment; placed them in portions, according to the subjects; and on the departure of their exalted owner shipped them off with his baggage, and have never heard more of them. They are, probably, in *England*.

Having mentioned King CLOVIS and King WILLIAM's *ampullian* birds, I will add a few lines on the subject of the dove, which were also intended for another place, but may come in, not unsuitably, on this page, devoted to corresponding superstitions.

Allusions to the dove are very frequent in ancient and modern mystical legends. Among the modern practices, derived, probably from antiquity, is a ceremonial annually witnessed at the cathedral of *Florence*, in which crowds of neighbouring farmers take great interest. On Easter eve, just as the priests begin the fine "Gloria in Excelsis," a pyrotechnic pigeon starts from the choir, glides along the nave on a wire into the street or *piazza* contiguous, where it ignites a load of straw, and returns whizzing to its starting-post. The eyes of the peasants are instantly riveted to the transit of the sacred puppet: for on the dexterity of its proceedings they rest their hopes of the coming harvest.

On the subject of the dove, connected with religion and mysticism—though here conjoined, I mean to be understood as using those words antithetically—much has been written, and perhaps remains to be written. In respect to ST. COLUMBA, or COLUMN, and other superstitious names and things in close relationship,



diverging from *O M—A U M*,—the Irish *Ogham*,  
*I A M—Amen*. *I A W*. *H-Kolinkill*, &c. &c. &c.

Meanwhile, to the arkite dove, and the more mysterious form awfully contemplated by pious Christians, I shall reverently refrain from alluding. As an apt emblem of gentleness, beauty, timidity, faithfulness and love, it is of course applicable to all that we desire to clothe in those attractive attributes.

Among the many wonders which attended the martyrdom of St. POLYCARP, bishop of *Smirna*, as related in the circular Letter of that Church, such as the odour of his body like the smoke of frankincense or some rich spices, his incombustibility—(he was, however, burnt to ashes notwithstanding)—the great quantity of blood, sufficient to extinguish the fire, which came out of a wound made by the executioner—among all these miracles, none amazed the multitude more than a dove, which issued also from the wound.

This story of the dove took well for some time, until, perhaps, the railery of LUCIAN upon the death of PEREGRINUS, the philosopher, who burnt himself about the time that POLYCARP suffered. From the philosopher's pile he caused a vulture to ascend, "in opposition, it may be," says Archbishop WAKE, "to POLYCARP's pigeon."

No early martyr, scarcely, suffered without most wondrous miracles, attesting all that might require

proof as to his piety, faith, sanctity, &c. Resistance to all kinds of tortures, so as to tire the monster who inflicted them, was common :—but after all such vain profusion of miracles the saints did not succeed : they were always burnt, at the last.

The early editors of the celebrated Circular of the Church of *Smyrna* manfully detailed the story of the dove; but the later editors, shamed, perhaps by the apostate LUCIAN, omitted it. But one does not readily see why one miraculous thing may not as well happen as another, on such occasions—what if at the martyrdom of a saint, twenty miracles are to be upheld, twenty-one may not. On the death of a noble virgin named EULALIA, a dove, according to a hymn of PRUDENTIUS, flew out of her mouth.

It does not occur to me that much use has been made of the dove by Hindu mythologians—and, considering what precedes, and has been adverted to, I am rather surprised at it. The Mahomedans are said to be fond of the pigeon, in gratitude for an important service rendered to the Prophet by one of his wives. His life appears to have been so saved. I do not recollect the legend.

— Passages crowd thickly upon me on this fruitful subject—priestcraft—papal and pagan. Without much pretension to arrangement, I will proceed to quote and note a somewhat curious variety.

We have seen something of the inventive faculty of papal mendacity in the earlier centuries of its darkness. Let us now exhibit an instance of similar gullibility in the 19th. While such full-pocketed

fools exist, how can we wonder that greedy knaves are promptly forthcoming to encourage them?

This specimen may serve to show also the unchangeableness of that Church. It is taken from the newspapers of July, 1830:—

“Lieut.-General DON PEDRO GRIMAREST, first slave of the royal and illustrious slavery of the Holy Trinity of the parochial church of ST. ANDREW the Apostle, of this town, in his capacity of Lieut. General of the King our Lord, (whom Heaven preserve!) who is the perpetual slave thereof, in his name, as well as in that of the other officers of the illustrious and royal slavery, invite you, Sir—and hope, from your devotion and your piety, that you will accompany them in the procession on Sunday evening, to be solemnized with the images of the ineffable mystery. You may rely on the Divine reward that will be granted you for this act of religion, and the gratitude of an illustrious and royal slavery.”

The above is a circular addressed to many individuals in *Seville*.

This worthy Lieutenant-General—I mean nothing personal, as they say in our House of Commons—we may set down as a suitable helpmate to the royal embroiderer of petticoats for the VIRGIN MARY. He may, peradventure, be otherways described, as

— the tool

Which knaves do work with—call’d a fool.”

Under another head I intend to devote some pages to the sad subjects of “Cursing and Ly-

ing." One can never think or write of lying, without adverting to those grand magazines of mendacity—the more immediate object of these current pages—pagan and papal. How instructive is my incomparable friend SOUTHEY, on this subject; as, indeed, on every other to which his clear head and rapid pen are applied.

"The monks promoted every fantastic theory, and every vulgar superstition, that could be made gainful to themselves; and devised arguments for them which they maintained with all the subtleties of scholastic logic. Having introduced a polytheism little less gross than that of the heathens, and an actual idolatry, they hung about their altars (as had also been the custom in heathen temples) pictures recording marvellous deliverances, and waxen models of diseased or injured parts which had been healed by the saint to whose honor they were there suspended. Cases enough were offered by chance or credulity; as well as by impostors of a lower rank: and the persons by whom the practice was encouraged were neither scrupulous on the score of decency nor of truth. Church vied with church, and convent with convent, in the reputation

<sup>1</sup> "The curious reader is referred to Sir THOMAS MORE'S *Dialogue*, for an example of the scandalous practices arising from this superstition. ST. VALORI, in *Picardy*, was the scene:—p. 76. Ed. 1530." This "scene" may have been shifted to *Calabria*, as a region of more mental darkness than *Picardy*, and SS. COSMUS and DAMIANUS may have supplanted, or succeeded to, the abominable mysteries of ST. VALORI.

of their wonder-working images—some of which were pretended to have been made without hands, and some to have descended from Heaven. But the rivalry of the monastic orders was shown in the fictions wherewith they filled the histories of their respective founders and worthies. No language can exaggerate the enormities of the falsehoods which were thus promulgated; nor the spirit of impious audacity in which they were conceived. Yet some of the most monstrous and most palpably false, received the sanction of the papal authority. The superstitions founded on them were legitimated by papal bulls; and festivals in commemoration of miracles which never happened—nay worse than this—of the most flagitious<sup>1</sup> impostures, were appointed in the Romish kalendar, where at this moment they hold their place.”—*Book of the Church*, I. 305.

—“While the monastic orders,” continues Mr. SOUTHEY, “contended with each other in exaggerating the fame of their deified patriarchs, each claimed the VIRGIN MARY for its especial patroness.” She had, “among other marks of peculiar favour, espoused their founder with a ring, or fed him, like a baby at her breast! (it is fitting and necessary that this abominable system of imposture should be displayed :) and each of the popular orders had been assured by revelation that the place in Heaven for its departed members was under her skirts. All, therefore, united in elevating

<sup>1</sup> “For example, the five wounds of ST. FRANCIS.”

her to the highest rank in the mythology of the Romish church ; for so, in strict truth, must the enormous system of fable be designated. She traced her in types through the Old Testament—she was the tree of life—the ladder which Jacob had seen reaching from earth to Heaven—the eye-burning bush—the ark of the Covenant—the rose which brought forth buds and blossoms, and produced fruit—the fleece upon which alone the dew of Heaven descended. Before all creatures and all ages she was conceived in the eternal mind—and when the time appointed for her mortal manifestation was come, she, of all human kind alone, was produced without the taint of human frailty. And though, indeed, being subject to death, she paid the common tribute of mortality, yet, having been born without sin, she expired without suffering ; and her most holy body, too pure a thing to see corruption, was translated immediately to Heaven, there to be glorified. This had been presumed ; because, had her remains existed upon earth, it was not to be believed, but that so great a treasure would have been revealed to some or other of so many saints who were worthy to have been made the means of enriching mankind by the discovery :—and that all doubt might be removed, the fact was stated by herself to ST. ANTONIO."

"As an example of the falsehoods by which this superstition was kept up, it may suffice to mention the brave legend of *Loretto*, where the house in which the Virgin lived in *Nazareth* is still shown, as having been carried thither by four angels. The

story of its arrival, and how it had been set down twice by the way, and how it was ascertained to be the genuine house, both by miracles, and by the testimony of persons sent to examine the spot where it was originally built, and to measure the foundations—received the sanction of successive Popes, and was printed in all languages<sup>1</sup> for pilgrims of every nation, who were attracted thither by the celebrity of the shrine; and by the indulgences promised to those who should visit it in devotion.”—*Book of the Church*, I. 307.

On the rival orders of Franciscans and Dominicans Mr. SOUTHEY is again most instructive. — The former “gave themselves the modest appellation of the *Seraphic Order*—having in their blasphemous fables installed their founder above the *Seraphim*, upon the throne from which *LUCIFER* fell.” *Ib.* 334.

“The friars were bound to the severest rule of life: they went barefoot; and renounced, not only for themselves individually, but collectively also, all professions whatever; trusting to daily charity for their daily bread. It was objected to him that no community, established upon such a principle, could subsist without a miracle. The marvellous increase of the order was soon admitted as full proof of the inspiration of its founder. In less than ten years the delegates alone to the general chapter exceeded 5000 in number: and by an enumeration in the early part

<sup>1</sup> “I have seen it,” notes Mr. SOUTHEY, “in Welch, brought from *Loretto*.”

of the 18th century, when the Reformation must have diminished their amount at least one third, it was found that even then there were 28,000 Franciscan nuns in 900 nunneries, and 115,000 Franciscan friars in 7000 convents—besides very many nunneries which, being under the immediate jurisdiction of the ordinary, and not of the order, were not included in the returns." *Ib.* I. 335.

"The rival order of ST. DOMINIC became in time the opprobrium and scandal of the Church. The falsehoods which they fabricated in rivalry of each other were in a spirit of blasphemous impiety, beyond all former example, as it is almost beyond belief. The wildest romance contains nothing more extravagant than the legends of ST. DOMINIC, and even these were outdone by the more atrocious effrontery of the Franciscans. They held up their founder, even during his life, as the perfect pattern of our Lord and Saviour—and to authenticate the parallel, they exhibited him with a wound in his side, and four nails in his hands and feet; fixed there, they affirmed, by CHRIST himself, who had visibly appeared for the purpose of thus rendering the conformity between them complete!—Two miserable wretches, only two years before, had attempted the same fraud in *England*; and, having been detected in it, were punished by actual crucifixion. But in the case of ST. FRANCIS, it succeeded to the fullest extent of expectation. Whether he consented to the villany, or was in such a state of moral and physical imbecility as to have been the dupe or victim of those about him; or whether it was committed with



the connivance of the Papal court, or only in certain knowledge that that court would sanction it when done, though it might not deem it prudent to be consenting before the fact—are questions which it is now impossible to solve. Sanctioned however the horrid imposture was by the Church which calls itself infallible; a day for its perpetual commemoration was appointed in the Romish Kalendar; and a large volume was written, entitled “The Book of the Conformities between the Lives of the Blessed and Seraphic Father FRANCIS and Our Lord!

“Jealous of these conformities, the Dominicans followed their rivals in the path of blasphemy—but with unequal steps. They declared that the five wounds had been impressed also upon ST. DOMINIC—but that in his consummate humility he had prayed, and obtained, that this signal mark of divine grace might never be made public while he lived. They affirmed that the VIRGIN MARY had adopted him for her son, and that his countenance perfectly resembled the authentic description and miraculous portrait of our Saviour.” *Ib.* l. 338.

These curious extracts and powerful passages suit my purpose so well, that I feel I am borrowing of my instructive friend—if not without shame, without mercy—regardless of the Byronian interdict—

“Thou shalt not steal from SOUTHEY—nor  
Commit flirtation with the muse of MOORE.”

But who can bear being plundered so well as SOUTHEY? who so lavish of his intellectual wealth? who is so often pillaged?

Taking a passage in the preceding quotations as a text, I may append thereto some observations and matters here and there, taken from my own notes, and from other sources.

Any learned, ingenious, and reasonably industrious writer might make a curious and extensive addition of instances of papal imposture to those above, and to the many others given in Dr. MIDDLETON'S *Miscellaneous Works*: and if extended to the legendary lore of *Egypt* and *India*, he would render the conformities of pagan and papal *Rome* still more curious and complete.

Without pretence to either of the qualifications above indicated, save perhaps the last, I will add two or three instances to what have already appeared.

Travellers who have looked much into Papal cathedrals and churches, as I have, must have observed the *vows*—*ex-voti*—the exact counterpart of the *votive tabellæ* of Pagan *Rome*—hung up and exhibited occasionally, in the shape of pictures, or modellings in wax, representing parts of the human body. These may be otherwise called *offerings*, in performance of *vows* made under the fervors of distress or hope. An edifying collection of them may be seen at the Jesuits' Church at *Lucerne* in *Switzerland*—another at the Cathedral of *Ypres* in *Flanders*—of which something more in another place.<sup>1</sup> In

<sup>1</sup> In neither of these did I observe any *ex-voti* of an indecent, or very indelicate nature. In other churches such may be seen—in that, for instance of *La Madonna de' Poveri*, at *Augusta*, a pretty little port in *Sicily*.

this I shall bring forward perhaps a still more notable assemblage of such materials, at the church of the celebrated Convent<sup>1</sup> of Franciscans at *Kadna* in *Hungary*.

It is famous for a picture of the Virgin, which has, from the earliest ages, worked stupendous miracles, and is still visited by pilgrims from all parts. All the walls of the galleries and corridors of the Convent are covered with pictures, from one end to the other, and from the floor to the ceiling. They are generally about a foot square, offered by persons who have been cured of diseases, or preserved from calamity, by the intervention of *Our Lady of Kadna*. They represent the incident, and are marked *ex voto*. One depicts a carriage upsetting, and the people in danger under the wheels—another a boat sinking, with drowning passengers—a third, a rider thrown, and dragged by the stirrup—a fourth, a sick bed, the family weeping and praying. In all, the *Lady* appears in the sky; and, stretching out her hand, saves the victim of accident or disease.

Compartments in the wall of the chapel represent different actions in the life of ST. FRANCIS, by a German artist of *Pest*; and the rest, like those of the gallery, are covered with *rotivæ tabellæ*.

But that which attracts most attention is the picture itself of the Virgin, which has worked all these miracles. It hangs over the high altar, and is a

<sup>1</sup> Or *Monastery*? Or are they nearly the same? *Convent* conveys to my mind the idea of a *nunnery*—where, of course, there are also priests; a *monastery*—the abode of priests, where there are no (resident) nuns.

Turks, it was cast into the fire; where, to the confusion of the infidels, it remained unhurt, and walked out uninjured, except by the smoke, which it retained as an irrefragable proof of the miracle.

This picture is a source of great revenue to the Convent. On all occasions it is sent for, or visited by the patient, who sees it like a physician. And—adds the intelligent writer on whose authority I quote—"where the imagination is powerfully influenced, in all probability it effects many cures."

Inquiry was made for the library.—"The books were not in order:" but the ignorant and talkative monk said very candidly, shrugging his shoulder with an arch expression, that "they had not much occasion for books, and seldom troubled themselves with any but one." This the reverend inquirer supposed, of course, was the Bible:—but not so; it was a legend of all the miracles wrought by the picture and sold at the Convent "for the benefit of the pious." He purchased a copy—it is in German, with wood-cuts. The Latin preface states it to contain—" *Sacræ Iconis originem, locique ipsius primordia. Multa insuper et magna Dei beneficia operæ Virginæ Matris in Radnensi Parthenio exposita.*"

Among the plates of this volume, is one representing a Turk trying to burn the image (*q.* picture?). There were not, when Dr. WALSH visited it, more than five monks in this immense Convent. All the

other numerous apartments were filled up by visitors, come to be healed of their wounds and distempers.

This relation of the *Lady of Radna* is taken substantially from Dr. WALSH's very entertaining and instructive "*Journey from Constantinople to Vienna*," p. 337.

SOUTHEY calls the famous story of the *Santa Casa*, or holy house, of *Loretto*, "a brave legend." It is so—and it may be difficult to find one, in all its bearings, more audacious. Many suitable companions may, however, be easily produced. "The Invention of the Cross" may be written in the same page—"with a pencil of light"? And this place—the subject being in connexion, more or less, with the preceding—all of a piece—may serve for the following extract from my C. P. B.

The reader is aware that HELEN, the mother of the Emperor CONSTANTINE, followed the example of her son, and became an early and an important convert to Christianity. Not satisfied with the proceedings in *Palestine*, she determined on a pilgrimage thither—having, among other objects, a hope of discovering the true Cross. The mother of an Emperor rarely makes an unprofitable pilgrimage—unprofitable, I mean, to the shrine visited—and such a one as HELENA was not likely to travel unheeded. Her fortunes are striking;—daughter of an innkeeper—a divorced wife—an empress-mother—mother of CONSTANTINE the Great—a pilgrim—a saint!

She, of course, found the true Cross. On de-

molishing a temple of VENUS at *Jerusalem*, the crosses were discovered. Miraculous tests were proved which was the true cross, and which the crosses of the thieves. In due time it was found more profitable to cut up this precious timber, than to preserve it entire. By the way, it was not brought whole to *Rome*. A portion of it was left with the bishop of *Jerusalem*. But if such a large piece worked such miracles, it was hoped and believed that smaller pieces might do the like. And so they did. What a happy discovery! What church would be so lukewarm in the cause—having the means—be so indifferent to its honour and glory, as not to endeavour to obtain a fragment? In short such was the miraculous nature of this timber, that abstraction seemed to have lost its usual property of diminishing the original, in bulk or in virtue: and some irreverent travellers have gone the length of saying that there was as much of the true cross scattered through Christendom, and all of miraculous potentiality, as, in mass, might suffice to build a seventy-four. I speak in the past tense—there certainly is not so much at present. It is not so abundant of late days—it is not, at any rate, exhibited so often to travellers now, as of yore; and its miraculous energies are somewhat palsied by, it may be apprehended, the decrement of faith—inevitably consequent on the expansion of knowledge and spread of reason.

The first piece of the true cross that I ever saw was at the fine Church of *Notre Dame*, Our Lady, in *Paris*. The armies of occupation were there also—

and no miracles were current. No reverence, indeed, was apparent in any of the party—exhibitor included.

It was enclosed in glass, blown over it—that is, if I recollect right, hermetically sealed. An attestation of a Pope—and conclave for aught I know—of its genuineness, and, of course, miraculous power, was, or had been, among the archives of the cathedral. The wood was sound—in good preservation—a square piece, but not a regular parallelogram. It seemed to me old oak or chestnut—darkish from age. I was allowed to handle it. It may be about six or eight inches long, by an inch in squareness.

The next piece that I saw was at a curious church—perhaps the cathedral—at *Ypres* in *Flanders*, near the fine *Maison de Ville*. This church is very rich in relics. There are several large wardrobe-like-looking presses, filled. Among them—I will say no more of the true cross—a surprising quantity of the bones of the 11,000 virgins, and a curiously preserved head of a negro saint, whose history I have forgotten. I am sorry I did not make a little *catalogue raisonné* of these curious things. On congratulating the courteous priest—who very obligingly and patiently exhibited and explained to us these strange matters—on the reliquary wealth of his church, he replied—and I thought, like his brother of *Radna*, with rather an arch expression—"Oui—Oui, c'est une belle collection." I watched—but I could perceive no curl of the lip—nothing derisory, when he said this.

Before I take my leave of this Christian *HELEN*,

I will indulge in a little point of reflection, or moralizing:—

The rock on which the most Christian Emperor and King—the eldest son of the Church—NAPOLEON—last lived—and died, was discovered on the name-day of our illustrious pilgrim and saint—21 May, 1801—and named after her, ST. HELENA. How different this Lady from her interesting namesake of the *Iliad*! If classes of women were polled, which would they choose to be, or to have been—HELEN of *Troy*, or HELEN of *Rome and Jerusalem*? How would self-election go? I do not mean in the extent of universal suffrage. It might puzzle females in general to understand the merits of the nominated and of the case, as much as it does the male voters at usual elections of members of Parliament. But take the two classes and poll them—the pious and the poetical—how would it go? Answer—the saints would be for the pious pilgrim—the poets for the sweet, though frail, creature of the *Iliad*.

Having mentioned the three crosses found by the fortunate pilgrim, HELENA, I will note a little point that I have been rather posed at, which perhaps these three crosses may help to explain; although I do not see exactly how.

In some parts of *Italy* a very old woman being asked her age will answer "*Tre croci*;" by which she is understood to mean *ninety*. One does not readily see why +++ or XXX or + + +, or any such crossings, should mean *ninety*. I know not where I saw this. A younger person might indicate *thirty* very well by *tre croci*, XXX.



But the *tre croci* have puzzled wiser heads than mine. It has been noted that the happy HELENA of *Jerusalem* found three crosses. But which was the *true one*? It would, indeed, have been sad to have selected that of a thief. The bishop of *Jerusalem*—promoted afterwards to a saintship, St. MACARIUS—hit upon a happy and certain test. This is the eminent logician who overthrew the heresy of ARIUS at *Nice*. A lady of high rank at *Jerusalem* lay extremely ill. The bishop suggested to HELENA to touch her with each cross. Two were tried—no effect. But on the application of the third, the lady arose in perfect health, and stronger than she had ever been. Others relate the proof somewhat differently, viz., that it was a dead body on which they experimented.

But—(in the liberal spirit of a very sincerely pious lady of the Romish faith—a lady too of great strength of understanding and goodness of heart, with whom I was in serious discourse about the 11,000 virgins—who said—“it makes no great difference—a few thousands more or less”—) it makes no great difference, whether it was an extremely sick lady, or a dead body, which was thus instantaneously restored to health and vigour.

A volume might be filled—“a volume?”—this is a very moderate measure—a score of volumes such as mine—might be filled—and have been—on the immediate subject of our present pen. But half another page must suffice for what we permit ourselves to scribble on this occasion.

The unwasting property of the wood has been no-

ticed, in reference to its value in a ship-yard. On this, ST. PAULINUS remarked that it *was* "a *very singular thing*—a vital virtue in an insensible and inanimate substance—which hath yielded and continues to yield daily its precious wood to the desires of an infinite number of" (*paying*—this word not in PAULINUS)—"persons, without suffering any diminution—but continuing all the while as if it had been untouched." "It permits itself," continues the Saint, "every day to be divided, and yet remains exposed entire to the veneration of the people."

POOR HELENA was not quite *tre croci* old, when she set out on her hopeful pilgrimage—but she was four-score. But she does not enjoy the undisputed honour of this *inventio crucis*. As on other important points, theological doctors differ on this—even a Jew—by name JUDAS—is upheld by some as the happy man. Some compensation was however made to HELENA—for, as well as the Saintship, her body has the property of being (like Sir—the Irish member's bird) in two places at once. It is buried in *Rome* and in *France*.

Now—gentle reader—you may—at your pleasure in *England* or *France*—believe in these things—as we once did universally in both—or you may not:—and you may smile and laugh at them, in either country, at your pleasure, and in safety:—and so you may, albeit unbecomingly, at *Rome*. But it will be well to keep your countenance, and hold your peace, in certain parts of *Spain* and *Portugal*: and perhaps of *Italy* and other priest-ridden

portions of *Europe*, on these and similar matters. You may otherwise, in the dungeons of the inquisition—the holy office!—be taught a useful lesson on the blessings of your own country as to things in general—and the *Habeas Corpus* Act in particular.

I have had occasion to quote the name of St. ANTONIO, and have a word to say to that influential person, in passing.

A saint is not—nor is even the Virgin herself, equally influential every where, always. We have seen what potency our Lady of *Radna* possesses. But she is not equally so at her less renowned shrines. Whether the potency spring from the renown, or the renown from the potency, let others determine. As we say in my county in cases of difficulty—*that I leave*. The Virgin is so extensively useful, that she sometimes trenches on the prerogative of other saints. We have seen her, of *Radna*, plucking victims from under imminent carriage-wheels, and from swamping vessels. But it is St. ANTHONY—and more especially he of *Padua*—that is supposed, and expected, to assist the most promptly, on such untoward events.

“St. ANTONIO of *Padua* presides over escapes and overturns by sea and land. Pictures and other offerings are now dedicated and made to him, as to NEPTUNE of old.”—MOORE’S BYRON, II. 309.

The respective priests at—say—*Radna* and *Padua* are now too wise to expose themselves in such indecent revilings as we have seen reciprocated between the Franciscans and Dominicans, as to the

superior sanctity of their respective patrons. In former times their credulous flocks were sure to pin their faith on the sleeve of the one or the other. Now, they would, perhaps, be sometimes disposed to believe in both. Both sets of priests might be suspected of playing at the same game—(of humbug)—and quarrelling for the stakes.

It may be almost too trivial to notice—but I will venture to throw out a hint, that where we can find no other good reason for the particular patronage to which a papal has succeeded a pagan saint—as in the case of NEPTUNE and ANTONIO, or as I have a thousand times heard him called, ANTOON—it may be worth while to test them euphonically or phonetically. For instance, can a better reason be given for it in this case than the corresponding sound of the last syllables of their respective venerable names? They would be sounded exactly alike in *Portugal*. ANTOON and NEPTOON are not to be classed with *All-eggs-under-the-grate*.

I have been afloat and in gales with papists; under some alarm, but perhaps not in any danger. On such occasions my friend—if he will permit me to call him so—ST. ANTOON, was invoked and propitiated, as I witnessed, by prayers and prostrations and promises, to his image or picture, by the affrighted. But I never saw him—*i. e.* his effigies—as others have—abused or whipped, or irreverently treated. No papal ship goes to sea, it is said, without a sea-stock of images and pictures of his saintship, in view to tempests or foul winds. As much is conjectured of the older Romans, in respect

to Saint NEPTOON. I know not if any thing especial, beyond what I have noted, has been developed, connecting, by mythological legends or superstitious usage, these two illustrious protectors of voyagers and travellers—NEPTOON and ANTOON. How comes it, by the way, that a horse is the common attribute of both?

Perhaps, in advertence to the weakness of man's unexcited faith and piety, the pursers of papal ships take out a sea-stock of ST. ANTOONS—and their precursive brethren of pagan ships may have taken a store of NEPTOONS—to be produced (sold or let) to affrighted sinners, in a gale of wind:—as our wary pursers conveniently do, of slops of all sorts for JACK's accommodation and comfort in hot and cold latitudes. For in *Wapping* or at *Portsmouth*, JACK thinks no more of flannel and tobacco and such comforts, beyond his back and his pipe, than the secure sinners of papal or pagan latitudes and smooth water do, or did, of ANTONIOS, NEPTONIOS, and tempests.

The unchangeableness of popery is a matter of boast by its adherents; and sometimes of reproach by its oppugners;—by its adherents, in proof of its consistency and apostolicity—by its opponents, as a test of its dangerous ambitious tendency and unyielding spirit. Like the practice of others, it exhibits a persevering tendency to get all it can, and keep all it can get. Be it as it may, the unchangeableness of Hinduism is more manifest. It is no great stretch of credulity to believe that in point of essentials, in almost every particular, and as to

many ceremonials and less important matters, Hinduism is now what it was when MOSES sojourned in *Egypt*, and "became learned in all the knowledge of the Egyptians,"—who then were, in faith and practice, nearly what the Hindus are now.

Here, surely, may be found a clue to guide us in connecting such practices with those of Western heathens—and through them to the early as well as later usages of Christianity:—coincidences which have reasonably surprised observers of recent days.

A striking instance of the uniformity of practice between distant priests, evincing that "man is everywhere the same animal," is seen in the importance attached by Brahmins and papal priests to the *secrecy* of their Scriptures. I will take a passage, by way of text, from the *Hindu Pantheon*, and extend the subject through a page or two, by way of illustration—or *improving* on it; as other, sometimes tiresome preachers say:—

"The religious doctrines of the Hindus may be divided, like those of most other people whose Scriptures are in a hidden tongue, into *exoteric* and *esoteric*. The first is preached to the vulgar; the second known only to a select number. The doctrines thus divided may be otherwise styled *religion* and *mythology*. The latter is, perhaps, the invention rather of poets than of priests; but, being so well adapted to their purpose, the priests have artfully applied it to rivet the mental chains, that, when the Scriptures are concealed, they seldom fail to assist in forging for mankind." p. 1.

Cunning and selfish priests soon discovered t

effects of the gathering, by the people, of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge; and in all countries interdicted such gathering. In countries where the schoolmaster has been able to stir abroad with effect, they know better. Omitting a relation of this description, allowed by most reasoning men to be allegorical, we shall here perceive the corresponding Papal and Brahmanal interdictions.

Publicity is the soul of justice and of right. Iniquity ever seeks to shade itself in secrecy, and dreads nothing so much as exposure. Dislike of publicity may not always be a proof of existing wrong, but it usually is a reasonable ground of suspicion; and the partisans of concealment, by encouraging suspicion, debar themselves of the right to complain of calumny. If they have nothing to fear from the scrutiny of the public eye, why desire to be shut up in the suspicious privacy of concealment? If unjustly calumniated, why not refute it by publicity? It is sadly unwise in public men to deprive themselves of the support of public opinion. Is it merely from lack of wisdom? Let us place ourselves above suspicion by showing that we have done nothing that fears the honest light of day.

A Hindu of a servile class may not read, or hear read, the *Veda*, his scripture—he may not read some portions of the *Sastra*; or *Purana*, a less venerated portion of his revered books — nor even some poems founded on divine legends. I am not aware that Christian priests have gone the whole of these Brahmanic lengths. They have been content, I believe, with the general and entire interdiction of the Bible



—making up their short-falling, as compared with their brethren of *India*, by the partial enforcement where they dare, of the *Index Expurgatorius*—the as far as they can, emulating the more extending daring of the Eastern Levites. The perusal of the papal *puranic* fables, as the lying legends of the Church of *Rome* may, without lack of charity, be designated—or the mythology of Christianity—freely permitted to their beighted flocks.

Like some enjoined observances of pilgrimages and prayers at, favored shrines, the fastings, &c. papists, similar doings are highly profitable and to Hindus: promises of good resulting from such observances—indulgences—are liberally scattered by priests of both persuasions. While some books are interdicted, others may be read with advantage and heard. The Hindu poem, the *Ramayana*, may be profitable to all. At the end of the first section a great benefit is promised to any individual of the three classes who shall duly read, with the prescribed ceremonies, that sacred poem, viz. "Brahman; reading it, acquires learning and consequence; a Kshetriya<sup>1</sup> will become a monarch; a Vaisya<sup>2</sup> will obtain vast commercial profits; and a Sudra,<sup>3</sup> hearing it, will become great." *Hin. I.* 193:

So SOUTHEY—"The puritans, like the Romanists, maintained the extravagant and pernicious notion, that the scripture had no efficacy unless it were expounded in sermons;—the word, no vital efficacy

<sup>1</sup> A soldier.

<sup>2</sup> A trader.

<sup>3</sup> A servile.



the ear only that they could reach the heart." *Book of the Church*, II. 340.

Thus we see how closely cognate are the doctrines and practice, the sayings and doings, of *Rome* and *Benares*;—Padres and Brahmins are, in these instances, a twin fraternity—born of the same parents, whose names I shall not here display.

But a more complete epitome of priestcraft than the passage just quoted, can scarcely be penned—it may be entitled, "The Priests' *Inde-mecum*." It would do as well, exchanging a word or two, but not their sense, for Brahmins as for Puritans and Romanists; and what is before quoted from the introductory paragraph of the *Hindu Pantheon*, would apply as well to Papists as to Hindus, with the mere alteration of those words. The Church of *Benares* will re-echo to the Church of *Rome* the doctrine of TERTULLIAN, as noted in a former page "that, being once of the right faith, the believer has nothing to do but to believe on."

Great coincidences might be found in Heathen, and Hindu, and Christian practice, touching Sanctuary. Time and place were papally sacred; sometimes from sun-set on Wednesday to sun-rise on Monday, in every week. "The time of God" was ordered to be observed by the Council of *Clermont*, on pain of excommunication. Temples, of course,



were sanctuaries—and their precincts and environs—in extent, proportionate to the potent odour of their patron saint ; and this depending, probably, on the virtue of his body, or relics—or on the possession of a piece of the true Cross—or of an image, or a picture—or some other equally important, holy, and profitable species of famed property.

Such is the case—under change of circumstances—with the Hindus. Their temples are sanctuaries—not all, I believe—nor do I know what rules such privileges are governed by, if any. Some cities and their environs partake of them, more or less. In countries despotically governed, frequent sanctuaries from the ire of tyrants might be highly beneficial to societies so oppressed. It would, of course, be a triumph when priests could show themselves above the power which oppressed others—and when put forth to shield the victims of persecution was, so far, a happy institution : but, like other good in the hand of man, was liable to abuse by extension, and has been the frequent source of well-founded complaint—that villains, secure of refuge from the deserved punishment of their villanies, were, by such indiscriminate protection, encouraged in them.

I am somewhat disappointed at finding among my memoranda so little mention of Hindu Sanctuary. *Punderpoor*, on the river *Bhima*, a holy city about 100 miles S. E. from Poona, I have, I think, in a former publication, noticed as a place extensively privileged in this particular, as well as in many others. The following, from Tod's *Rajapootana*,

is the only other instance which occurs, of Hindu Sanctuary—and this I have taken from some review of that work :

“ The most celebrated fane of the Hindu APOLLO (KANVA) is *Nathdwara*. It owes its celebrity entirely to the image of KRISHNA, said to be the same that has been worshipped at *Mathura* [ever] since his deification. Within the sanctuary, which extends to a considerable distance around *Nathdwara*, the criminal is safe from pursuit. The rod of justice dares not appear on the mount—nor the foot of the pursuer pass the stream.”

The use or abuse of such an immunity is scarcely to be appreciated by us, so unused to speculate on its existence. It would not be enough, in our state of society, to imagine one of our churches and its precincts a refuge for every class of offenders. Nor even if we were to imagine a city or town so privileged. But it might afford a curious subject for contemplation, were we to picture such a place in *England* or *Ireland*, “ where the rod of justice dare not appear, nor the foot of the pursuer pass.” Take *Oxford*, for example, and fancy it so situated. It might, peradventure, have arisen to its present state of elegance and wealth sooner, as the resort of successful unpunishable villany, than from having been the seat and repose of virtue, and religion, and learning.

Under the head of *Limbo*, I find a paragraph or two in my C. P. B. that bear on some of the preceding topics ; and although, perhaps, one or more passages may be little else than a repetition of some

that precede, I am induced to introduce the extract in this place.

*Limbo*—that happiest of all happy imaginings for filling priestly pockets. Proposition:—Given, the *undoubted* power of preaching souls out of purgatory, or of averting future punishment by priestly process:—and required—the sum of acquisition, in time, of the said priests. Answer:—All the wealth of all the world. It is by doubting of that power in the first instance, and the mental effort resulting from doubt in the next, that any limit can be put to the imposture, or to the consequent acquisition.

The next happiest step—if, indeed, it may not have been the first, on the part of both Eastern and Western priests—was the sinfulness of laymen reading the Scriptures. All religions teach men to be good: it is the interpretation by priests that gives a contrary tendency. If the people were allowed to “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,” their sacred volumes, priestcraft is immediately shorn of its pernicious predominance. In a former paragraph we have seen, touching the *Ramayana*, that “a Sudra *hearing* it, will become great.” He may not read even that, in some parts, frivolous and licentious poem. Reading any portion of a *Veda* would subject the impious (impertinent) inquirer to severe inflictions of fine, penance, &c. in proportion to the strength of his purse, or the weakness of his mind. Man is alike every where—and, of course, priests. How accordant is the practice of Hindu and Papal priests in this particular!

And in another, which is, more or less, observable

all the world over :—this is, the cunning contrivance of inducing the people to sanctify, or render spiritual, or even to look on them as sacraments, many of the inevitable physical predicaments of humanity. Thus birth, naming, marriage, burial, &c. A man cannot be born or die without pecuniary homage to the priesthood. Nor live—he must be named and married, &c. &c. If rich, there are “month’s minds” and their equivalents in all priest-ridden countries. If very rich, annual feasts and gifts—even septennial and decennial, if the deceased party left his piety as well as his pence to his successors. Faith in their donivorous pastors and spare coin in pocket are all that are needed to secure all these, and many more, “delicate attentions,” to the eternal welfare of the deceased; who, while living and penurious, had attracted a very small portion of pastoral regard. The Brahmans have, I think, succeeded best in these periodical feastings and payings for the good of the departed. Their institution of *Sradha*, or obsequies, is of a very elaborate and finished sort. Daily, fortnightly, monthly, and so on—as long, indeed, as the faith and money hold out—feastings and gifts are meritorious. But with them, as all the world over—“no pence, no paternoster.”

The Hindus, like perhaps all others, are superstitious in the ratio of their ignorance. Those who know the least of the principles of religion, are the most earnest and fervent in the practice of its exterior rites and ceremonies. The learned respect them, and sacred symbols and things—the ignorant, connecting them with some inherent virtues, worship

and adore. The simple and pure devotion of the heart may be humbly hoped to be acceptable to the Deity; but it is unprofitable to priests. Not but many priests, even of the most superstitious people, are sincere; although they cannot be enlightened. They are enthusiasts. A warm imagination acting on ignorance is generally the parent of enthusiasm. We had better, perhaps, leave the question of hypocrisy, where my Uncle TOBY left it—and not decide, like TRIM, on its immediate presence. Still one cannot help having suspicions, where the pocket and the practice stand and continue in the same relation to each other as parallel lines. I do not, however, mean in the ordinary terms of definition of the latter.—Quite the contrary—for whereas the parallel lines can never join, the pocket and practice never separate.

In connexion with this copious subject of priestly self-interest governing their actions—too much, in as far as their profession of poverty and humility are incompatible with the reputed development of their bump of acquisitiveness—I am induced to give a text from a Hindu work entitled *Vasanta-Rajasha-Koona*, with a little commentary.

“ If a vulture, a heron, a dove, an owl, a hawk, a gull, a basha, or a pandura” (I know not what these last two birds are) “ should settle upon a house—the wife, or the child, or the master of the house, or some other person belonging to him will die—or some other calamity will befall him, within a year afterwards.”

The ingenuity, the cunning, manifested in such

texts as this, cannot escape notice. Let the people have faith and fear in the augury, and the work of the priest is done. He is a made man. Listen to his power, and its results.

To avert this calamity, saith a commentator, the house so threatened, or its value in money, must be given to a Brahman. Or the master thereof must commute by an offering of the following articles: 1. The five productions of the cow, viz. dung, urine, curds, milk, and ghee, with the grass *kana* (*spina cynosuroides*). 2. The five gems, viz. gold, silver, crystal, pearls, and emeralds. 3. The five nectarous juices, viz. ghee,<sup>1</sup> milk, curds, sugar, and honey. 4. The twigs of the five trees, viz. *ficus Indica*, *ficus religiosa*, *ficus glomerata*, the mango, and *minus ops elegi*. 5. The five astringent juices, viz. *eugenia jujuba*, *bombex heptaphyllum*, *siderhomboida*, *zizyphus jujuba*, and *acshana grandiflora*. These are to be macerated in a particular way, as pointed out in the ritual, and presented as an oblation. The guardian deities of the cardinal points<sup>2</sup> of the universe must then be worshipped.

<sup>1</sup> As the sailor on whom a fairy conferred the gratification of three wishes, having demanded all the grog in the world, and all the tobacco, in the first two, was puzzled what farther to want and ask, demanded, as his third wish, "more back," (JOSEPHUS MILLERUS, Vol. III. p. 247) so the Brahmans seem to covet all the curds, milk, and ghee, in the world, and then to crave more ghee, milk, and curds. It is a curious fact that while East Indians are so lactal, the Chinese, as is said, use no milk in any form whatever.

<sup>2</sup> The eight points perhaps—our four cardinals and their media. These are:—KURERA, regent or deity of the N.

and a hundred and eight oblations of ghee made, simmered with a *sumidh*, or sacrificial piece of the wood of the *kudhira* (*acacia catechu*), while the *mantra*<sup>1</sup> of *mrityaonjaya*<sup>2</sup> is repeated. The oblation called the *mahavyadi-homa*,<sup>3</sup> is to be performed either at the commencement or end of the ceremony. Oblations of ghee, at each of which the *gayatri*<sup>4</sup> is (mentally) recited, are then to be made to VISHNU, the nine planets,<sup>5</sup> *Udboota*,<sup>6</sup> and the household gods:—which being done, the Brahmans must be entertained with ghee and rice-milk. It is then required that the sacrificial fees be paid, and water sprinkled, with appropriate *mantras*; when, assurance being given that all has been duly performed, a prostration is made to the Brahmans, and their benediction is given.<sup>7</sup>

And all this, gentle reader, because a gull, or a dove, &c. sat on the house of a rich man!—rich in

ISA, of the N.E. INDRA, of the E. AGNI, of the S.E. YAMA, of the S. NIRUT, of the S.W. VARUNA, of the W. and PAVAN of the N.W. But they differ on different authorities.—See *Hin. Pan.* p. 271.

<sup>1</sup> Invocation, or charm—generally understood to be of a threatening, malefic, gloomy tendency.

<sup>2</sup> *Mritya*, death—*jaya*, victorious.

<sup>3</sup> I am at fault here.

<sup>4</sup> The holiest verse of the *Veda*. Of which more hereafter.

<sup>5</sup> Seven of our oldest, and the ascending and descending nodes, or dragon's head and tail, Ω ♄. Of which, also, something hereafter.

<sup>6</sup> I am again at fault.

<sup>7</sup> This is marked as having been taken from the *Oriental Herald*, No. 37.



faith as well as pelf. It might puzzle even Papacy to exhibit any thing more exquisite of its kind than the above. The single invention of purgatory, with the bank or treasury of supererogation at the priest's command, he requires indeed little else, as has been before hinted, if his flock have but faith. Talk of acts of parliament—our statute of moffmain is worth a wilderness of them.

How difficult it is for Christians and Protestants to credit the undeniable fact, that many millions of our fellow-Christians firmly believe in, and are gulled by, such trash as I have last pointed to. The Papal "Church" that is, their popes, cardinals, councils, and priests—with pretty obvious results, uphold and encourage such scandal. And, beyond Christendom, there are still many more millions of our fellow-subjects and others, who, similarly encouraged by their Brahmans, with nearly similar results, as firmly believe in their silly trumpery—in lying legends equally disgraceful and atrocious. Still, let us not be uncharitable. Very many of our easy-faithed brethren and fellow-subjects are, notwithstanding and in spite of such priestcraft and credulity, as good people and as good subjects as ourselves—in some instances, better. I am acquainted with a lady of great kindness of heart and strength of intellect, and on every other point save Papacy perfectly rational, who yet firmly believes in all that her Church and her priests have taught her—even to the extent of the *Hohenloie* miracles. I firmly believe and trust that she will meet the reward of her goodness in heaven. She, I have no doubt, hopes

and wishes the same good to me; but an equally strong trust and belief in the infinite mercy of our common FATHER, she is not, I fear, permitted to entertain.

Differing in degree, the same in essentials, are the influences of the *Fetish* men—(equivalent to Brahman, or priest)—on the Gold Coast of *Africa*. Major RICKETTS informs us, in substance, of the following, among other particulars, on that point.

The *Fetish-men* are so called from being supposed to possess supernatural powers. They are easily bribed—they take money under the pretext that having consulted the deity, he would take a certain sum.<sup>1</sup> More is soon demanded, the *fetish* not being satisfied. Natives will pawn their children to raise the means of appeasing his wrath.<sup>2</sup> If implicit obedience be not paid, horrid expedients are resorted to. If forgiveness be implored, the avenging *fetish* expects a handsome present of reconciliation. Alarming diseases are mitigated or cured by a *fetish-man* depositing an egg on the highway. The unhappy person who may tread on it picks up the disease of the credulous party. Passengers, aware of this, carefully avoid those charms. The

<sup>1</sup> Purgatorial masses, in Popedom.

<sup>2</sup> In all religious chiefly ceremonial, coincidences are striking. "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression? The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" MICAH vi. 7. No! saith a higher authority, "I will have prayer, not sacrifice."

celebration of the yam harvest calls forth public offerings to a great *fetich*: which, at *Cape Coast*, appears to be a great rock<sup>1</sup> near the walls of the castle. Another *fetich* is a salt pond.<sup>2</sup> Offerings are made, mostly by women,<sup>3</sup> of yams, eggs, oil, and the blood of some animal. Every family of consequence has its own domestic *fetich*.<sup>4</sup> Funerals, as elsewhere, are attended by divers ceremonies—not omitting feasting and presents to the *fetich* men. Cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, are purchased on such occasions; sometimes to the extent of ransoming the survivors of the family. If wealthy, these are repeated, to the seventh year<sup>5</sup> after the decease. Births and marriages are likewise, as elsewhere, the occasion of feasting, and paying to the *fetich*.

If half a dozen words were changed in Major RICKETTS' relation, it would describe Papal and Hindu practices as correctly as those of *Cape Coast*: so true it is that man, especially priestly or *fetich* man, is the same all the world over.

Many texts bordering on, or tending to, folly.

<sup>1</sup> His residence, I should rather judge. It is probably of *Lingait* form. Of this, touching Africa, more hereafter.

<sup>2</sup> The spirit of the rock, or of the waters.<sup>3</sup> Traces of a poetical mythology are discernible even in the interior of *Africa*.

<sup>4</sup> The depositories of superstition in every clime, and, no doubt, of religion also. One has been described as the injudicious extension, the exacerbation, of the other.

<sup>5</sup> Or patron saint—or, with Western pagans, *Lares*—with Eastern, images.

<sup>6</sup> The same, among Hindu, and, I believe, Papal, *fetich* men.

vice, or greater enormities, may, perhaps, be found even in the *Sastra*, or venerated Scripture of the Hindus—in their Puranic legends, no doubt too many. All such deserve to be exposed to reasonable reprehension: and I am willing, as far as able, so to expose them; and similar matters observable among others. On the whole, however, a very good code of morality and religion might be culled out of their revered books—rejecting, of course, much lumber:—and the fruit of such doctrines, where individuals look more to good works, hope, and charity, than to faith, may be seen in the simple, innocent, and good lives of many. I have sometimes been disposed to think, with sufficient vagueness, that as many Hindus as Christians lead — bating faith, if such abatement must be made—a truly Christian life.

The doctrine, to me so repelling, of faith, over, and without, works, I cannot help thinking very dangerous. With too many of us faith seems to be all in all. The hope which arises out of charity, humility, and all their works, is nothing—worse than nothing—even damnable! We may, I apprehend for this, in a great degree, thank St. ATHANASIUS Saint! forsooth. The creed which goes by his name is reputed to be the production of one VIGILIUS, “a contentious bishop of *Tapsus*.” I have no ready means of ascertaining whether or not the memory of the saint really deserves to be tainted by the appropriation to him of the creed which bears his name. If so, may Heaven forgive him! for I cannot help thinking that no one thing has caused

but a great majority of mankind, if they think at all, think by proxy—and it is fit they should.

I earnestly hope that, though advancing into years, I may yet live to see that creed struck out of our ritual. *St. A.*, were he alive and in his plenitude of power, would perhaps set his inquisitors to work; and, by virtue of the bull *de heretico comburendu*, burn me alive for saying this; and consign my soul to eternal torments. And thus for lack of what he and they would call faith—that is, not thinking exactly with them. Fire and fagot in their potent logic, shall consume where they cannot confute—may make cinders, but not Christians. Do any of his spiritual successors exist? I hope not—and believe not, out of the purlieus of the Inquisition. But if such do exist, and wherever, thus I retort on them and him—May all-merciful Heaven forgive their want of charity!—and may my humble hope be hereby strengthened!

Man, wretched man, must surely in all cases, where not blinded by fanaticism, see that humility of pretension, with reasonable confidence of hope, best becomes him.

In the time of *LOUIS XIV.*, “a constellation” of poets was beautifully called the *Pleiades*—reminding us of the “gems” of the Indian Court of *VIKRAMADITYA*. The names of the French



*Pleiads* do not occur (to me)—and those of the “gems” need not be given here. Who but a most wretched, I had nearly said a most wicked, fanatic, could, after persecuting one of “the seven” suspected of heresy, to the stake, declare that of all the actions of his life, he looked back on that persecution with the most satisfaction? This is said of NICOLAS RAPIN. The names and memory of such men should not be spared.

Oh, what are we—

Frail beings as we are, that we should sit

In judgment, man on man?—and what were we,

If the All-merciful should mete to us,

With the same rigorous measure wherewithal

Sinner to sinner metes?

BYRON.

How idle, to give it no worse a name, the endeavour, to make all men think alike!—how foolish to expect it! You cannot make two watches, the nicest pieces of machinery produced by the ingenuity of man, go alike: and the mind of man is infinitely a more refined and complicated machine. No two men—thinking men—think exactly alike on any important question not strictly mathematical; where there is no scope for diversity. There may be some easy-faithed folk who are the more disposed to believe, because the point is impossible.—Of such it has been sarcastically said that they would wish there were twice Thirty-nine Articles, that they might prove their orthodoxy by believing them all. Peace to all such. But if two cannot on any deeply important point think alike, can they be compelled to do so on many? You may unsettle a man's faith in several

ways— but can you give him your own? You convince an inquirer that he is in error, but you make him a sceptic or an unbeliever. In these two descriptions of person there is this difference: the sceptic doubts; the unbeliever is confirmed in his infidelity.

Infinitely diversified then as is the human mind, and prone as man is to diversity in his mode of reasoning, how can such vastly complicated pieces of moral machinery be made to work alike? Those who think, must of necessity think variously; and, as the result of thought and reasoning, believe and disbelieve variously, and to such a degree of variety as to be, as above said, almost infinitely diversified. Who is right? Who is wrong? Where, in this infinitely graduated line, is the right to stop and the wrong to commence? Are all on the one side of the line wrong,—infinitely, damnable, wrong? and all on the other side, infinitely, ineffably, blissfully right? It is fair in such arguments to push them to extremity—to show to what absurdity dogmas may tend. The doctrine of the eternity of extreme punishment for being, however involuntarily, on what is deemed by a few the wrong side of the delicately and infinitely graduated line of faith, is revolting. And it is no wonder that the churches and sects which insist on it should exhibit appearances of declension in their number of adherents, and in the estimation of those who yield to reasonings rather than to denunciations. Such anathemas may, haply, keep those within the pale of reprobation, who fear to look or search beyond it. These may be divided into three classes—those who *dare* not, those who

*will* not, and those who *cannot*, reason. Of the one has been, I think, well said, that he who dares not is a coward; he who will not, is a slave; and he who cannot, is a fool.

Every indulgent allowance should, however, be extended to the enduring mental infancy of the illiterate. It should plead strongly in their behalf if, in their ignorance, they adopt and perpetuate error. The strength of faith is too often in an inverse ratio to the strength of evidence, and in an inverse extent of intelligence.

As to fanaticism in its enthusiastic excess, it is as contagious as the itch. Its immediate spread among the auditors of WESTLEY was most extraordinary. He was honest; and many of his hearers were so. Doubt, smitten with a sort of convulsive epilepsy, Of some we may be pardoned if we think charitably. I believe MR. IRVING to be, in the main, honest. His excess of zeal—not to call it violence—may, perhaps, sometimes outrun his discretion. The Irvingians feel, or fancy so, or attribute to it, the gift of tongues, among other inspirations. But what comes of it, if neither listener nor utterer can understand a syllable of what is said? “The gift of a known tongue” is a curious sort of gift. If tried by any ordinary test, it utterly fails. Bishop PEACOCK has justly maintained that it was not the purpose of the revelation to teach any thing that may be learned or discovered without it. This may be extended to inspiration—also a miraculous thing. A profound or even a skilful, poet, never, as has been said of HOMER, employs celestial machinery where he can



do without it. And both in ethics and physics no plurality of principles may be assumed where the phenomena can be explained by one. Essentials are not to be multiplied unnecessarily.

The freedom with which certain priests, and indeed others, fulminate, or deal out, reprobation, on such as think differently, or who act in opposition to what is felt to be the good of the craft, is strikingly contrasted with their seeming self-complacency as to the security of their own salvation. If such things were not, as Bishop BEAREIDGE saith, too serious, they might be amusing. As to what he says of absurdities and mysteries, it may be noted that the difference seems to be this—mysteries are things that we know nothing of; absurdities we know to be false. A mystery we cannot understand: it cannot be understood. If understood, it is no longer a mystery.

There may be—although I hope not—still some parts of Christendom, *Spain* or *Portugal*, I presume, if any, where one might be in danger—of not being, as heretofore, burned alive—of being imprisoned possibly for life, for the espousal of what are called heretical doctrines or opinions. Formerly a suspicion even of entertaining such, mere matters of belief or speculation, would have sufficed for the harpies of the Inquisition. It is not long since that almost all the Christian world held that some cases of heresy as righteously deserved death as murder. And possibly the denial or non-profession of the co-equality and co-eternity of the Hypostases—the

consubstantiality of the Hypostases!" as some theologians have so clearly expressed themselves—or of transubstantiation or of consubstantiation, or of the eternity of hell torments and of all mankind deserving them, the particular mode of the incarnation—all these, and other occult and mysterious points, may have been among the sufficient crimes to induce some "who professed and called themselves Christians" to burn alive their weaker brethren "for the honor and glory of God"—the God of Infinite Mercy! If HE were, indeed, not such, how could his other awful attribute of Infinite Justice, not have been put forth in visible and immediate avenging?—Such forbearance might furnish an unbeliever an argument against all special Providential interposition.

The pious Dr. WATTS gave the epithet of *rant* to the dogmas of those who substituted unmeaning words for unknown things.—Bishop HURD, with more force than precision, speaks of things "at which reason stands aghast, and faith herself shrinks, half confounded." Bishop BEVERIDGE says "they would be ridiculed as absurdities, if they were not adored as mysteries." If men do now really believe in such things as transubstantiation, human infallibility, the potency of indulgences,<sup>1</sup> miracles by rags and relics, &c.—and that

<sup>1</sup> I have never seen *Indulgences* publicly offered, except at *Aix-la-Chapelle*. In a rapid inspection of the Cathedral, I saw *plenary* indulgences announced on sale; but I neglected to note the words, and the language, and the style or

millions still do so firmly believe, it were mere wantonness of scepticism to doubt—such men, in *Europe* at any rate, must surely soon see that they are grasping a bubble.—And it will as surely soon burst in their hands, leaving them amazed at their credulity.

Exhibiting a miracle, real or pretended, tends more than any thing—presupposing faith in the spectator—to exalt the reputation of the performer. It is the most unequivocal test of the potentiality of the worker; and in a degree commensurate with the magnitude, above the natural impossibility, of the miracle. We see, perhaps, only one act; but we cannot measure the extent of the power. It is put forth but for a moment; but we know not its durability were it willed. Enthusiasm may work wonders, but not miracles. It is unreasonable to expect philosophers, or even common reasoners and thinkers, to have faith in such hocus-pocus things as most if not all modern miracles are. Curing a green-sick girl; liquefying or transcolouring the contents of a phial; epileptic jabbering—such are the pitiful shifts resorted to by the miracle-mongers of late days. “The brave legend of *Loretto*” has scarcely been equalled.

It might too much move the apprehensions of some pious timid minds, were any one to propose the total abolition of creeds from our ritual. But it

mode of the announcement: but I think it was in Latin, cut in stone, and suspended conspicuously. Nor can I tell if it apply to the present time.

has been made a question if, on the whole, they have not been hurtful to the cause of our Church, and, of course, to Christianity. The creed which I have above ventured to blame for its unyielding austerity, is understood to be the most objectionable article of our service: and if any revision of it, with a view to emendation, were undertaken, that creed would probably be among the earliest of the articles to which the pruning-knife would be applied. Of the other two creeds, one might, haply, suffice. And of the two I prefer the *Nicene*, although the longest, if either must stand as it is. Should the other, the *Apostle's*, be in preference, or also, retained, I hope the descent will be altered to the unobjectionable phraseology of the *Nicene*—"He suffered and was buried." The well-wishers to the Church—among whom I unfeignedly profess myself, though not according fully in its doctrines or discipline—may be assured that the objectionable term indicated in the *Apostle's* creed, drives many from it, and shocks many who remain, and think, and feel. Scholars and philosophers may know exactly the extent of the meaning of the phrase, so revolting and offensive to ordinary ears, and view it in the right sense:—but creeds were made not so much for such men, as for other classes;—and if they were, such men will not, cannot, be bound by them. Who can, on such momentous points, think for another? I have little doubt but the phrase here, I hope not unbecomingly, objected to, has shocked and terrified millions of pious men. Can it have edified or comforted one such man?

For myself I have, I confess, some doubt as to the efficacy, in these days, of any creed : as to denunciatory creeds, I have none, in the present, and probably future, state of English society. Either of the two creeds, if retention be thought essential, might be advantageously shortened—retaining all the points on which faith or doctrine hinge. Some one has sagaciously remarked the proneness of mankind to lengthen their creeds and shorten their commandments.

Our Church services are too long. In a great majority, unwearied attention cannot be so long kept up. The *Gloria Patri* is repeated to a degree rendering it unimpressive; not to say tiresome. Twice or thrice would surely be enough: and the fine *Gloria in Excelsis*, given with such effect in Papal cathedrals, might be advantageously introduced; if it were thought alarming to reject twenty or thirty repetitions of the first without some compensation. The *Lord's Prayer*, of admitted excellence, seems not to require such repeated recitation. Might not twice or thrice, instead of six or eight times, suffice?

Those fine compositions the Psalms might be rendered more impressive by leaving out some parts bearing on no points of history or divinity, and possessing no poetical beauty. Some now adverted to may be called trivial—not to say, in a few instances, vulgar and indelicate. Some repetitions in the Psalms are not agreeable or instructive in the recital—particularly as the responses are usually given by the clerks. I never knew the potency of the fine poetry

of our Psalms till I heard them read by my Encyclopædic friend, Dr. REES, at his chapel in Jewin Street. He made a selection for his congregation with much judgment, and read with great taste, pathos, and effect;—not alternating verse and verse with his clerk, as is usual in churches; but reading the whole psalm himself, most impressively.

More than half the available effect of the Psalms is lost by the responses. A verse is perhaps finely given by the minister.—Then follows the response; drawled out nasally by the clerk, mumbled over by some of the congregation near you, and squeaked, out of all time and tone, by half, or a whole, hundred of hissing children: so that no one, not even those who can read, can connect or feel what is so drawled, mumbled, squeaked, and hissed.

Now, if the minister read the whole, like Dr. REES—I never, I think, heard any other clergyman so read the Psalms—the unreading portion, happily decreasing, of the congregation would hear, understand, and be edified—even if not recited so finely as by my lamented friend.

Omissions I have, with due deference, hinted, might be profitable: for instance, in the 136th Psalm. What do we, now-a-days, know of, or care for, “OG, the king of *Basan*?” His history, or the geography of his fat-bull-producing country, is not,—if even known to the learned—of any importance to us, the multitude. What the Psalm may have been in Hebrew, sung by DAVID to his harp, it is useless to conjecture. A tasteful lyrist can make almost any thing agreeable. And in that day some

not unimportant, or not unpleasing, association, might have been connected with the passage. Not so now. To our English untutored ears the sentence just quoted—I do not choose to quote it again—is, in plain prose, very undignified and cacophonous. It is indeed, vulgar; and when, as I have heard it in *Warwickshire*, and *Leicestershire*, his majesty of *Basan's* name is strongly aspirated by the clerk, it really makes sad work—and, if attended to at all, excites any feeling, save a solemn, or serious one. In *Leicestershire* they are prodigious pork eaters;<sup>1</sup> and I have little doubt but *Hog* and *houn*

<sup>1</sup> It was soon after hearing “*Hou*, the king of *Basin*,” not *Basan*, as palpably pronounced by a clerk as Mrs. Siddons herself could have given it, that I first heard Dr. RICE, and admired his method of giving the whole of a well-affected,—perhaps the next beautiful—psalm. The contrast was most striking. One word more on the misplaced aspirations and the omissions so observable in some of the *Shires*, and so offending to unaccustomed ears. I was once puzzled, in company with six or eight Meltonians, not of the hunt any more than myself, but respectable intelligent men, by one of them using—again with almost Siddonian distinctness of articulation—the term, “*hern-eater*.” No one of the company but myself seemed at all puzzled. They all as readily transposed the initials by the ear, as the speaker had by his voice. I was the more perplexed for the immediate meaning of those strange words, as they had no applicability to what preceded or followed. Perhaps the reader does not take. “Do you give it up?”—My worthy friend spoke of an *urn-eater*.

I will take leave here to repent, as a sort of apology for a seeming familiarity of style, that parts of this volume are taken, with little or no alteration, from letters to a friend.

are associated by this verse, in a way little suspected by many.

Although I feel a sufficient self-conviction that in what I may here or elsewhere venture, in humility, to put forth, touching imagined improvements, or reform, in our Church service, is so done in the sincerity of right feeling and good wishes towards that Church; I am yet aware that there are many pious and good men—much better and wiser men than myself—who may view all such suggestions with mistrust. There are many pious and good men—their wisdom may be questionable—who will resist, by every means, the touch of reform to any clerical thing, be it ever so objectionable. "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," is taken by many as a text and test; and is a good one to a certain extent. But let it be recollected that those who have left us the Bible as it is, rejected a great deal—that they pretended to no inspiration since the time of the LXX, and may possibly have left us still too much. And why may not the pious and wise men of the present day be allowed the exertion of their piety and wisdom, as well as those of earlier centuries, in the honest endeavour to render a good

One of my valued and lost correspondents thought some of my letters worth preserving; and his executors lately returned to me more than a hundred and fifty. This *apology* is not offered as an *excuse* for selecting therefrom any thing objectionable. Should unfortunately any passage wear that apparent hue to the reader, he is requested to impute it to my bad taste and lack of good sense. I agree with him that such things "admit of no defence."



work still better ; by the omission of things on which hang no matter of faith or discipline, or beauty or solemnity, or any element of excellence ; nor, indeed, any point of importance—but which are reasonably objectionable to many ; and which by their retention tend to drive and keep many from and without the pale of our Church ?

Reluctant as any one to give any reasonable cause of offence, I would humbly suggest that while every thing else is in forward movement, it is not safe for the Church to stand still. Standing still is not standing fast. Is every thing national—law, finance, navy, army, &c. &c.—to undergo, of necessity, almost annual reform and amendment, and the Church establishment to be allowed to remain encumbered with all the unbrushed cobwebs of centuries of accumulation ? Is any one hardy enough to declare—I speak not of the wish—that the Church of *England* and *Ireland* requires *no* reform ? If any, I fear, while I may respect his hardihood, if sincere, that neither my, nor more potent, arguments will have any weight with him. Fancy our army and navy to have remained as they were a century or two back—> all at the head of them and of the nation, pertinaciously, as some churchmen are supposed to do, resisting all amendment, all reform—what a condition would those important national departments be in ? would they still be of that description ?—or would not England rather have been missed from the list of great nations ? True it is that “Time is the great innovator.” My earnest wish is, that whatever amendment or reform—I desire to use the

words synonymously—may be undertaken in or for the Church, should be done mainly by churchmen—say by the Bench of Bishops. But I will here say no more. I emphatically disclaim every intention of harming, in the remotest degree, the real interests of the Church, or the immediate income of any of its present members: but I desire its good, in the amendment of its obsolete or objectionable doctrines and practices—and I desire it by and through the Church itself—lest the conviction of its necessity, so widely as I believe it is spread, should be aggravated by continued lukewarmness and resistance—and call forward a class of dangerous innovators; who, instead of a restoration and extension of the purity and beauty of the spiritual edifice, seek rather to share in its carnal loaves and fishes, and to wash their dirty hands in the Font.

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Having quoted from ROBERTS' *Cam. Pop. Ant.* I will here advert to another passage, not altogether perhaps out of place.

He marvels that so little notice has been taken by mythological writers of the wife of NOAH; who, as the second great mother of the whole human race, can be no unimportant personage. Her name is not given in our translation of the Bible—and I presume is not in the original.

In the Koran she is frequently alluded to; but not, I think, by name. The commentators call her by the name of WÄILA, and confound her with LOT's wife, who is also named WÄILA, or WAHELA. More than one wife is given to NOAH; and one of

them is spoken of disrespectfully, as an unbeliever, and decentful. Not, it may be supposed, the Arkite.

The Koran, being so manifestly grounded on our Bible in regard to its historical portion, may not supply the names of any important persons which our older book may have omitted. But the commentators on the Koran sometimes supply such omission—on what good authority I cannot say. Thus, as well as the wives of NOAH and POLIPHAN, they name JON'S. Some call her RAHMAT, the daughter of EPHRAIM the son of JOSEPH, others, MARIEM, the daughter of MANASSES. She is very respectfully spoken of, as having faithfully attended her husband in his distress, and supported him by her labour. But when she, seduced by SATAN, asked her husband's consent to worship him, and end their offerings, the enduring man lost his temper; and swore, if he recovered, he would give her a hundred stripes.

He is recorded to have uttered this esteemed passage, in the 21st *Sura* of the Koran: "Verily evil hath afflicted me. But Thou art the most merciful of those who show mercy." Whereupon the angel GABRIEL took him by the hand and raised him. And a fountain sprung out; of which having drunk and washed, his offensiveness fell off and he recovered his health and beauty. His wife also became young and handsome again, and she bore him twenty-six sons; and all their property was restored and doubled to them. But Jon's oath had perplexed him; and it was revealed to him that striking her one blow with a palm-branch having a hundred leaves would

suffice. The traditions differ as to the duration of JOB's calamities—one says eighteen years; another thirteen—another three—and another exactly seven years seven months and seven hours.

MOSES' wife is likewise named.—In the Koran it is pleasingly related how he watered the sheep of two women, who modestly kept at a distance, at the well of *Madian*, and becomingly "retired to the shade." And one of the damsels afterwards came unto him, walking bashfully, and said, "My father calleth thee, that he may recompense thee for thy trouble." It ended in MOSES marrying her, SEFORA,<sup>1</sup> the eldest daughter of old SHOAB. Others say, it was the youngest daughter. It appears, that the mouth of the well had been closed by a stone of such great weight that the strength of seven men, by some accounts a much greater number, was required to remove it. On the kind occasion of watering the modest damsels' sheep, MOSES moved the stone; not, it appears, unobserved—for "one of the damsels said, 'My father, hire him; the best servant thou canst hire, is an able and trusty person.'" *Sura* 28. entitled, *The Story*. The girl, being asked by her father how she knew MOSES deserved this character, said that he had, unaided, removed the vast stone; and had not looked in her face, but held down his head till he had heard her message, and desired her to walk behind him, because the wind ruffled her garments and discovered part of her legs. *SALE*, II. 236. NOAH's mother is also mentioned by name in the

<sup>1</sup> ZIPPORAH—in the Bible.

Commentaries on the Koran. That of SHAMKHA is given her—"the daughter of ENOSH." Ib. 462.

The 66th *Sura*, or chapter, entitled the *Prohibition*, displays a curious specimen of the domestic bickerings among the wives of the Prophet; and on what trivial, not to say improper and indelicate, questions, he pretended to receive revelations from on high. The Prophet's morals hang as loosely about him in this, as in any chapter of the *Koran*. He is very severe on the wives of NOAH and LOT; and by way of lecture to his own "God," he says, "propoundeth, as a similitude unto the unbelievers, the wife of NOAH and the wife of LOT. They were under two of our righteous servants, and they deceived them; wherefore their husbands were of no advantage to them in His sight. And it shall be said unto them, at the last day, 'Enter ye into hell-fire!' He also propoundeth, as a similitude unto those who believe, the wife of PHARAOH, when she said, 'Lord, deliver me from PHARAOH and his doings' and MARY, the daughter of IMRAN, who preserved her chastity, and into whose womb we breathed our spirit, and who believed in the words of her Lord and his Scriptures, and was a devout and obedient person."

It was on this occasion that the Prophet paid the high, but exclusive, compliment on the four excellent women, as named in p. 26 preceding. Two of the four were those last mentioned, ASIA and MARY. Although he restricted the believers to four wives, he did not so restrict himself. By revelation, he appears to have been at liberty on that point.

The chapter, entitled *Prohibition*, opens thus—"O Prophet!—why holdest thou that to be prohibited which GOD hath allowed thee, seeking to please?"—"God hath allowed you the dissolution of your oaths." He had, it seems, pacified some of his wives—they are named by the commentators on this occasion, HAFSA, ZEINAH, AYESHA, SAWDA, and SAFIA—by swearing that he would give them no more offence by his preference of MARY, a Coptish slave presented to him by the governor of *Egypt*.

It was HAFSA who was more especially injured and insulted on this occasion; and she so sharply reproved her libertine husband that he promised with an oath not to repeat his offence. It was to free himself from this restriction that he promulgated this seasonably revealed chapter. "If"—he continues his admonition to his angry wives—"he divorce you, his Lord can easily give him in exchange other wives better than you—women resigned unto God, true believers, devout, penitent, obedient, given to fasting," and other merits moral and personal.

But, as the nature of the Commentaries indicate, the ladies were not so penitent, obedient, given to fasting, or resigned, as the Prophet expected after such admonition. HAFSA was implacable; and he not only divorces her, but separated himself from all his other wives for a whole month; indulging in the allowed dissolution of his oath respecting the Coptish slave, as revealed to him from on high. How positively contemptible are these frivolities and grossnesses; and how surpassingly so when compared—

if comparison can be allowed—with the purity of life and doctrine of the Founder of Christianity!

The Prophet, however, took HAFSA again, as he gave out, by the direction of the angel GABRIEL, who commended her for her frequent fasting and other exercises of devotion; assuring him likewise that she should be one of his wives in Paradise. SALE, II. 447. It seems to be extensively true that a prophet is not duly honored at home; and that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*.

The old Welch poets sing of NOE and his wife ESEYE. NOAH, or NOE, or NU, has been sufficiently identified with the lawgiver of the Hindus, ME NU, the 7th and last of that name. And in the ESEYE of the Welch, and of others perhaps, we may recognise the ISI of the Hindus. I may have occasion to say something in another page of ISI and ISA; and shall here merely allude to a probable (and provable?) connexion in the names so distantly venerated as ISA, ISI, ISIS, ISAIAH, ESAU, ISHA. The Helio-arkite relationships are very extensive. The sun and moon are all in all with Hindu mythologians—every deity and almost every mystical thing melt into them ultimately, or originate thence—all are male and female, and sexual allegories are endless. In like manner, the sun is with some, the ark, or both, with other, westerns, the origin and end of all mythic allusion:—saving always “that greater LIGHT whence all have come, whither all return; and which alone can shed the radiations of Truth.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The substance of the *Gayatri*—the holiest, the ineffable, verse of the Hindu *Veda*.

Another scriptural lady of some notoriety is also, with us, anonymous—and so much the better for her, as far as we are taught to speak and think of her. A general bad name is not so bad, as when specifically, and personally, applied. I allude now to POTIPHAR'S wife. Her celebrity, as well as reputation, is differently considered in other countries. In *India, Arabia, Turkey, and Persia*, she is as well known by name as any woman of antiquity or history. Under, and to, the name of ZULEIKA there are hundreds of poems in the various languages of those countries, and thousands of allusions in other poetical and amatory writings. No one can, indeed, read ten pages of such writings without finding some allusion to the amours of JOSEPH and ZULEIKA. They are frequent to a tiresome degree. She is sometimes called by another name—RAHIL, or RAIL. This occurs comparatively very seldom, and is much less poetical than the other. Every Mahomedan has read endless stories of ZULEIKA, the heroine of half their most impassioned poems and tales. But her name is not in the Koran.

Mahomedan history has, perhaps, been more tender of her fame—or perhaps they shroud half her shame in the prurient descriptions of her beauty, and in the degree of temptation to which she was exposed by the dangerous proximity of the “full moon of *Canaan*”—one of the periphrases for JOSEPH. Nor is he described with such historic truth as with us—not that very virtuous youth, that our beautiful version clothes his fair fame withal.

The Persians, more particularly, seem never tired



of writing, or of reading, or of hearing, or of telling, of the "*Loves of YUSUF and ZULEIKA*." There is a copy of a poem by JAMI under that title, in the Bodleian Library, which Sir W. JONES thought the most beautiful MS. in the world. I possess a copy of HAFEZ—not so complete I believe as some copies of his celebrated *diwan*—so beautiful as to be, in my eye, the criterion of calligraphy. It is that mentioned in p. 10. I once, so prepossessed, took it to *Oxford*, and compared it with the famed JAMI—and without being turned in my opinion, as far as regards the beauty of the penmanship. My HAFEZ—I have indeed three copies, the second very pretty—is in small letter, very little ornamented. JAMI's work is large and splendidly illuminated.<sup>1</sup>

Some Mahomedan writers insist on it that the "*Loves of YUSUF and ZULEIKA*" are merely

<sup>1</sup> I may, perhaps, be pardoned in here noting that in my early day, with the view of improvement in writing Persian, I copied the whole of my HAFEZ; imitating as nearly as I could the pretty turns of the original; which was, I believe, written in *Persia*. I copied it into small, convenient books, which in time became dispersed, I know not how—given away, lost, &c. Many years afterwards I was rather pleasantly surprised at seeing one of them exhibited at a tea-table in *England*, as an Oriental MS. of some curiosity and value! It would have been cruel to have disabused the contented possessor.

In a former page I have touched on the high price given in *India* for fine MSS.—so much higher than they appear to have in *England*. I have sometimes thought that it would not be a bad speculation to turn the course of the market; and purchase in *London*, Oriental MSS. for sale in *India*.

mystical—an allegorical emblem of the spiritual love between the Creator and the created—"just," says SALE, "as the Christians apply the Song of SOLOMON to the same mystical purpose," ch. 12. And he refers to D'HÉRBELOT, Bib. Or. art. JOUSSOUF.

Like our Scripture the *Sura* or chapter of the Koran which contains the story of JOSEPH, is among the most admired. But as far as SALE's translation gives it, it falls infinitely short, in every element of beauty, of our exquisite history. It is in the xii<sup>th</sup> chapter of the Koran, entitled JOSEPH—"YUSUF," revealed at *Mecca*. The Mahomedan writers give the name of KITFER to the merchant who purchased JOSEPH. This is thought to be a corruption of POTIPHAR. The names written without points would not differ materially to the eye, *يوسف* or *يوسفر* or *يوسفر*—and in the running, broken hand, perhaps not at all. If variously pointed, many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of variations of sound, and of sense, might be produced.

It has resulted from the recent researches into Egyptian lore, that JOSEPH married a daughter of PET-e-PHRE—the Priest of PHRE, at *On*, or *Helio-polis*. By a vocalized expansion the Greeks made *PHOPEI* of PHRE. PETEPHRE and POTIPHAR may be nearly related; but I have not the means of showing it.

In a former page I have spoken in deserved praise of SALE's Koran. Arabic scholars are, however, disposed to extend that praise not much beyond fidelity of translation, so far as resulted from a competent

acquaintance with the language of the original; and great industry in seeking the opinions of commentators, and judgment in selecting them. The beauties and sublimities of MAHOMMED are said to be not recognizable in *SALE*. The Prophet himself declared them unrivalled in any human composition; and put forth such declaration with a tone of defiance, and in proof of the inspiration of the Koran.

Comparisons have been sometimes made between the sublimities and poetical beauties of the *Bible* and *Koran*. The judgment, or opinion rather, of *Europe* is pretty general on one side. The point was, not long ago, made a theme of disputation at the University of, I think, *Leipsic*, and is said to have undergone much discussion. One may fear that the feeling which so submitted the point had predetermined it—for the opinion is said to have been in favor of the Koran.<sup>1</sup>

The Mahommedans have added much in their *Traditions* and *Commentaries*, to the historical and biographical portions of the *Bible*. The *Talmud* and other Jewish books; the true and spurious *Gospels* are known to have been circulated in Mahommedan countries, in, and before, the time of the Prophet.

While on the subject of the Koran and its author, I will here, although I have much more to add hereafter on those subjects, offer a remark on the

<sup>1</sup> I have been enabled, through the kindness of a learned friend, a foreigner, to give a copy of the thesis: "Notio DEI, quæ *Corano* inest, sublimior est atque perfectior quam quæ reperitur in *Libris MOSAICIS*!"

prevalent error in writing and pronouncing the name of that extraordinary person. I have, indeed, on former occasion, pointed out the impropriety of the final *t*. There is no authority whatever for it in Arabic, Persian, or any Eastern language. Whether written or pronounced MAHOMED, or MAHOMUD, or MAHOMMED, is of little consequence. In reference to its orthography in Arabic, the best spelling would perhaps be MAHAMMAD; and give the *a*, especially in the middle syllable, rather a hollow sound, and dwelling on the medial *m*, would be very near the current pronunciation by natives. In the Arabic it is written with four letters, مُحَمَّد. A character — called *teshdid*, over the medial *m*, notes that sound to be prolonged or doubled; thus —

محمد. The sound of *ma* in our word *ma-chine*—*hum* and *mud*, as we usually use those words—would give the uniform Eastern pronunciation of this important name, as nearly perhaps as we can express it—the authority of GIBBON, PRIDEAUX, GAGNIER, and a host of English, French, and other writers notwithstanding.

Another Arabic letter we are apt to use equivocally, where there is no necessity for it. This is ج. The French are rather badly off in their alphabet, touching the sound of this letter; and have adopted from them an orthography, in an early translation of the “Arabian Nights,” and in other works, very unsightly, and which has led to a vicious pronunciation. A recent learned author writes thus—“The *Miradg*, or the History

the Ascension of MAHOMED"—“*Adgaib al Makh-lukat*”—“*Tadg al Towarikh*.” I object to the *dg*, when our *j* would give the correct pronunciation, and accord exactly with the original orthography. *Taj al Towarikh*, “the Diadem of Histories”—*Miraj—Ajaib*, are manifestly, to English organs, preferable to the mode of spelling with *dg*.

The Mahommedan era is written and pronounced *hejra*. This, to my eye and ear, is plain and unequivocal. But write it, as some have done, *hedgra*, or *hegira*—and it is very vague. I have heard it pronounced in a curious variety of ways, by Europeans—*hed-gra*, *he-ghira*, *he-jira*, &c.—but by Orientals never otherways than *hej-ra*. Our *g* is a very unphilosophical letter, and leads us into divers anomalies.

Nor is the name of the Mahommedan Scripture uniformly, or always, correctly expressed. The first syllable should be pronounced short—the last long and open—*Körān*, or *Körāhn*. There is no aspirate in the original. Europeans write and pronounce it variously—*Coran*, *Quoran*, *Alcoran*—*al* is sometimes prefixed by natives. It is merely the particle *the*.

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Travellers, favored by opportunity, would do well to visit the famed shrine of the Virgin MARIA Zell, in *Styria*. It is the *Loretto* of Southern Germany. At Pentecost, and the feast of the Assumption, and of her Nativity—the last two fall on the 15th of August and 8th of September—great attraction exists thitherward. On these occasions, pilgrims flock from distances of hundreds of miles. It is ex-

pected—as in the case of Mahomedans to *Mekka*—that every individual with any pretension to piety should at least once perform the pilgrimage. Rich and poor find their advantage in it—spiritual and worldly. Vows made in sickness and distress, and relieved by prayer to the Virgin, render repetition necessary. Beggars also, of course, resort to the “Vale of Grace”—and, as the human mind is softened by such journeyings, meet with more than ordinary pity and benevolence.

Legends are not wanted in rivalry of the Ladies of other shrines. Those of *Loretto*, *Walsingham*, *Radna*, and others of that class, are about equalled by mythological prodigies of her of *Zell*.

But, however apparently omnipotent in some matters these Madonnas may seem, they cannot protect themselves, their shrines, their priests, or their wealth. All in their turn get plundered by the unholy. *JOSEPH* borrowed a large sum from her treasury at *Zell*, for carrying on his wars; and the French made free with that of *Loretto* and others.

The inestimable chest of *Cologne*, (as the French write the name, but on the spot it is written *Kolen*, or *Colen*, or *Cöln*) with the equally invaluable skulls of the *Magi*—those, it is to be understood, who came to inquire and worship at *Bethlehem*—would have shared the same fate from the sacrilegious hands of republican *France*, but was saved by no miraculous removal northward. In safe times it was restored—and I have passed hours in the fine cathedral of *Kolen* examining the beautiful gems on that chest. Gold is said to be the basest material

in its composition. From recollection, I should say that it is about as large as a chest of claret—twelve dozen. The skulls of the three kings, or *Magi*, are milk-white; looking, indeed, more like ivory than bone. Each is encircled with a brilliant crown of diamonds—and really the spectacle of ghastly skulls so surmounted, affords “ample scope for meditation.” The names are inscribed, if I recollect right, beneath their respective skulls—CASPAR, MELCHIOR,<sup>1</sup> and BALTHAZAR.

I know not where else to find the names of those

<sup>1</sup> Many years had elapsed since I had seen the name of MELCHIOR, and it was then on a matter very different from skulls and *Magi*. An old friend of mine, a watchmaker of London, made some watches for the Spanish and Portuguese markets. The articles were approved, save on one point. The ingenious artist put his name—MILES BROCKBANK—on his wares—but it was offensive. The patronymic did not signify—but MILES!—there was no such saint in the copious kalendar of Papacy; and some piously objected to wearing on their person so unhallowed an article. My alarmed friend conned over the apothecotic muster-roll, and not finding any name more like his own than MELCHIOR, adopted it in his subsequent handyworks, with the expected advantages. Surprised at seeing such a name on his watches, the above explanation was given me.

While writing this article, I read in a respectable penny periodical—the *Saturday Magazine*—the names of these “three Kings of Colen,” taken from SELDEN’s *Table Talk*, who are thus described—“Of these *Magi*, or *Sages*, (vulgarly called the three Kings of Colen) the first, named MELCHIOR, an aged man with a long beard, offered gold; the second, JASPER, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, BALTASAR, a black, or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh.”—No. 33.

three kings who, guided by the star, came to *Bethlehem* to do homage to the infant SAVIOUR. I may perhaps, be in error in supposing the three Kings and the Magi (on that occasion) and the Wise Men to be the same. On the *Rhine*, *Les trois Rois* is not an infrequent sign or designation for a hotel, and I think there is one in *Cologne*.<sup>1</sup>

Many conjectures have been entertained as to the station and country of these royal, or wise, or great men. It is said that the *Epiphany* ceremonies were instituted in their honor. GROTIUS and others think that *Arabia* was their country. In the Scriptures, *Arabia* is occasionally designated by "East." It is so situated in reference to *Syria* and *Palestine*. It is farther called, in conformity with the knowledge of those times, the country producing gold, frankincense, and myrrh; of which those wise men brought offerings to the new-born King. The word *Magi* has been supposed denoted of men who pass their lives in study and contemplation.

Now, I will venture to hazard a conjecture to the effect, that those wise men were Brahmans from *India*, or from *Egypt*. The word *Magi* is far derivable from the Greek—but go a little higher, and it is derivable also from the Sanskrit. *Maha-ji*—termination I lay no great stress on—is applicable

<sup>1</sup> At *Strasbourg* we put up at one called—we could help feeling—irreverently—*Saint Esprit*. There was, I think, no sign. Our *Angel*, in England, is rather misapplied. The more appropriate *Devil* of my younger days, near *Temple Bar*, is, I believe, fallen.



great or wise men, as Brahmans would be described, and otherways as men who pass their time in study and contemplation.<sup>1</sup> *Arabia* produces no gold, frankincense, or myrrh. Such things pass westward through *Arabia* and *Egypt*, from *India* and regions farther east. On these points I have an article for a future page. Return we now, for a moment, to *Cologne*.

Passing the fine cathedral early one summer morning—by six, perhaps—and observing a great stir, I entered, and found it fully occupied; with singing, preaching, music, evening, &c. in process. With the usual courtesy of the continental people, way was made for me, a stranger, and I soon found a good place near the high altar and the chest. It is only on great occasions that this precious ark is exposed to view: on this, it was. The skulls, if I recollect right, seemed to be in a recess at one end of the chest. A door lifted, or a slip removed, exhibited them and their glittering circlets to the admiring audience.

A good-looking respectably-dressed canonical was especially civil to me. He whispered the names and dignity of the preachers and some of the performers, and sundry small particulars—and explained that the sacrament of confirmation was in progress. I observed perhaps a hundred young women about to

<sup>1</sup> I know not if the names given above, of the bearers of the offerings, be on any good authority. It may not, therefore, be worth while to seek their source in the language of Brahmans. But *Kasa-par* or *Cas-par*, *Mali-car*, and *Baltzara*, and other approximations, might soon be found.

partake of that rite. They were very neatly, not showily, dressed—and though not many of them handsome, it was a very interesting exhibition. Travellers on the *Rhine*, between *Strasbourg* and *Cologne*, must have remarked the very elegant style in which the women arrange their hair. Northward or westward from *Cologne* it declines. These young women had their heads beautifully dressed, in the style seen in some of the paintings of the Flemish school. I returned to the cathedral about ten; and the ceremonies were still in progress. How tired, I thought, must these young creatures have been—for some must have been stirring very early, if not up all night. A part of the office of my civil friend was to thrust or insinuate a little open-mouthed bag, at the end of a stick, among the auditory, where and when donations might be looked for. A little bell is appended to the bag, which, on a seasonable shake, reminds an inattentive spectator of his duty. I believe the *franc* that—not, I hope, meaning to be ostentatious, but, it appears, visibly—I dropped into the gaping bag, was thought somewhat magnificent, for it certainly caused increased attentions on the part of my civil friend.

The interesting, imposing nature of the sacraments and other ceremonies of Papacy, all witnesses must feel. On this occasion the skulls, with their diamond diadems, the music, singing, incense, preaching, grandeur of the building, not to mention the hundred fine girls, might have disposed one to moralize duly—but I confess that, taking them altogether, I was less excited than I should have ex-



attests that the pious and faith-filled vower—whose name, parentage, &c. are particularized—was restored to speech on that spot, after six years of dumbness, the result of fervent prayer.

The market-place of *Zell* abounds in rosaries, relic-cases, wax tapers, incense, amulets against sorcery, infection, &c. exposed in booths as at our fairs. Nor is brandy forgotten, to refresh exhausted penitents. Processions are endless. Groups of pilgrims are led into the town by a priest at their head, with music, incense, &c.: the same on exit, with bell-tolling. A fee is, of course, given to the priests. Masses and vows, at the times before mentioned, are peculiarly efficacious.

The paintings and other vows here noticed in the churches of *Zell*, and in other churches in earlier pages, have been shown as in direct descent from ancient similar superstitions—both of *Rome* and *Greece*. It may be said of the differences between those people in matters of mythology and superstition, as a rustic said of those between the counties of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk* in matters of local lingualisms, “one calls a snail a *hodmandod*, and t’other a *dodman*.” In the temples of *ESCUAPIUS* we are taught, that “votive paintings covered the walls, representing human beings afflicted with every ailment and calamity that flesh is heir to. Hideous wounds that seemed to spout blood; revolting sores, wasted cadaverous forms, stamped with the apparent impress of death, but writhing with the sufferings of life, glared in every direction—the pious artists having aggravated to the utmost the mala-

dies of their respective patients, in order to enhance the miraculous merits of the divinity which had healed them.”—*Romance of the Early Days*.

Reverence for relics may be traced very extensively. Mahommedans and Hindus are found to indulge in it, as much, perhaps, as Christians. A story is told by the early Portuguese voyagers, I think of ALBUQUERQUE’S day, of their possessing themselves of a relic of scandalous superstition, which they removed from *Ceylon* to *Goa*. This was a monkey’s tooth—believed by the Cingalese to have been the tooth of the conquering RAMA’S great simian heroic-demi-god HANUMAN. For the ransom of this holy tooth the bereft owners are said to have offered an immense sum. Its amount I have forgotten; and have no immediate means of seeking authority. But the Portuguese disdained the lucre, unwilling to encourage such superstition. So the tooth was, I think, taken out to sea and sunk.

So of Mahommedan feeling—it is related (but I deem it scarcely respectful to bring such subjects into juxtaposition, having myself a little touch of superstition in such matters,) that the seamless vesture of The REDEEMER was believed to have been found in the reliquaries of *Constantinople*. The State of *Venice*, or some institution there, offered 10,000 ducats for it; but the “unbelievers,” as they were and are called, refused the offer. The Mahommedans are not, however, *unbelievers*, to the extent implied usually by that term.

In the hope of the early conclusion of this *Second Head* or *Chapter* of our *Fragments*, I proceed to throw together a few somewhat miscellaneous passages, connected, however, more or less therewith.

I have touched on the delicate subject of nuns and nunneries: on that I have farther to observe that where polygamy is forbidden, and the clergy and monastic individuals numerous, nunneries, under some form or other, are almost a necessary consequence, of such unnatural celibacy. There is more than one woman for each connubial man, and nunneries are a safe, if not a happy, retreat for the superfluous unsought maidens. I am not disposed to credit the scandal which prurient tongues and pens fling on those seminaries. Whoever will abuse priests or secluded institutions, will never want an auditory. Clerical celibacy has been too sarcastically described as a vow to be contented with other men's wives. Mrs. HEMANS beautifully asks, "Is not the life of woman all bound up in her affections? What has *she* to do in this bleak world alone? It may be well for man, in his triumphal course, to move unencumbered by soft bonds—but she was born for love and grief." Let us hope not—but rather for love and happiness,—and that the feeling of this highly-gifted lady is too bitter—that it is more a poetical than a real picture of life. It is better to contemplate woman as a flower—if feeble not frail—stealing sun-shine and yielding sweets.

The ardent fanaticism of convents is of necessity often blended with unconscious sexuality, that would if recognised shock the virtuous aspirant. The still

innocent inmates, vainly striving to smother the pulsations of nature, find—as do indeed many in social life—that she is not to be put out of her course with impunity. They endeavour to stifle their emotions by the fervors of religion;—but instead of the feelings of devotion in the language of love, they breathe the ardors of love in the language of devotion. The VIRGIN, kind, loving, pure though maternal, is the chosen idol of their hearts; broken by a chain of causes little suspected to exist. These innocent creatures—

“ ———— twine Religion’s zeal

So close with Love’s—they know not which they feel.”

In connexion with what has been said of spiritualities in *Spain*, that church is said now to “rejoice in 58 archbishops, 684 bishops, 11,400 abbots, 936 chapters, 7,000 hospitals,<sup>1</sup> 23,000 fraternities, 46,000 monasteries, 135,000 convents, 312,000 secular priests, 200,000 inferior clergy, 400,000 monks and nuns.”—*Ed. Rec.* If this be true, or nearly, but it is scarcely credible, what is to be in reason expected of that once enterprising and potent region?

Another passage or two may afford an answer to the question.—“From a summary of facts it appears that the Spanish Church in the reign of FERDINAND the Sixth held 12,209,053 measures<sup>2</sup> of

<sup>1</sup> Not, I fear, to be taken in the sense of our English hospitals.

<sup>2</sup> This being taken from a periodical, I am unable to say what a *measure* may be—but as the sum of secular land is

land, yielding in revenues 161,392,700 *reals*—that the rental of houses, tithes, first-fruits, &c. amounted to 164,154,498 *reals*—that the return from cattle was 2,933,277—from manufacture and commerce 12,321,440—making a gross sum of 340,801,915 *reals*.”—LARDNER’S *Spain and Portugal*. Estimating the *real* at sixpence of our money, it gives about 8½ millions sterling, something under one-fifth of the gross revenues of the secular state.

This then is a sort of general answer to my query as to the destinies of a state so priest-ridden. A more particular response is given in the following extract :

“The church of the Escorial is one mass of marbles, gold, and precious stones, relieved by admirable pictures, and rendered holy by the presence of some four or five hundred vases containing relics of every impossible kind, of every possible saint or saintly object. Unhappily the rapacity of the French has sadly disturbed the identity of these holy treasures : for while those ‘ Free-masons ’ carried off too many of the golden vases, they scattered the unlabelled contents in unholy confusion on the ground. Thus, though the aggregate sanctity of the relics may remain the same, the individual virtue of each relic is rendered dubious even to the devotion of the most faithful. How long will men worship the offal of the charnel-house ?”—*Ed. Rev.* July, 1832, p. 450. A recent traveller in *Spain* gives it as his

given as 61,200,000, it gives about one-fifth of the lands as spiritualities.



opinion that *VOLTAIRE* is now more read in *Spain* and *Portugal* than in *England* and *France*.

Another authority, speaking of the almost incredible number of monks that existed in monkery's best day, asserts that in the 14th century a great plague, which spread almost over all *Europe*, and lasted more than three years, carried off upwards of 120,000 of *one* order only! the *Franciscan*.

A recent historian of *Spain* and *Portugal*, speaking of the friars as a body, says that "they have practised more knavery, and, by their example, have corrupted more morals, than all the world besides. Without principle or regularity of conduct, consisting of the dregs of society, assuming the habit merely to escape a life of drudgery, suffered to prowl wherever they please, using the mask of religion to extort money from the weak, to seduce the wives and daughters of such as offer them hospitality—they are, and ever have been, a curse to every nation which harbours them. Let us hope that these filthy gentry will soon be expelled from every Roman Catholic country."—*LARDNER'S Cab. Cyc.* In speaking of *Papacy*, I never give it—i. e. the Romish Church—the title of *Catholic*. I fancy I have good reasons for this; and intend to give them.

Of sanctuary, mentioned in p. 176, I have recently read a passage showing how, under our Norman race of kings, the royal residence was esteemed such, and its significant and mysterious extent—"Three miles, three furlongs, and three acres breadths; nine feet, nine palms, and three barley-corns, constituted the mystical radius of the verge, which was

reckoned from the mansion where the king held his court; and within this ambit the protection afforded by royalty was to remain unviolated."—PALGRAVE *Commonwealth*.

The privilege of sanctuary is said to have been greatly extended since *Rome's* ancient day. ROMULUS himself opened one asylum to fugitives of nations. Even to the times of the Republic, many more such places have been noticed. Now, however, saith MIDDLETON, there are some hundreds in the same city:—and whereas the *one* was found to give so great encouragement to licentiousness, that free access to it was restricted, now the Popish sanctuaries stand perpetually open, not, as of old, to receive strangers, but to shelter villains. In the early days of Christianity, there were many limitations of the privilege—murder, adultery, theft, found no sanctuary. But now, saith the indignant bishop, they scruple not to afford the privilege to the most detestable crimes. Churches are ever open and at hand to secure offenders from punishment. It is, without doubt, owing to this policy of *holy Church* that murders are so common in *Italy* on slight provocations. His lordship had several offenders pointed out to him, "walking about at their ease, and in full security, within the bounds of the sanctuary." V. 157.

What is hinted in pp. 58 and 170 preceding, of the Pagan MENACA having given a name to the Papal MONICA, and of NEPTUNE and S. ANTOON being nearly related, may have appeared extravagant. I am not disposed to deny it—but any one o

moderate reading or observation may adduce many acknowledged relationships of Pagan and Papal saints derived chiefly, if not entirely, from similarity of name. Of this some instances may be discerned in the earlier pages—95 to 100—and I will here adduce a few more, of similar relationships, and if not similar, of obscure and suspicious origin.

The temple in *Rome*, now sacred to the *MADONNA of the Sun*, is the same as was dedicated to *VESTA*, and described by *HORACE* as being near the *Tiber*. That of *FORTUNA virilis* is now devoted to *MARY of Egypt*. *S. ADRIAN* receives honors where *SATURN* did in earlier days. It was the public treasury of the Romans. The worthy brethren, whom in p. 146 I have termed “saints of strange repute,” *COSMUS* and *DAMIANUS*,<sup>1</sup> have succeeded to the shrine of *ROMULUS* and *REMUS* in the *Via Sacra*. The church of *S. LAURENCE* was a temple dedicated to *ANTONINE the godly*. A temple formerly sacred to the *BONA DEA* or good goddess of Paganism, is now happily changed to one to the *Holy Virgin*.

The spot on which the infant *ROMULUS* was exposed and saved was, when he came to his mature honors, of course, covered with a temple—and he was reasonably supposed to be favorable to infants. It is now the church of *S. THEODORUS*, because he too, in his infancy had, like *ROMULUS*, been exposed and found by chance; and mothers and nurses still

<sup>1</sup> A letter is extant from Cardinal *DAMIANO* to Pope *NICHOLAS II.*, written in 1060—giving a curious account of miraculous doings at *Vesuvius*, as the mouth of hell.

bring their sickly children to the altar, in the hope of the salutary interference of the saint, exactly as they did to the fane of his predecessor.

Similarity of name is found in the dedication of a temple of APOLLO, to the glory of S. APOLLINARIUS "that the profane name of that false deity might be converted into the glorious name of the martyr." So where stood a temple of MARS, now stands one of S. MARTINA—the maiden martyr.

Our old legends place a temple of DIANA where S. PAUL's now is—p. 98—preceding. So, on the site of *Westminster Abbey* they found, or fancied, one to the honor of APOLLO. Both legends are of a doubtful nature, and perhaps altogether unauthorized.

It was ADDISON who first suspected that S. ORASTE—Italians do not write Saint or St. as we do—is neither more or less than the mountain seen from *Rome*, mentioned by both HORACE and VIRGIL by the name of *Soracte*. S. ORASTE has a temple on the old hill, the name softened a little to suit the musical ear of modern Romans.

Heathen monumental stones have, with alteration, been made to suit modern saints and martyrs, and others of the Papal church. But of this I shall adduce no specimens—save this—that on an application from *Spain* in behalf of S. VIAR, his holiness URBAN the 8th required some proof of extra desert ere he granted extra honor. Accordingly, an antique stone was produced, with SVIAR plainly inscribed. How far this succeeded I know not—but an antiquary suspecting the proof, saw at once that

men executed, had a rough shaggy cloak, which  
clerics of his day were accustomed to wear.

some obscure legends of this saint, an equivocal  
m derived from the Greek is used, intended to  
scribe the saint's cloak. The word is *amphibolos*.  
shop USHER has endeavoured to show that S.  
APHRODITE, the supposed disciple and fellow  
traveller with ALBAN, and, as our monkish historians  
scribe him, bishop of the Isle of Man, owes his  
name to this whimsical mistake.

Again—who is S. VERONICA!—the holy woman  
saint to whom an altar and statue are erected in

PETER's at Rome. It is scarcely reverent to  
scribe the fooleries connected with this lady's le-  
gends, respecting the handkerchiefs with which the  
REDEEMER wiped his face at the crucifixion.  
they indelibly retained the exact representation of  
his features—and are still, it is believed, seasonably  
exhibited to the credulous. But the whole of the  
legends, miracles, fine altar with its inscription,  
statue, and lady saint included, have been shown to  
be, like S. AMPHRODITE, a blunder. A handker-  
chief was found with a human face stamped on it,  
under which was written *vera icon*—or *true effigy* or  
*image*. This was enough with your legend-and-  
imitation-manufacturer. Hence arose S. VERONICA, in  
connexion with AGABUS, prince of Edessa, &c.,  
to whom one of the kerchiefs was given by the SA-

viour himself! It is not easy to disprove such alleged facts. If the reader be desirous of seeing a detail of these grossnesses, he may consult Bishop MIDDLETON'S *Misc. Works*, V. 125.

We have in our day heard of the political exhumation of unsaintly bones: a transatlantic experiment or speculation, not attended, I believe, with much success in *England*, where it was intended to work it. In *Rome* they manage these matters better. Some bones of a supposed saint, honored with an altar and adoration, were discovered, and proved to be the bones of a common thief. *Ib.* 155.

But we must here pause on this immediate subject of Papal imposition; recollecting that a volume is not now at our disposal. One, as noticed in p. 94, might easily be so filled. Not only do the modern and ancient Romans, heathen and papal, as said and shown by MIDDLETON, offer worship in the same temples, at the same altars, to the same images, and with the same ceremonies—but it may be said, and shown, so do the *Hindus*, as far as respects names, legends, and ceremonies—in coincidence so extensive, as to be very striking and convincing to reasonable believers. Instances of this will, probably, occur incidentally in our future pages.

Page 100 preceding—Of PETER. The uses to which the Church of *Rome* has turned this potent person, and his name, have induced its enemies to assert that the said Church is founded on a *pun*—a petrific pun.

“Et ego autem tibi dico, Quia tu es Petrus, et super hac petra ædificabo meam ecclesiam: et portæ

inferi non prævalebunt ei. Et dabo tibi claves regni cœlorum: et quodcumque ligaveris super terram, erit ligatum in cœlis: et quodcumque solveris super terram, erit solutum in cœlis."—Matt. xvi. 18, 19.

"Tu es Simon, filius Iona: tu vocaberis Cephas: quod interpretatur Petrus."—Joannis i. 42.

In our version, not so *paronomasiac*, thus:—"And I say unto thee, That thou art PETER; and upon this *rock* I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Matt. xvi. 18, 19.

"Blessed art thou, SIMON *bar IONA*." Ib. 17.  
 "Thou art Simon, the son of IONA: thou shalt be called CEPHAS; which is, by interpretation, a stone." John i. 42.

*Peter* and *Cephas*, or rather *Kephas* (Κηφᾶς), being severally a *stone* or *rock*, we see at once how Papacy makes so much of its patron saint. And we marvel not that the ambitious See of *Rome* should hence assume as an inheritance the boundless grasp of that spiritual sway, which bears, as it boasts, a sceptre that reaches up to heaven and down to hell. It takes PETER, by this pun, for its *rock*, or *foundation*, and exhibits him with the symbolic keys—not in this instance of the mystical kingdom of heaven, but of the treasures of earth.

"It is," as has been remarked in a periodical, *Ed. Rev. Ap.* 1832, p. 39, "even a dogma of the canon

law, that, as in the time of NOAH, all those excluded from the ark were overwhelmed by the deluge; so, all those excluded from the bark of St. PETER are to be overwhelmed by the waters of eternal damnation."—"Here," continues the reviewer, "is a very comfortable doctrine, illustrated by an excellent simile. But what is the advantage to be gained by such undisguised arrogance? The original of the above eloquent and forcible simile, not in the eye of every one, may be edifying,—Quinimo velut tempore NOE omnes extra arcam positi, diluvii vastitate consumpti sunt; sic extra PETRI naviculam constituti, æternæ damnationis fluctibus obruentur." LANCELOTTI *Instit. Jur. Canon.* l. i. tit. v. § ult.

A very comfortable doctrine, no doubt, to the spiritual crew of the goodly bark PETER. Other sects, though not perhaps other churches, are almost equally arrogant and exclusive. But I have made a distinction which sectarists do not allow. Looking the other day into a Baptist Meeting-house, workmen were putting up a mural tablet to the memory of its deceased pastor. "——— years minister of this Church."—"I thought," said I, "that you did not call your meetings Churches."—"No," replied the mason, "we do not call the brick and mortar a Church, but the congregation." This was reasonable enough. Those not of that church call them, in disrespect, arising from their practice of adult baptism by submersion, *dippers*. The sect is extensive—and I believe extending, in *Suffolk*.



A satirist has indignantly alluded to those,

“ Who virtue and a church alike disown—  
Think *that* but words, and *this* but brick and stone.”

I would say a word on the *Exclusives*—not in fashion, but in divinity. The arrogance and self-sufficiency of those who limit the Infinite Mercy of the Deity to their few selves, and deal out his infinite, immitigable justice to the great mass of mankind, are not, let us hope, too uncharitable to require any unlooked-for exercise of the first-named benign attribute. The narrow pale is a relic of Papacy—a chip of PETER’s frail bark. It was the parasitic ivy that clung round and encumbered the sturdy oak of CALVIN’s rugged mind;—and as he could not untwine it, it still hugs too many of his followers in its illiberal, uncharitable, unchristian embrace.

“ Faith, Hope, Charity—these three—but the greatest of all is Charity.” And what is Charity? The Apostle tells us, that “ it puffeth not itself up, it hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.” And when the diseased were brought to the Saviour, “ He ” did not inquire if they believed in the “ consubstantiality of the hypostases,”—but “ He healed them *all*.” Nor did the good man of *Samaria* catechize his fellow man who had fallen among thieves, whatever the *Levite* did. He poured oil into his wounds. Are not these things intended for our edification and example?

But the *Exclusives* are (in the main amiable) folk who see nothing, or nothing but the church or

conventicle—who read nothing but—(the Bible?)—the effusions of their own sect, and the Evangelical Magazine, where all who die in the odour of orthodoxy (their own doxy) are duly canonized—while those who differ (and in all theological disputations the excited rancour is in the inverse ratio of the importance of the disputed point) are thrown overboard. There is no room for them in the exclusive skiff of PETER. It is thus that the Exclusives, continually shaken by the hot and cold fit of a spiritual ague, exhibit to many who do not understand them, the strange compound of the flesh and the spirit—half vice, half repentance—half fear, half hypocrisy—half feeling, half cant—half enthusiasm, half superstition—and, in the eye of the inconsiderate and loquacious, too often the contradictory exhibition of half saint, half sinner.

And as touching the Hypostatic Union, our word *Person* is not perhaps the best our language would afford. It seems too familiar for the suitable expression of so important and mysterious a doctrine as that to which it refers. As a mere translation of *Persona* it may be unobjectionable; but it does not in either language signify merely or strictly a man, nor is it limited to humanity. A less familiar, even if, in its own language, a more ambiguous, word might haply have been profitably adopted from the Greek. Would not the original word, or one grounded immediately on it, have answered? If it convey, of itself, no distinct idea, it would not convey a wrong one. The Hindu *murti*, *form*, seems more

felicitous than *person*—*tri-murti*, *tri-form*. “*Three persons*” has proved a stumbling-block to many, from its ambiguity, or difference between its ordinary and theological senses. Perhaps what I here mean to say is, chiefly, that in such matters it is probably safer not to be understood, than to be misunderstood.

Again, discriminating Papists deny being idolaters. They say, “we *serve* God only,” (with *latria*,)—“we allow *adoration*” (*hyperdulia*) “to the Virgin—and” (*dulia*) “to other saints, images, and relics.” If this be admitted, what signifies it? Is religion only for logicians and sophists? — for those who try to confound black with white? and not for those who humbly endeavour to distinguish one from the other? It is the part of sophistry to confound the distinctions between right and wrong—the knave disregards them.

But on all these psychological matters it is well to bear in mind that we should think better of our brethren than we commonly do, were we to reflect that it is as much the nature of virtue and piety to avoid observation, as it is of folly and wickedness to attract it. Still what is morally wrong cannot be religiously right, and ought never to be deemed socially or politically expedient.

A fair and powerful poet has substantially said—  
The green trees and the tender shrubs have herein  
the advantage over proud humanity — the flower  
witheres and the leaves fall, but the fertilizing fluid  
lingers in their veins and brings again a spring of

promise and a summer of beauty. But when our leaves and flowers fall, they perish. We put forth no new promise — we look for no return of beauty—we dream no new dreams.—L. E. L.

If sometimes amazed at what I cannot but deem the sectarial madness of mankind, I, humbly hoping it is in a Christian spirit, extend this benevolent wish to *all*, that

“ So may we live—until, like fruit, we drop  
Into our mother earth—or be with ease  
Gather’d, not harshly pluck’d—for death mature.”

What I have said in a former page (163) respecting the True Cross, was written and printed—for the preceding part of this volume, as far as p. 180, has been long printed—many months before I knew that Lord MAHON had composed a curious and copious article on that subject. I will here add a word on that of the two thieves. Of them, the co-victims of that atrocious act the Crucifixion, it has been recorded, but I know not on what authority, in a note on an old Christmas carol, that their names were TITUS and DUMACHUS;—that in the flight to *Egypt*, JOSEPH and MARY were stopped by those two footpads, and were about to be robbed, but TITUS prevented his comrade from effecting it. It is added, that the Infant then foretold that those two men should, after a lapse of thirty years, be crucified with him, and that TITUS should be saved. This savours very much of the style of *Koranic* legend and commentary.

The festival of the "Invention of the Cross," is still observed in our Kalendars, but I presume no where else by us. It may be thought rather an infelicitous translation of the grand *discovery* by HELENA. *Inventio Crucis* is very well in Latin. In Hindostani, Persian, and other eastern languages, the same word, *paëda* or *pyda*, means not only, like the Latin, *invention* and *discovery*, but *birth*, or *development*. I recollect a young student of Hindustani inquiring, as well as he could, of a native, where he was born, was much diverted at the answer—for, taking the verb in its first acceptation, he deemed it to be "I was *invented* at Surat."

Prior to closing this HEAD, it has occurred, that in the bearing of some passages, disrespect may be imputed to me in an unbecoming degree—that I have spoken of priests, and more especially of The Fathers, in a flippant and unseemly manner. But let me once for all declare, that for the priests of all religions I every where feel, and have ever felt and shown, every reasonable respect. While I assuredly do feel disgust at all craft tending to depress the intellect and debase the mind, and most of all perhaps at priestcraft, as the most potently possessing that tendency, I look upon an exemplary pious parish priest as one of the most useful and respectable characters on earth. The well-meant remonstrances of a friend ought to be clearly distinguished from the rancorous assault of an enemy. They differ as widely as the salutary probe of the surgeon from the dagger of an assassin. Again—while, as far as in

my ignorance I may, I appreciate the heroism, the eloquence, and piety of the eminent individuals forming the venerable body of writers denominated "The Fathers," I am, when reading their marvellous relations, astounded at their credulity.

It may, perhaps, savour of uncharitableness if one were to propound this query—Can men, who really believed in such relations, have been themselves sufficiently enlightened to warrant us in looking to them for enlightenment? And if they did not believe in them, are we warranted in looking to the relators for the developement of truth? This, I say, may be uncharitable—for, however difficult it may be now for us Protestants to think so, we ought perhaps to admit that the utter impossibilities gravely related by many, or most, of those eminent individuals, were actually believed by them. We know that in their day, and in centuries antecedent, miracles had ceased; but possibly they did not know it:—for not only in the eye of the vulgar, but in the conviction of some of high station, witchcraft, and various necromantics, existed long posterior to the day of the last of "The Fathers." It was so late as 1664 that that upright and intelligent judge, Sir MATTHEW HALE, condemned to death, at the Suffolk Assizes, some women accused of witchcraft!

If, therefore, I have spoken disparagingly of priests, it is, I repeat, (see p. 115.) intended to apply only to bad priests and priestcraft. If I have borne hard on the Fathers, it is on their easy faith, and their marvellous relations.

"Crede quia impossibile," and the dogma laid down by TERTULLIAN, as given in p. 144, are what I cannot subscribe to.

Let us now proceed to FRAGMENTS—*Third*: though what that *Head* is to consist of, I as little know at this present writing as the reader.

### FRAGMENTS—THIRD.

NAMES OF PLACES, MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, &c.  
IN DISTANT COUNTRIES—APPARENTLY OF  
SANSKRIT ORIGIN :—AND, FIRST,

#### CHIEFLY IN GREECE.

A CERTAIN class of lexicographers, or philologists, or etymologists, have taken up certain consonantal roots ; whence, as they endeavour to make it appear, have sprung extensive families of words of cognate sound and meaning. Thus the root C—P, the C being hard, is found to be the parent of many words conveying a sense of *covering*, such as *cap*, *cope*, *cape*.

I know not if the Rev. Mr. WHITER, the modern leader of this innocent and respectable class of writers, or any of his followers, have dilated on the root K—L, nor shall I inquire, until I have handled it after my own fashion. I avoid, where I conveniently can, using C hard, especially as an initial, preferring K instead.

K—L, as a primitive sound, may manifestly be filled up variously ; the results I maintain are, in an



family of *sables* are thence sprung ; some of whom are traceable in various ramifications and branches over distant countries, and people, and languages, surprisingly cognate, if not identical, from *Himalaya* to *Calabria* ; though, of course, unequally distributed.

I shall proceed to endeavour to show that *India*, or some region far East, is the cradle of this race of words. And, finally, that the *Hindu* deity SIVA, in his dark character of *Kala*, or *Time*, is the ADAM of this black family.

Without any pretension to being classed among those distinguished by the long names at the beginning of this article, I purpose to skim the surface of a certain line of literature ; or, rather, to give the result of such skimming. In this I may not be very methodical in the arrangement, nor logical in my deductions ; but shall take my assumed proofs as they rise—miscellaneously and discursively.

Not very many of my readers may, I fear, be disposed to consider this branch of literature—conjectural etymology—very attractive. But, saving their presence, it is not without its importance. In tracing language to its early day you so trace man. The investigation of his most universal and distinguishing attribute of speech is, in fact, tracing him

through all his geographical, and all his social, progresses.

In the Sanskrit language, the vocalized expansion of K—L into *Kal*, or *Kala*, gives, as before hinted, the name of the changer of forms, *SIVA*, in his character of *Time*. The word means also, in several dialects derived both from Sanskrit and Arabic sources, *blackness*, as well as *time*. *Kal* is both yesterday and to-morrow, the past and the future. The *present* cannot be said to exist. Does the *past*? Does the *future*? "No," say the metaphysicians, "not to man, and to the Deity the *present* only exists. To Him there can be no *past*, no *future*." *Kala* or *Kolla* extensively means *black*; so extensively, I will here, prematurely, observe, that to *England* we shall endeavour to trace the root and sense in our words *coal*, *collier*, &c.

In another place I have essayed to show that in such speculations as these, reasonable allowance must be made for non-efficiency or impotency, or non-importance of vowels. Consonants are the vertebræ of language. Without going the length of admitting what has been pleasantly said on this topic, that vowels are to stand for nothing and consonants for very little, I may fairly claim close kindred for K and C, and pronounce them co-efficients. B and P and V are often interchanged; and, if wanted, are always interchangeable. Of this some striking instances will appear. Mutations in vowels are known to be so frequent in position and sound, as scarcely to stand in the way, in either rela-

tion, with etymological deductions, otherwise fairly allowable. Thus, for instance, if I have occasion, which I have not just now, to turn CLIO into Sanskrit, I shall take the liberty of writing it *KalIO* or *Kalia*; CLEOPATRA, perhaps, *Kaliyapatra*.

Without farther preface, or general introductory remarks, I shall proceed to show what I deem curious coincidences in the names of places, rivers, hills—of persons, historical and mythological—of legends, &c. connected with them, in *India*, and in various parts of the world—commencing with *Greece*—and having their root in the all-pervading K—L.

In the Sanskrit, *Kala* means *black*; *Kali*, as in Greek, fair, beautiful. Contrary meanings are often found in the same, or nearly the same, sound; a reason for which will perhaps appear. KALI is the name of SIVA's consort PARVATI in her terrific character; in another she is white, fair, beautiful. He also alone, of all the Hindu male deities, is depicted white.

The first work that in my Common-place Book I find skimmed for Grecian *Kalicisms* is WALPOLE's *Turkey*.

“*Calamata* is a small but populous town, subject to the Pacha of the *Morea*. It stands on the banks of the rivulet that now bears its name. The rivulet has every character of a mountain torrent—an inconsiderable stream in summer, and violent in the winter months. It falls into the sea about a mile from *Calamata*, and the same devastation marks its course through the plain. *Calama*, the village

mentioned by PAUSANIAS, *lib.* 4, still retains its ancient name, and is situated two miles from *Calamata*." P. 36.

*Calamata*, I will here note, is at the foot of Mount *Parnassus*. Mountains or hills, more especially if conical, as then being more probably of volcanic origin, we shall by-and-by see are appurtenances of SIVA and PARVATI; of him, he being destructive, devastating fire; of her, as his consort, in all forms, but more especially under her name and character of PARVATI, which means *mountain-born*: for which name and parentage legends are not wanting.

The river *Calamata* reminds us that the *Nile*, and other rivers, have a like meaning of *blackness* or *blueness*. *Kali* is a river famed in Hindu epics. *Nila* means *blue*; so does KRISHNA, or *black*. The poetical river *Jumna*, as we call it, is, with Hindús, "YAMUNA, the blue daughter of the Ocean."

*Kallanuddy*, or more properly *Kalinadi*, is a Sanskrit compound name of more than one river in *India*; best translated by *Black-river*, or *Black-water*; and the name of more than one in *Britain*. A Sanskrit scholar would find farther *Kalic* coincidences in the final *mata* of the just-noticed Stygian river, but I cannot satisfactorily trace them. Something farther of *Black-water* will occur.

"Passing near the plain of *Callidia*, we descended by the steep precipices of *Delphi*. Our descent was difficult and dangerous; our horses, though accustomed to mountainous tracts, were unable, from

the rocky nature of the road, to keep their feet. They fell frequently. We arrived in three hours, much fatigued, at the Convent of *Delphi*." WALPOLE, p. 68.

PAUSANIAS, *lib.* 4. c. 31. notices "a temple of the Syrian goddess" in the vicinity of *Calamata*: and Mr. W. found ruins of ancient baths, &c. the remains of which are very considerable.—P. 37:

"A temple of the Syrian goddess" (i. e. of ASTARTE, or VENUS, or DIANA, or PARVATI, or KALI) "*Callidia* on Mount *Parnassus*"—a suitable abode for KALI or KALIDEVI—or DURGA, another of her names, meaning *difficult of access*, or of *ascent*, in reference to a mountain, as must be the "precipices of *Delphi*," just described. *Delphi* is a name so decidedly Greek, and having an immediate meaning in that language, that I shall not endeavour to connect the mountain of that name, by that name, with *India*: nor, in this place, the name of *Parnassus*. But I should expect to find such poetical regions strewn with remains of *Kala-ic* or *Durga-ic* allusions. *Paranasa*, in the Sanskrit, we may hereafter endeavour to connect with *Parnassus* in the Greek—and perhaps "the *Syri* an goddess," with "SRI, the goddess," of *India*. Of them, something occurs in pp. 54, 97, 98 of this volume.

"The ruins of *Delphi*, on a rising ground, are skreened by high cliffs to the north. The fountain of *Castalia*, excavated in a rock of marble, still exists, choked up with weeds and thorns. Behind it were the remains of an arched passage hollowed out in the rock. The cleft, on the east side of which

was the fountain, widened at its mouth, and rising to a considerable height, ended in two points." P. 37.

This head of my Fragments is professedly intended to collect *Kalicisms* from distant countries. Immediately connected with every thing *Kalic* is a series of mysticisms comprehending what I find it convenient to call *IONics*, and to print it in this form. Oriental writers have generally spelled the word *Yoni*, which I shall prefer in this volume to write *IONi*. It is the immediate type and symbol of *PARVATI*, the consort of *SIVA*, in her character of *VENUS generatrix*—the goddess so properly invoked by *LUCRETIUS* in his fine, though reprehensible, poem on Nature. She is *NATURE passive*, although, by a seeming contradiction, the *active energy*, or *Sakti*, as *Hindús* call it, of *SIVA*. She is not only the *Sakti* of the *Reproducer SIVA*, usually called the *Destroying* deity of the *Hindús*; but, in another character, is herself the omnific power—the “father and mother both of men, and gods, and things.” *Androgynous* characters, that is bisexual, were common in *Egypt* and *India*, as well as in *Greece*. Such subjects are shown in Pl. xxiv. of the *Hin. Pan.*, and Greek and Egyptian gems also exhibit them. Of this something more, perhaps, hereafter.

As the Goddess, more emphatically than any other Hindu deity, of the *IONi*, all natural clefts, and fissures, and caves, and hollows, and concavities, and profundities—any thing, in fact, *containing*—are fancied typicals of her—as are wells, tanks, &c. Of such things this is the symbol, 0 or O. Pyramids, obelisks, cones—especially conical and furcated hills,

&c.—are SIVA-ic, and of such this is the character I. In *Androgynic* combination we have IO, or femininely, perhaps, I*Oni*, as more immediately her vocalized attribute—and *Linga* his. These subjects are illustrated by Pl. v., and it is intended to discuss them under a distinct head.

In the last quotation from WALPOLE may be seen several things that a mystical *Hindu* would contemplate as profundities. I was not prepared to look for so many, when I stated my expectation of finding Delphos and Parnassus strewed with *Kalicisms*. We have already had *Callidia*, and a fountain issuing from a cleft, furcated rock. A description that would answer very well for the actual first visible issue of the *Ganges*—poetically, from a cave's mouth, *Gaomuki*, otherwise called *Gangotri*, among the poetical mountains of *Himala*.

"Some *Caloyers*" were noticed by WALPOLE "in the islands of *Didascaleo* and *Ambetha*, in the sea of *Corinth*."—70.

*Caloyers*, priests; *Kaliya*, priests of *Kali*. The habit of English and other travellers giving their own plural to foreign names of persons and things, tends to perplexity. It is not easy to avoid it. We shall hear more of *Kaliya* presently. In *Didascaleo* may be recognized, not more disguised than it would be in common Indian parlance, *Divadasakala*, which would be currently written and pronounced *Deodaskal*—meaning, in Sanskrit, as I believe, devoted to KALA. It might be pronounced *Didaskaly*, very nearly the Greek compounded word. AMBA is a name of the ever-recurring PARVATI or

KALI. A beautiful cave, in which I have no doubt she is, or was, honored, is at *Amboly* on *Salsette*, near *Bombay*. On the islands of *Didaskalo* and *Ambelia* I should expect something unequivocally *Kalic*, or *Linga-ic*, or *IONic*, either in their conical shape, or the form of some particular mount, or singular clefts or caverns.

"In the Greek village of *Ipsara*, the girls, as a relief to their sun-burnt faces, had stained their eye-lids. These village coquettes had used no more costly paint than lamp-black. This, mixed with oil, was drawn through their eye-lids on a small iron roller."  
—77. Cited from SONNINI.

Those who have not witnessed it can scarcely imagine the effect which this seemingly unimportant charm lends to the soul-piercing keenness of a pair of black eyes—"black as the raven-tinted robe of night." These coquettes of *Ipsara* remind us of the nymphs, their namesakes, called *Apsara*, in Hindu aqueous legends; who are among the most beautiful of the creations of poetic fancy. I must devote a page hereafter to these charming creatures, called, in the plural, *Apsarasa*—fit attendants on the *VENUS marina*, or *Aphrodite*, of western heathens. By the way, something has been already said of those water-nymphs—*neræids* or *naiads*—in an earlier page—54 to 58 of this volume.

Just noticing that our *Colly-ri-um* (*Kaliri*, the termination we throw overboard) or eye-wash may be traced to the *black*<sup>1</sup> pigment of Grecian and Indian

<sup>1</sup> A topic learnedly discussed by a lamented friend, Dr. HENLEY, in his notes to BECKFORD'S *VATHEK*.



*black eyes, black lids, and black lashes* — “quivers full of CUPID’S arrows”—we return to our accomplished traveller, who in p. 117 speaks of “CALLIPHÆ, one of the IONI-an nymphs.” The typographic appearance of the last-marked word is mine; otherwise, if the nymph’s name were written KALLIPHÆ, it would, as far as I see—or indeed written like the traveller—answer for a Hindu as well as for a Greek fable. I know but few of the names of the Hindu nereids, (see p. 57); and none other of the IONI-an nymphs of Greece but the above CALLIPHÆ—possibly she belongs to both: I will inquire something farther about them.

“The convent of the miraculous image of the Virgin, six miles from *Calavrita*.” p 221.

In one of her characters the polymorphic KALI is all that is immaculate, notwithstanding her maternity in others. *Kalavrita* I take to be as correct a Sanskrit compound as can be put together.

“*Calavrita* is supposed by some to be the ancient *Nonacris*.<sup>1</sup> A learned Danish traveller visited the *Styr* near this place, and found that it was called *Mavro-nero, black-water*.” *Ib*.

The *black Styr, or black-water*, may be expected in connexion with the Sanskrit and Greek word *Kalavrita*, as well as with the *Calamata* of a recent page. KRISNA had desperate adventures with a black serpent, KALANAGA or KALIYA, in a river sometimes said to be the *Yamuna*. But *India* has several Stygian rivers; the *Krisna* among them.

<sup>1</sup> A town in *Achaia* is called *Calavrita*.

Some translation or transposition may have produced the name of *Nonacris*, or *No na kris*. But I am not prepared to hint that, although some early Greek geographers sometimes wrote in what was called *bonstrophedonic* or backward-and-forward, *furrow-like*, style—*Dipue* or *CUPID*, for instance—I am not, I say, disposed to hint that in *Na-kris*, *Kris-na* may be found.

In the *Hin. Pan.* a good many pages are of necessity devoted to *Krishnaiana*—more than we can now spare lines for—and many plates. One short quotation from that poor work we will venture on here, showing how Greek and Hindu legends coalesce.

“The comparison between KRISHNA and APOLLO runs parallel in a great many instances” (many are earlier given).—“The destruction of PYTHON by APOLLO, the commentators tell us, means the purification of the atmosphere by the sun from the mephitic exhalations consequent to the deluge; and KRISHNA’s victory over the noxious *Kaliya-naga* may, by those who, allegorizing all poetical extravagance, deprive poetry of half its beauties, be explained in the same manner. In honor of KRISHNA’s triumph, games and sports are annually held in *India*, as the *Pythic* games were at stated times exhibited in *Greece*. Like the *Pythian* serpent in the temples of APOLLO, *Kaliyanaga* enjoys also his apotheosis in those dedicated to the worship of KRISHNA. Nor are arguments wanted toward identifying *Serpentarius* on our sphere with his formidable foe; and the theatre of the warfare, the river *Yamuna*, with the *Via Lactea*. So, the variety of

demons sent to annoy KRISHNA are perhaps the allegorical monsters of the sky, attempting in vain to obstruct his apparent progress through the heavens; where other constellations are fabled as so many beautiful nymphs ready to receive him, and have given rise to allegories of his inconstancy. The well-known story of NAREDA's visit to the numerous chambers of KRISHNA's seraglio, and finding the ardent deity in them all, may refer to the universality of the sun's presence at the Equinoxes. APOLLO and KRISHNA are both inventors of the flute. One was disappointed by DAPHNE, who was turned into the *Laurus*; hence sacred to APOLLO: KRISHNA's coy nymph was transformed into the *Tulasi*, alike sacred to him." HP. 201. Of the nymph TULASI mention is made in pp. 86, 7, 8, preceding.

To return to WALPOLE. "Six miles from *Chilantari* we came to the ruins of a castle called *Callitze*." 224. The Italianized pronunciation of the first name would be *Kilantari*—permute the first *i* to *a*, and we have *Kalian*, the name of an Indian as well as of a Grecian town. *Kalian*, sometimes written *Calian*, is a fort near *Bombay*. But I know of no *Kalitze* in that neighbourhood. *Kaliché* is, however, an Indian word. The termination *tari* of the first-named place is also Hindi. It means, in some dialects, a *stage* or *tier*. *Tintarí*, or *Teentalý*, is the name of a triple-tiered, or triple-staged series of caves at *Ellora*.

"The fountain called *Enneacrunos*, which THUCYDIDES identifies with *Calliroë*, a name which,

after the lapse of two thousand years, it still remains. STUART is the first who notices this very remarkable fact; and he speaks of *Calliroë* as a copious and beautiful spring, flowing into the channel of the *Ilissus*." 479.

I have not, I believe, before remarked, that in geographical nomenclature it is mountains, rivers, fountains, that retain their original or early names the longest—cities and towns, and castles, next to these. This poetical fount, *Calliroë*, much occurs in the pages of travellers and historians.

The public fountain which formerly, when the springs were open, bore the name of *Calliroë*, was perfumed. And even now, in compliance with ancient custom, they think it necessary to make this water previous to connubial rites, and on religious occasions.

"We were now,"—observes CHANDLER, in his travels—*"on the side of the Ilissus—hence we descended to a copious and beautiful spring at present called Calliroë, flowing into the channel of the river."* WALPOLE, 310.

"The source of this stream"—the *Ilissus*—probably the original *Calliroë*." *Ib.* 515.

If ancient rites—connubial or religious—on the banks of these poetical rivers and springs could now be traced, we should probably find that the place of their junction, or union, was emphatically selected. Such junctions or unions are very numerous and poetical among Hindús. They are called *sangam*—as indeed are other junctions or meetings as well as of rivers. I have, in another work—

p. 429.—said something of such junctions. That of *three rivers* is supereminently mysterious and poetical. I know of only two such—one in *India*, and one in *Ireland*; countries equally of mysticisms and poetry—and, what may appear rather extravagant to say, almost equally of *Kalic* or Sanskrit mysticism and poetry. In *India* the meeting of the three sacred rivers the *Ganges*, *Yamuna*, and *Sarasvati*, at *Allahabad*, is called *Triveni*, or the three-plaited locks. In *Ireland* the loving rivers are the *Barrow*, *Nore*, and *Suir*—the “three-plaited locks” of *Hibernia*, there called “The Three Sisters of *Ireland*,” who unite near “fair *Kilkenney*.” A volume would scarce suffice to recite the poetries of these *Triveni*—and here I can afford them only half a page. But I must contrive, hereafter, to devote at least one to them.

We must quit Mr. WALPOLE for a time, that I may add something from another source about the poetical *Calliroë*. “The fountain *Calliroë*, the only spring of pure water which the neighbourhood of the *Acropolis* supplied”—WILKINS’ *Athenesia*, p. 43—and therefore the more likely to be named after the pure protectress of *Athens*—MINERVA; the *CALI* of the Greeks, who, under her name of *SATI*, is a personification of purity.

The following *Kali-ruhic* legend partakes strongly of the savour of Hindu romance:—

“It was an ancient custom for the Trojan damsels, when on the brink of matrimony, to repair to the banks of the consecrated stream *Scamander*, and

invoke the patron god with the following unequivocal petition—

Λαβὲ μοῦ, Σκαμάνδρ, τὴν παρθέναν.

“A betrothed damsel of surpassing beauty, named CALLIRHÖE, was ardently beloved by an Athenian *roué* named CIMON; who, in despair of success by any usual artifice, ingeniously thought of personating the river-god on the expected invitation of the blushing inamorata. Having provided himself with a suitable undress, his head crowned with reeds and appropriate decorations, he concealed himself in the luxuriant sedges; and, on hearing the verse inviting his prototype to anticipate the bridal rites, he stepped forth and literally complied with the prayer of the petition.” *Letters from Palestine*, p. 363.

In this extract we not only find a Puranic fable, but some Hindu names. *Skamander*—of no meaning in Greek,<sup>1</sup> and, although sufficiently poetical and legendary, having in that language no immediate derivation fabulous or historical—seems to be *Sakamandar*. And although these names of a Hindu deity and a mythological mountain, or, in combination, that name be not immediately applicable by me to the regent of the classical river, it is still no great stretch to fancy it of no difficult application.

<sup>1</sup> *Gushing* is so common to many rivers, especially to mountain-torrents like this, that a Greek word, something like the first syllable, may be forced on it as a name, while it in reality cannot in strictness be deemed more than an attribute.

*Saka-mandar*, or *Sakya-mandar*, and *Kali-ruhi*, pronounced the same as *Calliroë* and *CALLIRHÖE*, are directly Sanskrit. Of the rake *CIMON* it may be noted, that if written *Schmund*, or *Sch-mo*—of nearly the same pronunciation—we have a six-headed, or six-faced, hero. Greece supplies none such, but *India* does. And it would not be difficult to find a Puranic legend, bearing directly on a river-side amour, where *KALI-RUHI*, or the *fair-faced*, and the six-faced *KARTIKYA*, act principal parts.—One of the names of the last-mentioned hero is *SKANDA*. If, as has been noted, the *Skamander* of the *Troad* has proved a topic redundantly poetical, so has the six-faced *SKANDA* of Hindu Puranics. He is intimately connected with the six (or seven?) *Pleiades*, and the seven stars in *Ursa Major*: they having been his wet nurses.

But the *Hin. Pan.* is a more fit place than this for the discussion of such endless poetical (and astronomical) legends; and thither the reader, desirous of such information, is referred. See *KARTIKYA* and *Kritika* in the Index to that book. I shall say nothing of *Schmuni* and *CYMON*. Let us make an end of what we have to observe on the engaging subject of *Calirhoe*, by another quotation from the same "Letters," connecting that sweet fount with its kindred stream of *Castaly*, and its poetical source *Parnassus*.

"If the founders of oracular imposture wished to select a spot whose wild and desolate seclusion would deter such an influx of visitors as might endanger a detection of its mechanism, they could not

have chosen a happier situation. *Parnassus* is for the most part a savage moss, with scarcely any vegetation to relieve the rugged surface. The fountain of *Castalia*, stripped of its fanciful embellishments, is a small spring issuing from the chasm which rends the cliff from its base to its summit." *Lett. from Pal.* 356.

Here are all the elements of a site of Hindu superstition. I will not say that superstition and imposture are synonymous—but both are prone to take refuge among the blindest of its votaries; to fly from the neighbourhood of rival superstitions; and still more from the scrutiny of civilization and inquiry. Thus, JOANNA-SOUTHCOTISM could not long exist in the philosophical neighbourhood of inquisitive, bustling *London*. It flies to the nervous, sedentary occupier of the monotonous loom; and takes refuge among the melancholy mechanics of *Manchester*.

A savage, rugged-surfaced moss; a conical mount like *Parnassus*; and above all, a stream issuing, *Ganges* like, from a cavernous chasm rending a cleft from base to summit, are, as is above said, the very elements of Hindu fable. Such a site will, in all its particulars, be soon allocated to appropriate deities, and suitably peopled by mythological inhabitants.

*Castalia*, or *Castaly*, may be traced to a Hindu source. *Cas* or *Kas* means pre-eminent—hence *Kasi*, the first of cities—*Benares*, or *Varanasi*. *Tali* we have noticed in a preceding page. In Indian dialects *tal* means also *head*, or *source*. The source of the *Kaveri*, the river which surrounds *Seringapa-*



*tam*, is named *Tal-kavery*, situated in the hills to the westward of *Mysore*.

*Kastaly* may therefore mean a *choice*, or *sacred* mount, or *stage*; or the most revered elevation, or perhaps, pinnacle of such a hill—and such is applicable to *Parnassus*. This name may be also traced to a Sanskrit source—*Paranasa*; the trifling alteration being merely to suit the common Greek termination.

*Paranasa*, like *Helikonda*, will in Sanskrit connect itself with solar holiness—as *Parnaxian* and *Heliconian* legends do in Greek. *Parnaxus*<sup>1</sup> is of course consecrated to the Sun, or *APOLLO*; and “to *BACCHUS*, because it produced excellent grapes—

——— *Mons Phœbo, Bromioque saccr.*”

LUCAN. *Phar.* v. 73.

The natural fountains of *Parnassus*, *Castaly*, *Helicon*, *Aganippe*, &c. furnish the Greek and Latin poets with endless fables—as do those of *Meru*, *Kailasa*, and others, to the poets of *India*.

The reader will please to bear in mind that clefts, fissures, caverns, chasms, wells, &c. (*fonds*) are especially dedicated to *PARVATI*—one of whose names, by the way, is *PARA*—so are hills and mounts. Another of her names is *DURGA*; meaning, according to Sir W. JONES, “difficult of access”—applicable to the “mountain-born” *PARVATI*, in her relation to inaccessible peaks of hills, &c.

We will now proceed to notice some more Hindu-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. CLARKE'S *Travels*, IV. 704.

isms ; connected, more or less, with *Parnassus* and its neighbourhood.

“ The little village of *Castri* stands partly on the site of *Delphi*. Along the path of the mountain from *Chryso* are the remains of sepulchres, hewn in and from the rock. A little above *Castri* is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth. On the other side of *Castri* stands a Greek monastery : some way above is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns of difficult ascent, and apparently leading to the *Corycian* cavern mentioned by *PAUSANIAS*. From this part descend the fountain and the ‘ dews of *Castalie*.’ ” Note 1 to Canto I. of *CHILDE HAROLD*.

The 60th and other stanzas, Lord B. tells us, “ were written in *Castri* (*Delphos*)—at the foot of *Parnassus*, now called *Λιανύρα, Liakura*. ” *Ib.* note 13.

“ The *Curtian* lake, and the *Ruminal* fig-tree in the forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred ; and the memory of the accident was preserved by a *puteal*, or altar, resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt. ” *Ib.* note 41 to Canto iv.

Mouths of wells we have shown to be mysterious, on account of their form. One made by a (real or supposititious) stroke of lightning or a thunderbolt, or a tree scathed (by *INDRA* they would say), would have been peculiarly venerated by *Hindús* in their best days—and perhaps now, for they are non-mutant.—Such mythi have been viewed and treated, at *Benares*, pretty much as they are described to

have been at the "Eternal City." The circular orifice or cavity of the thunder-born well, has been perhaps covered with the "little chapel" by the mystics of a more modern religion. It ought to be, and perhaps was, dedicated to "Our Lady of the O."<sup>1</sup> At Benares—the *Rome*, the "eternal city" of Hinduism—it would have been dedicated to her Panathenaic sister, PARVATI of the IONI. It is really surprising how, in hundreds of instances, the superstitions of ancient and modern *Rome* and of *Benares* go hand in hand—proving that man is indeed the same animal every where, merely modified by position and education—

"Cælum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt."

We will return to WALPOLE for a few more extracts:—

"Near the point of *Scyllæum*, where the *Saronic* gulf enters the *Ægean* sea, is a small island called *Calaurea*,<sup>2</sup> where DEMOSTHENES ended his life by poison." *Travels*, 552.

At such a point, such a *sangam*, or junction, which would naturally be sacred to the terrific or black god KALA, or to his consort KALI, and be probably called *Kalaurea*, a Hindu would commit "merito-

<sup>1</sup> On this, not very familiar, distinction of the Virgin, I have a little article, which I hope to find room for.

<sup>2</sup> "On classic ground, also, is the *Calaurea* of APOLL. RHOD." ELTON's *Specimens*, i. 327.

"*Libythus* vanish'd distant to their right—

Honied *Calyne* faded from their flight."

OVID's ICARUS, *Ib.* II. 327.

rious suicide"—as, indeed, I have too frequently seen.

"A gently swelling hill, probably *Callicolone*,<sup>1</sup> seen from *Athens*." *Ib.* 561.—"This stream is called in Dr. HUNT's Journal, *Kamara Sou*."—"The modern castle of *Koum Kale*." 570.

Here are numerous *Kalicisms*. The reader will recollect the interchangeability of letters. *Callicolone* I should write *Kali-kaloni*—or if *Kali-kal-IOni*, it would be ultra-*Kalic*. *KAMARA* is a name of *KALI*—and so are *KAMALA*, *KOMARI* or *KOU-MARI*, and *SUKALI*—all referring to her beauty or virginity; and all of which are closely cognate in sound with the Greek names in the preceding extracts: which conclude what I purposed taking from *WALPOLE's Travels*.

"It is well known," says Lord *BYRON*—note 88 to Canto iv. of *C. H.*—"that the sacred images of the Capitol were not destroyed when injured by time or accident; but were put into certain underground depositories, called *favissæ*."—I have scores of Hindu images that appear to have been long buried, and mutilated by time or accident. Several images have been given to me by Brahmins; but never, I think, a perfect one. Thus superstition works every where alike—from the true cross and reliquary trumpery of the Papists, to the ape and onion-arians of *Egypt* and *India*.

But Dr. *CLARKE's* vast volumes, where they de-

<sup>1</sup> This name occurs, with the epithet *steep* prefixed, in *ELTON's* translation of *HOMER's Battle of the Gods*. *Sp.* i. 35.

scribe *Greece*, almost describe *India*, as far as relates to names, legends, and usages. I have run my eye rapidly over them; and, as briefly as may be, have interpolated, parenthetically as it were, observable coincidences.

In his preface, p. viii., the Hindu *trisula*  $\Psi$ , is ingeniously made to appear the origin of the **IONIC** volute; or to be intimately connected with it. Nos 24, 25, 26 of Pl. 2. of the *Hin. Pan.* will show the Sanskrit identity of the symbol. See also line B. of Pl. v. of this little book, for the same symbol—on which, with the subjects of that Plate, it is intended to say something in a future page. Dr. CLARKE adduced it in proof of the frequent resemblances between ancient heathen superstitions and modern usages. His speculations hereon, although apparently without any acquaintance with the fact, argue strongly for their coincidences with Hindu fables and romances. In page ix., describing MINERVA, he describes a Hindu goddess; as she certainly is. Spitting into one's own bosom—I. 7.; "votive gifts, *donæ votivæ*, of human hair"—ceremonies attending sneezing—8.; as mentioned by LUCIAN, PAUSANIAS, and others, will find their parallels in the usages of *India*.

"Between *Marathon* and *Athens* is Mount *Pendeli*." 11. *Pendeli* is Hinduish. "The mountain *Kalingi*." 12, 38. This word is eminently so—reminding us of the *linga* of KAL. "An ancient paved way, now called *Shuli*." 27. SIVA's *suli*, or *trisula*, is often called *Shuli*. It is precisely the figure given above, as the **IONIC** volute. The *linga*,

*suli*, and **IONi** of **SIVA** and his consort, are all pervading. It has just been called *trisola*—descriptive of its trident form: being strictly as Neptunian as any thing in or about *Athens*.

"The ancient *Tricorythus*, on the road from *Marathon* to *Rhamnus*." *Ib.* *Tricor*, *Mara*, and *Rham*, are Hindu sounds— not so the Greek terminations. "Plain of *Tanagra*." 39.—"Bridge of *Yakindî*"—"village of *Skemata*"—"village of *Nacra*." 43. These are Hindi—terminations and all. "The Albanians, like the ancient Greeks, will neither eat a hare, nor touch it after it is killed, nor remain in the house with it." 75, 358. This feeling is paralleled in *India*, but I am not sure if fully among Hindûs. The hare is, however, with them a mythological and poetical animal. See *HP.* 293, 294. I have a note on superstitions connected with the hare, raven, &c. which I hope to append.

"An eagle devouring a serpent is an invariable type of the medals of *Chalcis*"—"of *Bæotia*, a trident." 87. These passages are strikingly redolent of Hindi allusion. Between the man-eagle **GARUDA**—the vehicle of **VISHNU**, the Indian **Jove**—and the tribe of *naga*, or serpents, is a perpetual enmity and conflict. One of **GARUDA**'s names is *Devourer of Serpents*. *Chalcis* I am disposed to spell *Kalki*—rejecting, where practicable, & hard, and not much regarding local terminations. These words will recur. The trident (or *trisola* of the western and eastern **NEPTUNES**) is on the *Bæotian* medals. Why? *Bhu* is the *earth*, in Sanskrit. **NEPTUNE**, in his celebrated contest with **MINERVA** at *Athens*.

smote the *earth* with his trident. I cannot parallel the upspringing horse in Hindu fable ; but my ignorance is no proof of its non-existence.

Returning to Dr. C.—“ approaching Mount *Helicon*, the names *Panaia* and *Sagara* occur.” iv. 94. *Sagara* again in 109, “ or *Sakra*, whence the mountain (*Helicon*) receives its modern appellation ”—“ The deep valley in which *Sagara* is situated—being entirely surrounded by high rocks and by the summits of *Helicon*.” *Ib.*

In Sanskrit, *Sagara* is the sea—HP. 337, 8,—as well as the name of an important mythological personage—and historical, perhaps ; but the legends connected with that name are outrageously extravagant. *Sakra*, *Sakra*, and *Sakra*, are also Sanskrit names and words. *SAKRA* is a name of *INDRA*, the Hindu *JUPITER pluvialis*. *Sakra*, among other things, means *crowned with*—or *bearing*—similar to *dhara*. *CHANDRA-SEKRA*, or moon-crowned, is a name of *SIVA*, and of some lunar mountains. *GANGADHARA*, Ganges-bearing, another—that river, or, personified, the goddess *GANGA*, being seen in, or flowing from, the folds of his hair—a fable dwelt upon in the pages and plates of the HP. : meaning (I may have said so before) the *Himalic* or snowy origin and wanderings of that “ blessing of *Bengal*,” before she issues from the cleft rock at the *Cow’s-mouth—gaomuki*—in *Nepal*. *SUKRA* is a name of the Hindu *VENUS*—not of *VENUS marina*, as before observed, but rather of *VENUS Urania*. Generally *VENUS* is masculine in *India*, and was, and is, sometimes in *Europe*. When a morning star, she

was LUCIFER and PHOSPHORUS—names derived from her brilliancy. Hence, perhaps, the bearded VENUS of the Greeks. When “the star of eve,” she is VESPER.

Asiatics, Mahomedans as well as Hindus, call any very large piece of water the sea:—such as the Ganges, or Indus, or Brahmaputra, where widely spread—or a great lake. Now, the size of “the deep valley in which *Sagara* is situated—entirely surrounded by high rocks and by the summits of *Helicon*,” I am ignorant of: but it is exactly descriptive of some Indian valleys, which yield strong indications of having formerly been great waters. Such as that, now *Kashmir*,<sup>1</sup> “that garden in perpetual spring;” and that of *Nepal*, called, after the capital, the valley of *Khatmandu*. May not the “deep valley,” bounded by the “summits of *Helicon*,” have formerly been a lake, or sea, or *sagara*? It may be here noted that the *cavity*, or *cavern*, or *hollow* of the ocean, is called the sea—*sagara* or *sa-mudra*—by Hindu sacred writers, independently of its waters:—as appears to be the case likewise in our Scripture—“as the waters cover the sea.”

Such deep concavity is, of course, received by Hindu mystics as a mighty *argha*, or *IOni*—typical of PARVATI; with her sectaries the *medhra*,<sup>2</sup> or womb of nature. In her virgin character she cor-

<sup>1</sup> Or *Cashmeer*, as some write it. Our little English lakes are pretty extensively, I believe, called *meer*: in *Suffolk*, generally.

<sup>2</sup> Qu. Is *sa-mudra*, the sea, connected with *medhra*, the womb?



responds, as we have seen, with DIANA and MINERVA—and she is also consorted with the tridented deity of the waters.

In the next page, 111, of Dr. C., occurs "*Pan-aja*, or the all-holy virgin"—and "*Asera*, believed to be the origin of *Sacra* or *Sagara*, the modern name of *Helicon*." 114. *Asera* is the supposed birth-place of HESIOD—suited for him who wrote the Theogony; amidst all the subjects of his fabulous poetry. "Here," continues Dr. C., "we found the true hellebore."<sup>1</sup> *Ib.* "It is now called

<sup>1</sup> This black vegetable, rather new to England, is extensively connected with the classical or poetical, as well as the medical, legends of Greece and Italy. I know not if also of India. Our present line of inquiry has reference mainly to the black or terrific deities of India—KAL and KALI—"the gods of tears and lamentations," as they are there called. In the idle or busy visions of poets, they associate all sort of simulative objects. The name *hellebore* in Greek is derived from *ἔλκω*, to kill. It is associated with *mania* as well as with *mortality*. SIVA is sometimes a maniac. It abounds chiefly on mountains—*Helicon*, *Athos*, *Ceta*, *Olympus*, *Parnassus*. It is among the most poisonous as well as the most beautiful of shrubs. The black deity KAL, or SIVA, is more especially connected with poison than any of the Hindu Pantheon. He swallowed poison. The roots of the *b. niger* partake of its black character. Some of its botanical characters would be profitably noticed by Hindu poets—"flowers, cup-shaped"—here is the *patra* or black-blood-receiving cup of KALI:—"anthers, erect"—therefore, like all erect, aspiring, obeliscal things, referrible to SIVA. It is tribulate and triflorouscent—(I hope this word is not of my coining)—and by one botanist has been called *triphyllus*. SIVA is three-eyed—and as such, one of his (Sanskrit) names is TRILOKAN; exactly equivalent to the name TRIOPHTHALMOS,

by the Turks *Zagara*, from the great quantity of hares found on it." *Ib.*—from WUKKEREN'S Journey into Greece in 1682.

An allowable transposition will give *Sactra* from *Ascra*—and in the changeableness of sound in languages, *Sagara* and *Zagara* may easily succeed.

"From the summit of *Helicon* is a view," says Dr. CLARKE, "which, in the grandeur of its objects, and in all the affecting circumstances of history thereby suggested, cannot be equalled in the whole world." 115.

This glorious mount ought to bear a solar name. In Sanskrit, *Heliconda* means *hill of the sun*. It is nearly the same in Greek—and is surrounded with places and things bearing Sanskrit names and allusions, as numerous, nearly, as if it were near *Benares* or *Oujein*.

Dr. CLARKE notes "*Kotumala*, near *Helicon*—most beautiful." 116. This is a Sanskrit compound—*mala* is a garland—but I cannot place it exactly on *Kotu*: on *Kuta* I can: of which something presently. "*Panori—omne video*." 117. True—but it has also a very Hinduish sound. "*Parnassus*

given, for the like reason, according to PAURANIAT, to an image of ZEUS. He has several other names indicative of his, and his *sakti's*, *three-fold* nature: of which a note hereafter. Here I shall only farther remark, that the name of the black, beautiful, poisonous, fetid herb, might be—(forcibly?)—derived from *heli*, the sun—in Greek and Sanskrit—and *bhu*, the earth—it flourishing most in very elevated regions; between, as it were, both. Other coincidences might be pointed out—but I fear being set down as having (etymologically) "a head no hellebore can cure."

universally bears at present the name of *Lakura*." 138. In a preceding page, spelled by Lord BYRON *Liakura* (Λια). And by Dr. CLARKE, in another place—p. 211—*Lugari*. All are Sanskrit-sounding. In that page he writes the name of the poetical mountain *Parnassu*—approaching near to my ideal *Paranasa*. PARA is a name of PARVATI, the mountain-goddess—and some orientalists write the Sanskrit termination *su* as well as *sa*.

Near *Parnasus* or *Parnasu* we find the "mountain *Tricala*"—and "the village *Kallidea*." Dr. C., p. 203. In pages 242. 3. 5. preceding, this village and plain last named is written *Callidia*, on the authority of WALPOLE. The pronunciation will be the same. This I note to show that in Grecian names having the initial hard C, the K may be indifferently, I think profitably, substituted.

As to the "mount *Tricala*," it is pure Sanskrit—and a name or word of frequent recurrence. It is not only a name of SIVA, and with the feminine termination of PARVATI—but is given also to an inspired person. It then refers to *Time*—seeing, alike, the *past*, *present*, and *future*—a mystical chronic triad.<sup>1</sup>

PARVATI, like her double, JUNO (IONO) or DIANA, or the "triple HECATE," has many names derived from her triple energy. TRI-KUTA, trifurcated, three-peaked. I should expect, if it be my

<sup>1</sup> An illustrative note or two, on these *Tri-kal*-ic points, is intended.

good fortune to visit the poetical regions of *Parnassus*, to find it, or Olympus, the *tri*, rather than the "bi-forked hill." It savours more of poetry than mysticism.

Another of the names of the "mountain-bee" *PARVATI* is *TRIKALIDEVIKUMARI*—the triplicate maid—or the *triform-maiden* *KALI-DEVI*. That *TRINETRI* she shares with her Triophthalmic spouse.

"*Arracovia*," 204—near *Parnassus*, may be fancied *Haracubya*. *HARA* is a name of *SIVA*—*haracubya* in Sanskrit means crooked—and may have other meanings more applicable. A striking instance of the exchangeability of *r* and *b* is on the Thessalonian coin or medal of *THEODOSIUS*, which bears *Orvis* for *Orbis*: of which I may have occasion to take farther note. *K* and *G* are also of frequent substitution.

Hereabout Dr. C. observed "the plant *Galcampa*." 204. Admitting this word to be Greek, it may be added to the number coincident nearly in both languages—with the allowable alteration *Kalacurta*. In p. 206, "*Helicon, Parnassus, and Tricala*," occur—but not, perhaps (for I have not so noted it) in combined triplicity. I have no immediate access to Dr. CLARKE's most instructive Travels.

"At the enormous elevation of *Parnassus* the shells *entrocki* are found; and all over the mountain." 207. These mysterious remains are also sufficient to mark and arrest admiration and wonderment. Their conchological legends and fables are

endless. A book the size of this would ill suffice to contain them. *Chank* is the generic Sanskrit name, hardened into *conch* by westerns. The species *entorchus* is deeply mystical. It has been a question whether such zoophytic remains were mineral, animal, or vegetable; a question which science may now answer—but it has been a question; and the *E. ramosus* has been called the “the rock-plant.” The *E. pyramidolis* is of very mystical form. Shells are more connected with *Vaishnava* than with *Sivaic* legends. A great hero of the first line, immediately connected with the fables of RAMA, had twenty arms; the *E. ramosus* has as many rays—its body is pentagonal, and has five rays; a mystic number—divaricated, the number of heads of the just-mentioned hero, and these half the number of his hands. This will seem trifling, but it is *Ramaically* mystical. *Entrochi* have also a stellar cavity, some a sacred one in the centre. This savours of the *salagrama*, of which slight mention is made in p. 88. preceding.

“Priests called *Calogers*, a name,” says Dr. C., “probably known in *Greece* long before the introduction of Christianity.” p. 212. Very probable; and in *India* likewise. These Grecian priests still exhibit Hindu mummeries, as described by the accomplished traveller, in p. 113. In p. 245 preceding these *Caloyer* are mentioned. I have called them KALIYA, priests of KALI; *Kalaya*, of KALA, would do as well. In p. 245 some mention is made of KALIYA, and the word demands no more at present.

“*Thira* or *Thebes*, where the *Cachales* falls into the,” &c. — “The river *Cachales* is still

called *Cacha-rami*, and *Cachale*. *Cachi-rami* signifies *evil-torrent*, so named because it destroyed *THIVA*." p. 215. In the first name the indifferent use of *c* and *b* may be again noted, and its being a spot where two rivers join. Such junctions we have seen are especially mystic and *Siraitic*. *THIVA* is so like *SIVA*, particularly when we recollect how extensively *Th* is *shibboleth*, that a passing notice of it will suffice. The equivocal pronunciation of *c* and *ch*, as well as the usage, before mentioned, of travellers to give their own plurals to foreign names, is vague and embarrassing. I conjecture that the river *Cachale* or *Cachale* may be allowably written *Kakali*: it is conjecture; but, if allowed, the pronunciation is similar and unequivocal. It may then be taken either as of *Kalic* or *Ramaic* allusion. *Kaka*, in Sanskrit, is a *crow*. *RAMA*, from a fashion he had—not much unlike some less heroic folk of this day—of wearing his hair bunching or flying out over his ears—has an epithet or name meaning *Crow-wing-bearer*—*KAKA-PAKSHA-DHARA*. But I know not if this have any thing to do with the Greek. Names of *Comaic* origin are not absent from the local mythologies of both races. *APOLLO* is named *CRINITUS*, and his twin brother *KRISHNA*, *KESAVA*, from the beauty and fashion of their hair.

One word more on the river *Cachale*. If pronounced soft *Catch-alé*, we have a Sanskrit word and story corresponding. *Katch*, in Sanskrit, or *Katcha*, or *Katchwa*, is a tortoise, still appertaining to *Ramaic* and *Vaishnava* legends, as does the *Cacha-rami* of Dr. Clarke; write it, or pronounce it, how you

will. The legend of the destruction of THIVA by this last-named river, I have not met with. It sounds sufficiently Hindnish. But we must be detained no longer by this tortoise-like, slow-moving discussion.

"—— that eminence of the mountain which bore the appellation of *Callidromos*, probably from the astonishing beauty and grandeur of the prospect." p. 230. That *Calli* has a meaning of *beautiful* in Greek is no bar to my speculations. It had the like, probably, long before in Sanskrit, as well as the more common reference to KALI and KALA.

"*Heraclea* is now called *Platamonos*." p. 301. "The plain near it is called *Kallidea* or *Kallithea*, but to what circumstance of beauty it owes its appellation it is difficult to conjecture." p. 306. Just so. This is the same plain as was, in an earlier page, written, as quoted, *Callidia*. *Kali* and *Calli* are of course the same; and *dia*, *dea*, *thea*, of the Greek, are equally godlike with the *deva*, *devi*, or *deo*, of the Sanskrit.

"Hereabouts we crossed the *Malatri* river by a bridge." *ib.* *Malatri*, or *Trimala*, would refer, in Sanskrit, to a triple necklace or garland, or something embracing, encircling, or convolving. A river very tortuous might be so named. Of *Heraclea*, which I conjecture to be HARAKALA, or HERCULES, something occurs in another place.

"Where are the remains of *Dium* situated, near to the *Haliacmon*?" — "*Dium*, D'ANVILLE says, is now known by the name of *Stan-dia*, in which a

preposition of place precedes the proper name, according to the usage which, in later times, had become prevalent in this part of the Roman empire." p. 309.

Thus Dr. C. connects *Dium* and *Stan-dia*. I notice this to show an authorized stretch of etymological deduction, far exceeding, I think, any licence that I have occasion to ask indulgence for. *Stan* is an Eastern termination; rarely, if ever, a precedent in a place's name.<sup>1</sup> *Dium*, *dia*, *deo*, *deva*, are fair substitutions, one for another.

"A very elevated, snow-clad mountain, called *Malashiro*." *ib.* Or *Malasiva*, perhaps, in days of yore; which, in Sanskrit, would mean the garland or wreath of SIVA. This deity is, however, in *India* extensively called SHIVA. "A *Khan*, called *Kunarga*." p. 403. The *hill* of the *Argha*?

In p. 413 Dr. C. indulges in some speculation on the derivation of *Bucephalus*. May *Bucephalo*, or as it would be better spelled, *Bhu-sch-phala*, be admitted? It means in Indian languages 'earth-of-six-flowers,' but I do not see how to apply it to the poetical horse. The modern name of *Sepoy*, now of a foot-soldier, has been seriously derived from *sch-pai*, six-footed; for it is said to have formerly been the designation of a mounted man. Until lately, indeed, foot-soldiery have been scarcely taken into the estimate of the strength of Eastern armies. Nor were they in *Europe* generally much thought of two or three centuries ago. But I confess I have

<sup>1</sup> STANU, or ST'HANU, is a name of SIVA.



deemed this rather a forced derivation. I may have occasion to say another word or two on it in a future page.

In p. 419 Dr. C. resumes his speculation on the word in question; and a town named *Cavallo*, which other writers have attempted to derive from *Bukephalus*, is said to have been also called *Chalastra*. *Kalastra* brings us again to words of Sanskrit sound and meaning. *As-wa*, a horse, I shall lay no stress on.

"The termination *bria*, so common in this country," (between *Thessalonica* and *Constantinople*) "answered, in the Thracian language, to the Celtic *dunum*." p. 476. In my ignorance of Sanskrit I know not if *bria* or *bri*, in that language, has a meaning connected with hills or mountains, as *dunum* or *dun* appears to have, extensively. The termination is confessedly of no value. Hence perhaps *Calu-bria*, *Caledonia*. But I will first finish what I have to extract from, and observe on, Dr. CLARKE, and then endeavour to show how extensively *dun*, in the name of places, is connected with *hill*—from the *Ganges* to the *Po*, the *Thames*, and the *Frith of Forth*.

"Denuded mountains, called *Karowlan*. The rivers *Kuru-tchi*, *Mycena*, *Kalis*, and *Aksee*. The villages *Kallia-Gedari*, *Achooria*; *Gallipoli*, the ancient *Cullipolis*; *Malgara*, a village, thence five hours further to a place called *Devili* or *Develi*." pp. 429. 30. 31. 39. 56. 62. Who would not suppose this to be taken from an itinerary of *India*?

"A fountain still held sacred by the Greeks, and

called *Balculi*, which marks the spot formerly occupied by the church of the Virgin MARY." p. 518. The Virgin, with probably her divine infant; who in Sanskrit would be, as the infant KRISHNA is, called *Bala*; or, in composition, *Bal. Balculi*, or *Bal-kuli*, is a very probable name for an Indian village; although I do not immediately recollect one so named combinedly: either word, separately, is not uncommon.

"We visited the site of *Chalcedon*, and the rock where the light-house is situated, called the tower of LEANDER. The Turks call it *Kez Kalasi*." p. 519. "A village called *Hericler*," near "*Kannara*, another village." p. 548. *Chalcedon* may be *Kal-sedun* or *Kalkidun*, for the substitution of the hard C or K, for the C soft, is found to be very common in many regions. So is the interchange of the sounds produced by c, ch, sh, and k. On which a word, perhaps, hereafter. *Heri-cler* reminds us of *Heri-cala*, a combined name of VISHNU and SIVA. If *Harikala*, of PARVATI and SIVA. *Kannara*, is the name of several well-known mythological caverns, and of existing places in Western India: and *Kalasi* weaves easily into the same web of nomenclature. Near *Persepolis* is a cave called *Kanarah* by KER PORTER. I. 571.

In Dr. CLARKE's third volume; or in what he inconveniently calls Part second, Section second, some names occur, which invite remark: — "*Tricala*, an ancient town and temple of *Thessaly*." In a late page, 265, we have seen the classical name of *Trikala*

applied to a mountain near *Parnassus*. The remarks there offered may suffice at present on this, and cognate Sanskrit, and Greek names and legends.

"Three leagues eastward of *Alexandria*, on the sea-shore, are the ruins of very superb and extensive buildings. It is imagined these formed part of the city of *Taposiris*. Here are also, cut out of the solid rock, a number of places which have the appearance of baths." 304. *Taposiri*, or, as I should prefer writing it, *Tapusri*, is a Sanskrit compound, applicable to a sacred place, to which such baths or cells would be a probable, not to say a necessary, adjunct. *Tapusri*, or *Tapusri*, means, I think, a place of pilgrimage; the sacred pilgrimage, or rather, perhaps, of *penance* or *austerity*.

In p. 426 we are told of the "town of *Syra*, built upon the summit of a lofty hill, so remarkable for its conical form that it may be compared to a vast sugar-loaf covered with houses." Such a hill is never viewed by a *Saiva* unmoved by such a noble type of the object of his adoration. The hill itself would indeed be such, as a *Linga*; and *Sri*, or holy, would be the appellation which he would bestow on it. *Syra* is but a trifling alteration in sound or spelling. "This town was anciently called *Syros*." The Hindu goddess *SRI* is in one case called *SRIS*; hence *CERES*, *Tapo-siris*, *Syros*. Here (at *Syra* or *Syros*) grows, and here almost exclusively in Greece, the pre-eminently beautiful and aspiring *Dianthus Arboreus*, surnamed ΔΙΟΣ ΑΝΘΟΣ. It is, however, found elsewhere. Where? In *Seriphos*. The special locality of a sacred or beautiful flower would

suffice for the affixture of a name by a Hindu. He would call such a place *Sri-phol*. This word is, to our ear, aseuphonic as *Sriphox*--to mine, hating sibilants, more so; and I should have thought likewise so to the fastidious organs of the ancient Greeks.

"The Eleusinian women practised a dance about a well which was called *Callichorus*, and their dance was accompanied by songs in honor of CERES. These songs of the well are still sung in other parts of Greece as well as in *Syra*." p. 430.

It was my intention to incorporate with this Head of my *Fragments*, or to interpolate, an article on "*Cones, Clefts, Fissures, Wells, IO, &c. Hindu mythi*," as well as the other before mentioned on *Dan*; and, perhaps, some others not altogether irrelevant or unconnected with the various *Kali*-isms of this Head. But--waving them for the present--proceed we to a continuation of our remarks on Dr. CLARKE's Travels.

"In the Saronic Gulf, among the islands, is that of *Calaurea*." p. 454. Here are described remains of temples in which we may fancy KALA to have been propitiated. It is to him, or to his terrific consort KALI, that human sacrifices were offered, and to whom self-immolation was acceptable. A temple of NEPTUNE is known to have existed at *Calaurea*, for DEMOSTHENES, as mentioned in p. 257, fled thither and swallowed poison. SIVA, or KALA, is the Hindu tridented, but the Greeks did not bestow on their more modern NEPTUNE all the *Sirian* attributes. Among them is poison. See p. 263.

*Calaurea* is a very ancient name. CHANDLER

found among the ruins of the city and temple an inscription—"To the god and to the Calaurians," *Travels in Greece*, p. 212. Oxford, 1776. If Hindûs wrote that inscription, it would probably run—"To MAHADEVÂ and to the Saivas."

"The tortoise, or testudo, is a common mythological symbol. Among the ruins of *Ægina*, the most ancient of Grecian ruins, are still found rude medals marked with the tortoise. These are the earliest of known coins." CLARKE, p. 605.

The tortoise is a very common mythological animal, or symbol, among Hindûs. The second of VISHNÛ's *avâtara*, or descents, was in that form; of which abundance may be found in the pages and plates of the *Hin. Pan.* See also p. 268 preceding.

"In Greece the *Arbutus Andrachne* is called *Komuros*—in some places *Cuckoomari*: at Constantinople it is called *Koomaria*," 613. These names seem to be the same with the *Kumari* of Sanskrit legend. It is a name of PARVATÎ in her virgin character, as has been already noticed.

The inhabitants of *Peloponnesus* still retain the tender aversion from killing serpents, like the Hindûs. 628.

In p. 617 mention is made of those "*offerings to all the gods* which were made by the ancient Greeks upon the summits of high mountains." A spot still the most appropriate to similar offerings by the Brahmans—to *Vishwadeva*, "*all the gods*."

In *India* all gigantic works whose origin is lost in antiquity, are usually ascribed to the *Pandava*, or the *Pandûs*; as we usually, giving our own plural

termination, style the five brothers, sons of PANDU. In *Greece* such works are similarly ascribed to the *Cyclops*. This similarity is brought to mind by Dr. C.'s remarks in p. 649. He thinks the taste for that kind of architecture, called by the Greeks Cyclopean, was cradled in the caves of *India*. And he combines *Stonchenge*, *Elephanta*, *Memphis*, the Pyramids, *Persepolis*, &c. in our minds, while discussing this point.

The *propylea* of *Mycenæ*, given as the vignette to ch. xvi. surmounted by a triangular aperture, is very similar to the trilithal doorways so often seen to temples in Western *India*. The lions or tigers denote the Grecian work to be of the *Sira-ian* class; as does the column, or *stelé*. A lion is appropriate to PARVATI or DEVI. In one of her characters she is seen, full armed, in vigorous assault of a demon, mounted on a lion or tiger. One name applies to both animals, in several languages of *India*. In this character she is called VYAGRA-SAHI, meaning tiger or lion mounted. Her consort, KALA, like his brother HERCULES, is often seen clothed in, or sitting on, a lion's or a tiger's skin. "Near the mountain containing the cave of the Nemæan lion in *Peloponnesus*, is a town called *Calaverti*." 764. It is in *Attica* and *IONIA* that I expect, more especially, to find relics of Hinduism.

Terra cotta vases and implements, dug up in the neighbourhood of *Argos*, are described by Dr. C. p. 661. "Fig. 1. of his plate is evidently a *patera*; but for what particular use this vessel was designed by the Greeks, is not so conspicuous. *Pateras* are some-

times represented in the hands of female *Bacchantes*." So likewise in *India*; there called *patra*.

"The blood of victims was received in such vessels; and it is highly probable that their form was originally derived from the top part of the human skull, used by the Celtic tribes in drinking the blood of their enemies, and as a drinking-vessel. A *bumper*<sup>1</sup> in *Norway* is still called a *skool*. Upon the subject of *pateras*, GALE in his *Court of the Gentiles* has the following observations: 'The *Levite* having killed the victim, received the blood in a vessel, which MOSES, *Exod.* xxiv. 6, calls *Aganath*,' 661. This is found to be the same which the Latins called *patera*, used in a similar ceremony." Now AGANATH, or classically expanded ARGHANATHA, is a name of SIVA, the Hindu deity especially connected with the ceremonies in which the sacrificial utensils *argha* and *patra* are used; and to whom indeed the name of ARGHANATHA, or 'lord of the boat-shaped vessel,' is especially applicable. Few points, it is believed, would be found more strikingly similar in the Hindu, Greek, Keltic, and Latin names, usages, legends, &c. than those which are traceable in relationship with the *patra* and *argha*. In p. 263 preceding, without any advertence to the coincidences of this, mention is made in the note of 'the *patra*, or black blood-receiving-cup of KALI.' In Pl. v. of this book, l. F. Nos. 17. 18. Hindu *patra* are represented, in common with divers mystical things, taken from Pl. 2, and 86. of the *Hin. Pan.*: and in p. 393.<sup>2</sup> of that book

<sup>1</sup> *Au bon père*?

<sup>2</sup> And in pp. 387 to 390.

will be found, more appropriately than here, where such matters can be only glanced at, some speculations; sufficient, perhaps, on the 'boat-shaped' *tra*, and on the 'Lord of the boat-shaped vessel' ARGHA-NATHA—so similar in sound and legend to the heroes of the golden fleece.

"The *Lectisternum*, or the custom of giving supper in a temple to the gods, may have originated in the funeral feasts at tombs." 665. This was commonly monthly among the ancient Greeks; as is a similar custom of *Sradha*, or observance of funeral obsequies, still is among the feeders of Brahmins. In the H.P. much is said on the copious subject of *Sradha*. Its ceremonies are highly important, in a priestly view—feasting being essential. For though the clergy, with whom we westerners associate in these intellectual days, care as little about the vulgar operations of eating and drinking as the neighbours; the creature-comforts were conspicuously prominent in the sacerdotal doings of early days, throughout the uncivilized world; and, indeed, are still too much so in a less restricted purview. An allusion to the Hindu ceremony of *Sradha* occurs in p. 179 preceding. This custom of feasting at funerals existed in the days of HOMER, and still exists in nations descended from the Kelts—including Ireland, Scotland, England, &c.; and, like the Hindu months'-minds, &c. are not out of usage. Dr. CLARKE decides the custom to be of much earlier date than any thing purely Grecian; and asks, "whence the custom originated?" May we not answer, from India—where it still exists in all its masticatory vigour; under, as far as I can com-





pare them, the same ceremonials which the learned traveller describes to have been in old times so extensively existing elsewhere.

"PLUTARCH believed (THEMIST. 87) that the fabled contest between NEPTUNE and MINERVA for *Attica*, was an allusion to the efforts made by the ancient kings of the country to withdraw their subjects from a seafaring life towards agricultural occupations." 765—"the fables transmitted from one generation to another concerning the contests between NEPTUNE and JUSO for the *country*, as between NEPTUNE and MINERVA for the *name*, of *Attica*, may be regarded as so many records of those physical revolutions which gave birth to those fertile regions; when the waters of the sea slowly retired from the land; or, according to the language of poetry and fable, were said to have *reluctantly* abandoned the plains of *Greece*." 768.

"Near *Eleusis* are two streams of salt water, called *Rheti* by PAUSANIAS." 779. A Hindu poet would have called these *Rheti-khond*--bitter tears flowing from the faithful RHEI, mourning her severance from her KAMA. Several *Koonda* or pools in *India* have such origin, of which something may be said hereafter. Possibly something of the same sort might be traced in the fables of *Greece*; for


<sup>1</sup> These passages are extracted here, as being in regular continuation of what we have to take from Dr. CLARKE. It is intended, in a future page, to refer to them, and to offer parallel poetical legends, and geographical facts, in Hindu regions. This applies partly also to the next passage, and to several following pages.

there is a good deal of mysticism connected with the spot and its history, beyond its mere contiguity to that grand magazine, *Eleusis*. But it is curious that CUPID, the same with the Hindu KAMA, is not once mentioned by HOMER, though so many occasions invited it. Nor—and this is curious too—is his twin-brother KAMA mentioned in the older of the Hindu sacred or poetical authors. The popular CUPID and KAMA seem creations of a later day. Neither does HESIOD mention CUPID. A few remarks on these, and other important omissions, may occupy a future page.

In continuation of what I have to offer from Dr. CLARKE's instructive volumes, and on such passages, we turn to the famed obelisk of ON at *Heliopolis*—"the only great work of antiquity now remaining in all the land of *Goshen*." On this pillar are seen many hieroglyphics; unknown, as regards Egyptian and Grecian research, but which are still in current repute and usage in *India*, where their meanings or allusions are pretended to be understood. Among such are these —and perhaps . These figures are given, to suit a future, as well as the present, purpose, in Pl. v. of this Vol.—wherein they are thus distinguished—Nos. 5. 6. 10. 14. of the marginal line F—1 of line G, and 12 of line A.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Please to observe, that, where not otherwise indicated, Pl. v. is to be understood as referred to in these pages, though, in avoidance of repetition, not expressed. Where the line A, or B, or C, &c. are not expressed, the line last

I will first touch, and afterwards descant more largely, on that last given and referred to A. 12. his, I must confess, I do not at this moment recognize so pointedly as a Hindu symbol, as, from its extensive prevalence among other ancient people, I had expected. Besides the above, the obelisk of ON bears other things, such as circles, crescents, serpents, a goose, &c. Hinduisms that I shall not stop notice farther.

The first of the above  F. 5, 6. is common in several forms and positions, on both Egyptian and Hindu monuments and subjects. Among the several ones of "Sectarial marks or symbols" given in the Pl. of the *Hin. Pan.* is this, variously diversified as it is also in 4 to 8 of line F of Pl. v. before. It marks perhaps lunar phases, and other matters referring to the sol-lunar pair KALA and KALI, whose emblems or symbols cross our eye and path, in them whithersoever we may.

Of triple hieroglyphics there is no end. ♀ on the obelisk of ON, F 10, may in *Egypt* be supposed the triple leaf of the lotos; as it may also in *India*: for it lovely and triple-tinted plant is equally the

expressed is to be understood. Reference to the *lines* A, B, &c. is in upright capitals—to *figures* A, B, C, &c. in piling capitals.

In *India*, loti are white, blue, and red; for which myriad variety many beautifully poetical legends exist; some of them, like the origin of the crimson rose of VENUS, not yet explained—

"Trickling from that delicious wound,  
Three crimson drops bedew'd the ground."

JOH. SEC. BAS.

subject of poets and mythologians of either country. With both, one in three, and three in one, are alike

KAMA is fabled to have been first seen floating down the *Ganges*, on a lotus leaf. The *Kamalata* is a delicious flower, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of INDRA is perfumed. It is the *Ipomœa*. It means the "granter of desire"—"the consummator of wishes"—and is trivially called "Love's-creeper."

The fable of the white lotus of the N. of India having been dyed red (the red lotus is not seen in the S.) by a drop of SIVA's blood, which fell from heaven when that ardent, angry deity was wounded by KAMA, is another of the Puranic legends alluded to. SIVA, by a scintillation from his central eye, reduced to ashes, or rather to an incorporeal *essence*, the mischievous archer: referring, as is said, to the progressive purification of the passion; from grossness to refinement. KAMA, a name implying *passion* or *desire*, is hence called ANANGA, the bodyless—or incorporeal. SHAKUNTALA could not have heard of these KAMA-ic fables; and yet we read of them in his incomparable extravaganza the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*—OBERON's beautiful speech to PUCK—so complimentary to "the fair vestal throned by the west," at whom the western KAMA took his aim,

"And loosed his *love-shaft* smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts"—  
is too long to quote;

"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,

Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.

—Fetch me that flower—

—and be thou here again.

Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

—But who comes here?—I am invisible."

What a pretty little volume one might fill with *Kamaiana*! the sayings and doings, the aims and ends, of "Him of the flowery bow—who lovest RETI—who springs from the heart—of him, by whom BRAHMA, VISHNU, SIVA, INDRA, are filled

favorite mysticisms. In *India* it is moreover a mystical compound, of which  $\emptyset$  is the fount, or unity, and is the *IONi*. See *fig. A*—not *line A*—of Pl. v. The triune type is in Sanskrit styled *trIONi*—a mystical triunity—(read the *i* as in Italian)—of which, and its fount, and the *pedma*, or lotos, and the goddess PEDMA, legends and fables, and mysteries, so abound, that a volume like this might soon be filled therewith. KAMALA and PEDMA are goddesses named after the *gem* of beauty, the lotos; and in a hundred ways bear allusion to it. Possibly the “triple leaf” of the poetical *shamrock*, and other *trifolia* of *Britain* (in Sanskrit *trifola*)—may be hither, or hence, traced. If I have space to allow of much dilatation, this topic must be resumed—here just noting that St. PATRICK, in his conversion of the Emeralds, illustrated his doctrine by exhibiting the one-stalked-triple-leafed shamrock. With that lively people such an illustration was more likely to make an impression, than more recondite logic.

Of the next, 14 of line F, from the ON-ian obelisk, I may almost say the same, as to Brahmanic copiousness—a volume might be filled with its details. It is a *Linga*  $\emptyset$  in an *Argha*  $\cup$  surmounted by sol lunarian, or *Kalic*, or bisexual symbols  $\cup$   $\bigcirc$ —or  $\infty$ . To show its immediate Hinduism, its

with rapture”—as is at some length detailed in the conclusion of the *Hin. Pan.* It is in *India* that

“ Every flower has some romantic tale  
Linked with its sweetness.”

next No., 15 of F, is a rude representation or type of the rudely shaped JAGANATH, taken from Vol. VIII. of *Asiatic Researches*, p. 62, 8vo ed. I have several plaster figures now before me of JAGANATH, made on the spot, at *Puri*, which in their outline exhibit at a little distance a form like 15 of F.

This  $\cap$  obeliscal form is, equally with the pyramidal  $\Delta$ , SIVA or KALA. Every thing obeliscal or pyramidal, or spiracular, or erect, as I too often have occasion to repeat, are his emblems—or is HE, or NAT'H. NAT'HA in an *Argha*, or *boat-shaped* vessel, form a combination of vast profundity. As given above from the obelisk of *ON*, and in Pl. v. 14, 15 of F, the component parts, or elementals, are  $\cap$   $\cup$   $\bigcirc$ —deep, in their separate potencies—wonderful in their combination. Ill would one volume serve to develope and explain them. One hint here may suffice. In this ARGHANAT'HA, or "Lord of the boat-shaped vessel"—NAT'HA is a generic name for *lord* or *deity*—have been recognized the name and origin of all that has been said and sung of the *Argha-naut-ic* expedition to *Colchis*—(that is, say some, *Kalki*)—and all that thereon hinge, of mythology, chronology, history, fable, and fact. To these a page or two is devoted in the *Hin. Pan.* A simple type of the Hindu ARGANAT'HA may be thus given  $\downarrow$ —a *linga* in an *argha*—the one a boat; the *linga* the mast—inverted  $\uparrow$ —varied  $\Uparrow$  the *trisula* of KALA, the Hindu NEPTUNE—combined  $\bowtie$  the *caduceus* of MERCURY or TAUT, whose symbol or initial is  $\mathsf{T}$ , little else than another form of  $\uparrow$ , the inverted *argha-linga*. The

eye cast over the low and high numbers of line A, and along line B, will discern into what a variety of compounds—each fertile in historical allusions—such elementals branch. Farther including, among others, several of lines E and F—if not, in fact, every subject of our copious Plate v.—so intermingled and comprehensive are mythological mysteries.

This beautiful monolithical obelisk of ON—or, as some may think, of OM—rears itself, about 65 feet, out of a vast sheet of water. “So stood the column which adorns the world” when Dr. CLARKE saw it. His plate—in Vol. v. p. 143, 8vo edit.—is the only one before me of this fine subject. NORDEN, and SHAW, have engraved it, but inaccurately. Now SIVA—obeliscal SIVA, being FIRE, and VISHNU Water—here is another copious volume-filling source and series of allusion and profundity—here are the elementals of all that your Plutonists and Vulcanists have written or fancied. The sea—or any expanse of water, is an *argha*—and NAT’HA erect in it, is  $\downarrow$ . Or here is *pyr-amidal* fire  $\Delta$ —it always assumes that ascending form—and the descending aqueous element  $\nabla$ , or VISHNU—in combination, or union, or junction,  $\Sigma$ . Union, or junction, or *sangam*, are with Hindús most mysterious: of these *lingi*, profoundly so: and so widely, as to have reached, through *Egypt, Greece, and Rome, to England*; where this, among our sapient Freemasons,  $\star$  is “the Light shining in darkness—and the darkness comprehendeth it not.”

What I offer here is intended as introductory to my proposed explanations of Plate v. Meanwhile I

cannot help interpolating the remark, that if almost every one of the hundred, and upwards, of subjects therein crowded, would, in itself, furnish matter for half a volume of, not I think unprofitable, discussion, is it not (or is it?) to be regretted that such subjects should not be elucidated while yet they may, by examination and exact copies of what still remain of antiquity in *Egypt* and *India*? Such things must be historical. They carry us back to the time, not merely of the *Arghanath*-ie expedition, but to the times and places of the PHARAONS, the predecessors of SOLOMON—to the days of JOSEPH, of MOSES, and ABRAHAM—to the sayings and doings, and thoughts and feelings, of those who

“ — hob-a-nob'd with PHARAON—glass to glass—  
Or dropp'd a half-penny in HOMER's hat—  
Or doff'd their own, to let Queen Dido pass.”

Such “imperishable types of evanescence” should not be allowed any longer to “play dummy.” The necessity is ceasing, if it have not ceased.

If, happily, the munificent and really noble<sup>1</sup> Lord who has lately and laudably devoted so much time, talent, and wealth, to the illustration of Mexican antiquities, had directed them to the developement of those of *India* and *Egypt*, what a rich return might they have yielded!—Can the things of *Mexico* yield much? Whatever one may wish, one may allowably fear not. And it may also be feared that no other such laudable direction of the abundance of those “who stand high,” may be witnessed in our time.

<sup>1</sup> KINGSBOROUGH, it is understood—albeit his name is not given in his magnificent work.



If comparatively barren, *Mexico* hath yielded matter for some hundreds of plates and seven volumes "*Kraken folio*," what may be done with the truly fertile regions of *Egypt* and *India*? Certainly much beyond the reach of individuals to collect or produce. National efforts would be well directed to the conservation by the pencil, graver, and pen, of what yet remain. What masses have perished! If *France* and *England* would unite in such an amicable exploration of those inviting fields; or separately send the successors of their DENONS, CHAMPOLLIONS, YOUNGS, CLARKES, and other lost worthies; what rich harvests might yet be reaped! We have already discovered a key ☸, at least, to the hieroglyphics of *Egypt*—and therefore, if not to all, to much of "the learning of the Egyptians;" and possess still more of the means for the exhibition of all that *India* has in reserve.

To return, briefly, to the beautiful obelisk of *ON*, or *O'M*, or of the Sun—or of "that still greater LIGHT"—as its pious authors probably intended: It is said there were formerly three, and that two of them were removed to *Rome*. They stood before the vestibule of the grand temple, called in Scripture "*Bethshemesh*, that is in the land of *Egypt*," JER. xliii. 13; rendered by the LXXII 'Ηλιουπόλεως, the city of the Sun, as is also the name of *ON*. "And PHARAOH gave JOSEPH to wife ASENATH, the daughter of POTIPHERAH, priest of *ON*." Gen. xli. 45. *Asi-nath* is Sanskrit as well as Hebrew. Of POTIPHERA,<sup>1</sup> or POTIPHAR, or PHRE, or ΦΟΡΕΙ,

<sup>1</sup> In Sanskrit *Pati-pha*?

slight mention is made in a recent page, 208. And, as touching *Beth-shemes*, it is rather the *house* or *temple*, than the *city* of the Sun—בֵּית שֶׁמֶשׁ in the original text—so in Arabic شمس or بيت الشمس. Some travellers write this solar termination *schemps* and *shemps*: but whether it be شمس or شيش *shemsh* or *shems*, there is no authority in either Hebrew or Arabic for the *p*; and with us the *c* is worse than useless.

———— Hereabout also was the famed well of *Matarea*, with which history and superstition have been closely connected. The latter relates, in the Hindu style, how, in the flight to *Egypt*, the Virgin here thirsted and rested; and out sprung the grateful fluid. The modern Egyptians call it, as of old, “the fountain of the Sun” — of “that greater LIGHT,” perhaps—*ain è shems* عين الشمس. They gather much, even now, from the resort hither of pious Christian pilgrims. The water of this healing fount is described as miraculously delicious as well as salubrious. “Faith—dear faith” will alter the operation even of the senses. Here is still shown a sycamore tree, which opened to receive and secrete the holy fugitives from the persecution of *HEROD*.

I have prepared an article—a *Fragment*—on *Holy Wells*, *Cleft Trees*, and similar superstitions, still extant, and of old existing, in *India* and *England*, and hope to find room for it; and that it will be somewhat curious. It could easily be expanded to a volume. But let us return to the *I-ON-I-un* obelisk.

This figure † we have seen is on it. A circle, in every mythological language, is a symbol of eternity—and hence of *The ETERNAL*—having equally no beginning nor end, &c profundities. And the cross, in various forms, was a mystical figure long anterior to Christianity, in many and distant parts of the world; of which some instances will be given: see, meanwhile, *fig. D* (not *line D*) of Pl. v. We may hence see why a monogram, comprehending both, should be venerated by many and distant mythologers and polytheists.

The speculations on the *crux ansata* connect themselves closely with this compound; whether in the form of † or of †, or †, or perhaps of † or †. Kind reader, please to open the doubled Plate v. and cast your eye along the upper line A. It contains a variety of those forms, deduced from their supposed elements in the early Nos. of that line. In an earlier page, 133, we have seen No. 8. †, the globe and cross of our Coronation ceremonies, in which the *Δ Linga*, also—3 of G—has been recognized, though less pointedly.

ISIS has declared that she “is all that was, or is, or will be—and that her veil no mortal had been able to remove.” She is not so positively prophetic. The inquisitive ingenuity of our day threatens her with exposure. The farther light that may be thrown on her darkened mysteries by the (smoking, but scarcely) living torch of Hindu mythology, promises much. This conceit is dimly prefigured in our Frontispiece.

In Volume V. 8vo, ed. of that most accomplished

of travellers, Dr. CLARKE, are many ingenious speculations on the obelisk of ON—his own and others piled. A few of them, as bearing on what I have here and elsewhere to offer on some of its characters, I will now notice, as briefly as I may.

JAMBlichus thinks the *crux ansata* was the symbol of the Divine Being. <sup>1</sup> SOZOMEN, and other Christian writers, conceive the whole figure, or at least the cross, to be expressive of “the life to come,” deriving this opinion from the explanation given of it by heathen converts who understood the hieroglyphics. Sometimes it is represented by a cross fastened to a circle ♀ —sometimes with the letter K surmounted by a circle ♀. By the circle, KIRCHER, is to be understood the Creator and server of the world; as the wisdom derived from Him which directs and governs it, is signified by +T, the monogram, as he farther considers, of MURCURI, THOTH, or ΦT, *Ptha*. “It is very extraordinary,” says SHAW, who has collected almost every information on this subject, “that this *crux ansata* should be so often seen in their symbolical writings, either alone or held in the hands, or suspended from the necks, of their deities. Beetles, and such other sacred animals and symbols, as were bored through and intended for amulets, had this figure impressed on them.” SHAW farther considers it to be the same with the “Ineffable image of Eternity” mentioned by SUIDAS.

JABLONSKI deemed this figure, the *cr. an.* “

<sup>1</sup> I do not refer to the passages—in avoidance of the present affectation of unpossessed erudition—an appearance always avoidable.

aliud esse quam *phallum*," &c. The women of *Naples* wear an ear-pendant of an equivocal shape and name,<sup>1</sup> bearing allusion to a *key*. And the original of this much-discussed type is supposed to have been a *key* in the shape of a cross or T. But why should such equivocal allusions be attached to it? *ATHENÆUS* has an observation where the T is deemed *obscene*. A key of this shape, fastened, or appended conveniently, to a ring ♀—and such is found on ancient and modern subjects—might seem to form a reasonable origin. The more simple form ♀ might be still more convenient for a key; and it does appear oftenest in the hands of Egyptian statues, and among their hieroglyphics.

Dr. C. reasonably considers that every Egyptian monogram had its archetype in some animal, or instrument in common use,<sup>2</sup> and that the original of the *crux ansata* was a *key*. Hence, he thinks, the

<sup>1</sup> The shape may pass—the name *chi-avare* is a metaphorical verb in their language. The initial hard gives our *key*. The commonest name in *India* of a key is *chare*, the initial sound soft.

<sup>2</sup> Thus the Bishop of CLOUGH:—"As to the *crux ansata*, which hath so puzzled the learned world, &c., it is no more than a *setting-stick* for planting roots and large seeds." *Or. of Hierogl.* And thus was I, while pondering on these matters, amused by seeing in the hands of the conservators of the city of *London*, vulgarly called *Turncocks*, an implement almost exactly resembling this classical concern of antiquity. It is the most convenient form that the tool can assume in the hand of that class of men, in their round of daily exercise, on the banks of the *Thames*, of their useful occupation. And so




allegorical allusions to a *key* in our Scriptures :—referring to a *future state of existence*.

But if a *key* be in itself a plain useful thing, as is hinted in the last note, it may, in its variety of forms, and in the vagueness and figurativeness of language, and in the proneness of unassisted man to find mysteries and admire them as profundities, easily become a mythos : and if it assume the form of a cross, such is almost a necessary sequence. It is well known that the supposed mystery of the Cross is not merely modern. Its frequent recurrence among the hieroglyphics of *Egypt* excited the early curiosity of Christians. Converted heathens explained, as has been hinted, that it signified “the Life to come.” In connexion with the *O*—itself a profundity among both heathens and Christians—(see p. 257. preceding)—we find it the *cruz ansata*, &c. This, as we have seen, KIRCHER says is a monogram of  $\Phi\Gamma$ ,  $\rho\theta\eta\alpha$ , or MERCURY, “the conductor of souls”—referring immediately to “a state of existence after death,” or “the life to come.”

We have seen in an earlier page—229—what use a superstitious race can make of texts of Scripture, in

it was, probably, in the hand of an equally useful class, who had charge of the *Nilometers*, and other matters connected with the rise and distribution of the waters of *Egypt*. Our *turncocks* call their tool a *key* ; and so, perhaps, did the *turncocks* of the banks of the *Nile*, &c. One of ours lost, and dug up finely incrustated, two hundred years hence, may sadly puzzle the *antiquarians* of the day of discovery.

the explication of a figurative *key*. That of ISAIAH, xxii. 22, "The key of the house of DAVID will I lay upon his shoulder," admits also of perversion. In *Rev.* xx. 1. an angel bears the "key of the bottomless pit," which the perverters of *MATT.* xvi. 19. give to their pontifical PETER. In the sublime prophecy of the second Advent of the MESSIAH "the keys of hell and death" are displayed, *Rev.* i. 18.

"From the time of RUFFIUS, of SOCRATES, and of SOZOMEN," Dr. C. continues, "this triple hieroglyphic, the *crux ansata*, has occasionally exercised the ingenuity of the most learned scholars. The jewel of the Royal Arch among Freemasons, is expressed in this manner  a sign consisting of three *taus* joined by their feet at right angles, thus completing the monogram of TRUTH, or TAAUT, the symbolical and mystical name of *hidden wisdom*, and of the Supreme Being, among the ancient Egyptians; the ΘΕΟΣ of the Greeks. 'Numen illud'—says JABLONSKI (*Pan. Egypt.* iii. 170) 'erat ipse PITHAS, VULCANUS Ægyptiorum, Spiritus Infinitus, Rerum OMNIUM CREATOR et CONSERVATOR, ipsorumque Deorum pater ac princeps.' "It is amusing," Dr. C. continues, "to trace the various modifications in which this type of *hidden wisdom* is expressed. Sometimes as the sun in the lower hemisphere (see *JABL.* i. 235.) it appears in hieroglyphics under this sign . At other times it was written thus : and hence we plainly<sup>1</sup> see

<sup>1</sup> It may be allowed to Dr. C., in his just confidence in his own powers, to write thus—in this passage and in that quoted

what is meant by an ancient *patra* with a knob in the bottom of it. The other principal varieties were  $\text{卐} \text{卐} + \text{卐} \text{卐}$ . Upon Greek medals we find the last monogram written thus,  $\text{卐}$ ."

As bearing on the subject of some preceding, and probably on some future, pages of this book, I must indulge here in another extract from Dr. CLARKE's instructive *Travels*. In the Appendix to his 3rd Vol. 4to ed., remarking on the discovery by Colonel CAPPER of the existence of ancient pagan superstitions on *Mount Libanus*, he notices "the numerous instances of popular pagan superstitions retained in the Greek and Roman churches; and as in our reformed religion a part of the Liturgy of the Romish Church has been preserved, so it may be said that certain external forms, and even of the prayers in use among the heathen, are still retained." 808. "A Roman Catholic prostrating himself before a wooden crucifix, or a member of the Greek Church making the sign of the cross, will not readily admit that the figure of a cross was used as a symbol of resurrection from the dead long before the sufferings of our SAVIOUR." *Ib.* Dr. C. quotes and refers to authorities in respect to the vilifying comparison of the "death and resurrection of our SAVIOUR with the annual lamentations for the loss, and joy for the

in another page; but it would be unbecoming in me. In truth, although such cryptic matters may seem plain in the zeal of inquiry and investigation, cooler readers may be disposed to doubt of their plainness and clearness. Even after all the pains bestowed on their elucidation, I fear the meed of plainness may be still withheld.



supposed resuscitation, of ADONIS: which latter, although afterwards the foundation of detestable and degrading superstition, originally typified nothing more than the vicissitude of winter and summer—(MACROB. *Saturn.* lib. i. c. 21.)—the seeming *death* and *revival* of nature; whence a doubtful hope was occasionally excited of the soul's existence in a future state."

"This expectation so naturally results from the contemplation of such phenomena, that traces of it may be discovered among the most barbarous nations. Some glimmering therefore of a brighter Light, which was afterwards fully manifested by the GOSPEL, must naturally have occasioned indistinct traces of similitude between the heathen mythology and the Christian dispensation. It was owing to such coincidence that ST. PAUL proclaimed to the Athenians, "That God, whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." In viewing these occasional resemblances, whether or not we be permitted to investigate their causes, the fact of their existence is indisputable. "No one duly considering the solemnities observed at *Easter* by the ancient Saxons prior to the introduction of Christianity, or viewing at this day the ceremony of the Greek Church, particularly that of *Moscow*, when the priests, as described in Vol. i. of the author's *Travels*, are occupied in searching for the body of the MESSIAH, previous to a declaration which ushers in the festivities of a whole empire, but must call to mind the circumstance related by GREGORY NAZIANZEN, of the manner in which pagan rites were made subservient to the

advancement of the Christian faith—(*Orat. de Vit. GREG. THAUM. III. 574.*)—as well as the remarkable fact—(vid. *JUL. FIRMIC. de Err. Prof. Relig.*)—that on a certain night in the same season of the year the heathens similarly laid an image in the temples; and after numbering their lamentations according to the beads upon a string, thus ended the appointed days of privation and sorrow; that then light was brought in, and the high-priest delivered an expression, similar in its import, of resurrection, and deliverance from grief. In tracing such resemblances the celebrated MIDDLETON, writing from Rome, observes, "We see the people worshipping at the same day, in the same temples, at the same altars—sometimes the same images, and always with the same ceremonies—as the old Romans." 810.

<sup>1</sup> In connexion with the preceding extract, it may be noted that our *Candlemas* has much puzzled western antiquaries. Our Church is, indeed, happily purified of such superstitions as have been just mentioned: tracing them back, we stumble on Popes blessing the candles with which the pious illuminate certain ceremonies, avowing, they say, to "a Light to lighten the Gentiles:" we find certain similar illustrations and other points in common with them and their predecessors that may be compared without irreverence. Farther back we arrive at striking coincidences in the seekings of Proserpine for her lost daughter CERES, and in those mysterious may fancy the source of such modern observances. But we may go still farther—from *Greece*, as usual, to *Egypt* and *India*. Hindûs have ceremonial lights, and losses and seekings, though I cannot describe them particularly, marking a community of legend. Lights were, indeed, and are, common to many ancient and existing ceremonies of people

In page 97, 98 preceding, are a quotation and some remarks and references connected with ASTAROTH, ASTARTE, EOSTRE *Easter*, &c., with which the following is immediately connected, and from which it seems to have been disjoined.

"Nothing," continues Dr. C., "tends more to elucidate and simplify heathen mythology than constantly bearing in recollection the identity of all those pagan idols which were distinguished by the several names of ASTARTE, ASTAROTH, ASHTAROTH, ASTHOREH, ASTARA, ÆSTAR. To which may be added other less familiar appellations of the same Phœnician goddess, viz.: ATERGATIS, JUNO, ISIS, HECATE, PROSERPINE, CERES, DIANA, EUROPA (CIC. de *Nat. Deor.* lib. iii.) VENUS, URANIA, DERCETIS (OVID, *Met.* lib. iv.) and LUNA. The Arabians call her ALILAT, and still preserve their *Aliluia*. Among the Chaldeans she was called MILITTA. It was from the Phœnicians and Canaanites that the Israelites learned this worship. "The children gathered wood, and the fathers kindled the fire, and the women their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven." JEREMIAH,

whose religion was, or is, chiefly ceremonial. Such are still found in considerable variety in *India*. The Chinese burn holy tapers before, and on, several of their deities and altars; and one of their great festivals is that of *Lanterns*.

BRAND (*Pop. Ant. pref.*) says that "Papal Rome has borrowed her rites, notions and ceremonies from ancient Rome—the greater number of the flaunting externals which Infallibility has adopted as feathers to adorn the triple cap, have been stolen out of the wings of the dying eagle."

vii. 8. The Canaanites and Phœnicians called the moon ASHTEROTH, ASTARTE, BAALIS. LUCIAN expressly says that ASTARTE, that is to say the VENUS of *Libanus*, or queen of heaven, was the Moon : and HERODOTUS, lib. v., calls ASTARTE ASTROARKI, Ἀστροάρκη; as it is said by HERODIAN that the Carthaginians did ; who affirmed her to be the same with the Moon. This deity was worshipped by the Philistines in the shape of a fish. LUCIAN (*Dea Syria*) saw the image in *Phœnicia* the upper part resembling a woman, the lower part a fish. And to this HORACE has been supposed to allude in the following line :—

“ Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.”

A comment on the preceding extract would lead us into the depths of Hindu mythology. PARVAT under her various names and characters, might be traced throughout. But I will here add only one coincident observation—that as in a corresponding tripartite character we find the same many-named Grecian goddess, DIANA on earth, LUNA in heaven and PROSERPINE in hell, so we find the same myrionomous goddess of *India*, in those several regions, appropriately named BHUDEVI, SWER-DEVĪ and PATALA-DEVĪ—goddess of Earth, of Heaven and of Hell. HECATE or DIANA *triformis*, is own sister to a Hindu *trimurti*—of exactly the same tripartite or tergeminaic, meaning. EUSEBIUS makes HECATE speak thus :—“ I am called three-fold in my nature—my symbols are three—I bear three similitudes—Earth, Air, Fire.” A Brahman would make, a

many have made, DEVI speak exactly so — the mysterious trisyllabic vocable, *Bhur-bhuva-swer*, may be called identical with the similitudes of the triple HECATE of EUSEBIUS.

I shall here take occasion to notice that the reverential appellative of *deva*, in Southern India pronounced *deo*, in strictness meaning a deity or divine person, is not always so restricted. In another place (*Asiatic Researches*, VII. art. 14.) I have shown how that appellation is given to a living person. He, it is true, is called “the hereditary living deity;” and is considered such, as being an incarnation of GANESA. When I visited him in 1800, in company with my noble friends, Marshal Lord BERESFORD and Lord GEORGE BERESFORD, the incarnation was in the person of GABAJI *deva* (or *deo*, as the Mahrattas currently and vulgarly call him)—but all his sons bore also the final patronymic. So on Greek monuments the equivalent ΔΙΟΣ is given to mere mortals; and DIVVS on Roman.

How closely cognate therefore seem the Sanskrit, Greek, and Roman terms, in sound and sense—*Deva*, *Deo*, *Dea*, ΔΙΟΣ, Θεός, *Divus*, *Devi*, *Deus*, &c. I suspect that a scholar might discover mysteries in the form of Θ and θ, as well as in the Φ and Ψ and Ω, among the wildnesses of Hindu fable—of which something is intended to be offered explanatory of Pl. v. The θ is the junction of two cones, or *Lingi*: separately an emblem of SIVA, the deity of death; joined, the hieroglyphic of his dark consort (♀) the IONI. With the Greeks the θ is seen singly where a

sense of death is meant to be indicated: the initials of *Dravya*.

If Dr. CLARKE<sup>1</sup> were to turn his well-stored mind to a consideration of Hindu literature, including, of course, their mythology—for in that cumbrous garb half their literature is disguised, and to which more than half their poetical allusions tend—including also the myths fancied to exist in the Sanskrit alphabet, and in numbers—comparing them with similar mysticisms that would occur to him among the Hebrews, ancient Greeks, and Christians, he would elicit many striking coincidences—curious and interesting to those who amuse themselves in such innocent, and not useless, recreations.

We may be assured that not one Egyptian or Hindu hieroglyphic, or sectarian mark or symbol—be it ever so complicated or monstrous—was without its meaning or allusion—historical, mythological, religious—or in some bearing or other. Not even a line or a dot—simple or compound—straight or wavy—was meaningless. The position was also of import. And if any important truths or matters be cut or written, in such wise, on such stones, metals, papyri—and, who would laboriously so cut subjects of no moment?—they surely deserve development.

<sup>1</sup> This passage, and most of what precedes and follows on this immediate topic, was written soon after the appearance of the volumes of this amiable and accomplished traveller. It does not, alas! now apply—to *him*. I esteemed his loss to his University—and not, of course, so restricted—the greatest it has sustained within my knowledge and recollection.

The meanings, if dead in *Egypt*, live in *India*. May we not hence marvel at the indifference shown at the attempts to unravel the tangled clue of Hindu mythology!—the mythology, or religion modified, of half, or more, of the whole world.

I have a few—I hope but a few—lines to add on another subject, that will, I think, on investigation, prove common to Egyptian and Hindu hieroglyphics—the *Hieralpha*. It assumes this form  $\Delta$ :—and appears to be compounded of the mysterious Greek letters  $A \Delta A$ . This curious monogram PLUTARCH, KIRCHER, and others, think alludes to the initials of *Agatho-Dæmon*. (They do not include the  $A$ ). An *Ibis*, in a particular attitude, is fancied to be represented by them. An *Ibis*-like bird is equally sacred with Hindus. As all things pyramidal are, with that symbolizing race, emblems of the phlegrean SIVA, those letters, probably before they became Greek on the shores of the *Mediterranean*, were so symbolical on the banks of the *Ganges* and the *Nile*—in the depths and deserts of *India* and *Egypt*.

The monogram in question is seen on Egyptian monuments—held by gods or men, demigods or kings. Considering it as *Sivaic* or *Lingaic*, a trifling elongation of one limb—be it accidental or mysterious—will produce it from the ordinary *Lingaic* form. Kind reader, open again the double Plate v, and cast your eye along lines D and E, and you will see the elements of this monogram, as well as the figure itself, in its elongation, and inverted: on which, as a *Lingaic* subject, I will here say no more.

But taking it out of that very comprehensive line, it may refer to another classification of Hindu legends. One of the three RAMAS holds a plow, shaped like the symbol in question. KIRCHER has been ridiculed by some antiquaries for suggesting that the subject seen in the hands of Egyptian idols, may have been intended for a plow; while they admit the first Greek letter to be in form like the Theban plow. It is not unreasonable to consider this useful implement an object of high respect by the earliest of cultivators. The introducers of it, in the simplicity of their ready devotions, may have been deemed gods or demigods; and to have had it dedicated to them, and placed in their hands as a suitable sceptre or attribute. We are told that the Emperor of China still holds the plow.

"Ye generous Britons! venerate the plow!"—

sings THOMSON;—but I fear me that, in this particular, your looms, and your keels, and your steamings, have materially abated such generosity and veneration.

One of the three RAMAS was, it seems, eminently agricultural—and the plow is his attribute or sceptre. In some cases he holds also a domestic implement, called *musal*. It is merely a large pestle for beating rice out of its husks. He is hence named MUSALI: and HALADHARA, or *plow-bearer*, and HALAYUDHA, *plow-armed*. This was BALA-RAMA. See Pl. 51. and p. 194 of HP. for many particulars of the three RAMAS. The important implement, *hala*, the plow, borne by the classical figure there repre-



sented and described, is given in miniature, 4 of D. I confess it does not much resemble its neighbour the Hieralphi. A *Linga*  $\Lambda$ , with a limb elongated, will assume this form  $\Lambda$ : and, slightly varied, these  $\Lambda$ —in connexion with some of the figures in lines D and E—and perhaps it may be thought, if not strikingly like, not much unlike, the *Ramaic* plow.

Orientalists are sufficiently aware of the mighty truths hidden in the extravaganzas of the mythological fictions called the *Avatares* of VISHNU. From the Noëic<sup>1</sup> deluge they regularly trace the progress of man to his social and moral re-establishment and destiny. Allusions to these *descents* of the *Preserver*, are in perpetual flow from every poetical pen and mouth. Their names are “household words.” Among the Mahrattas they are thus, vulgarly enough, pronounced—*Mutch—Kutch—Var—Narsing—Waman—Ram—Bûd—Kal*. To assist the memory, as it would appear, in the arrangement, succession, and character, of these ten *avatara*, they have been metrically strung together in this form—and the stanzas have been attributed to an Orientalist, the earliest and most eminent of his distinguished class:—

1. The *Fish* denotes the fatal day  
When earth beneath the waters lay.
2. The amphibious *Turtle* marks the time  
When it again the shores could climb.

<sup>1</sup> In the older printing of our Scriptures, NOAH is called NOR. The Hindûs have NU, and MENU, in their arkite legends.

3. The *Boar*'s an emblem of the god  
Who raised again the mighty clod.
4. The *Lion-King* and savage trains  
Now roam the woods or graze the plains.
5. Next *Little Man* begins his reign  
O'er earth and sky and watery main.
6. RAM with the *axe*, then takes his stand—  
Fells the thick forest—clears the land;—
7. RAM with the *bow*, 'gainst tyrants fights,  
And thus defends the people's rights;—
8. RAM with the *plow*, turns up the soil,  
And teaches men for food to toil:
9. BUDHA for reformation came,  
And formed a sect, well known to fame.—
10. When KALKI mount his milk-white steed,  
Heaven, Earth, and All! will then recede.

—The beads of Papacy are also a remnant of ancient times. In p. 65 we have seen a Mahomedan “teller of beads” emphatically pointed at. Hindús, and other elders, also used, and use, rosaries in their devotions; reminding us of the *Aves* and *droppings* of the modern Romans. See a very ancient rosary and cross—*fig. D* of Pl. v. A subject very similar is a Phœnician medal found at *Citium* in *Cyprus*, given as the vignette in the 4th vol. of Dr. CLARKE, 8vo edition. He mentions another of *Sidon*, whereon “a cross<sup>1</sup> is carried by Mi-

<sup>1</sup> Immediately after having been torn from the witcheries of *Bahia*, of which mention has been made in an earlier page—121—we plunged through the great deep into far Southern latitudes. I had then read of the enthusiastic vision of the companions of VASCO DE GAMA, when he and they first saw the glorious constellation of the *Southern Cross*—the *Cruz Australis*. I think I had also then read of it in

NERVA in a boat." This would be at once recognized by a learned Brahman as a specimen of *Argha-nuth* ics.

the beautiful *Lusiad* of MICKLE. My recollections, and feelings recently excited, were still vivid—kept so by a rosary with an appended cross, given me by the damsel with the black eyes at the attractive grates of *Bahia*. This I idly wore next my heart for a long while—perhaps years—until laughed out of it as another piece of tom-foolery. I note this to gain an opportunity of saying, that on the first burst of that constellation I can recollect that I myself felt a portion of that enthusiasm; and was more affected than by any other astral spectacle, before or since. Several times in after years, gaining and losing sight of that "victorious sign"—as those years called me again and again round the *Cabo da Tormentados*, as the baffled navigators christened the bold promontory more felicitously re-named *de Bonne Espérance*—those earlier feelings were less and less vividly awakened. In those after years, having delighted in such superficial readings of astronomy as a soldier may indulge in; and, in the currency of long voyages, having become an amateur in the manipulations of nautical astronomy, one's feelings were of course sobered down, and less childish than those of very early date. But I can assure you, kind reader, that altogether losing sight of the Great Bear and other boreal signs, whose risings and settings have for years been the objects of your nightly admiration, shining as they intertropically shine with a lustre unknown to those fixed far North—losing these, one by one, as you wend your Southern way, and nightly seeing other new, or half-forgotten, glorious constellations rise out of old Ocean, are sights almost worth wandering so far for. Then turning again round the vexed, weather-beaten *Cape*, northward, your old firmament friends returning to your ravished eye and mind—"revisiting the glimpses of *your moon*"—excite deeply enviable, and I think profitable, feelings and reflections.

———— I here most respectfully take my leave of Dr. CLARKE's instructive volumes. But one line in *Greece*—ancient *Greece*, I mean—and I cannot yet tear myself from a farther protracted glance of the *Hindi-Hellenics* of that interesting land. I proceed to skim my notes on HOBHOUSE's Journey through *Albania*, &c. as farther confirmatory of the prevalence of Sanskritisms in those classical regions.

I find so much *matériel* for the article, "Sanskrit Names of Places" in *Greece, Africa, Ireland*, &c. and indeed almost all the world over—including what I, for want of better, term *Kalicisms, Linga-IONics, Sivaics*, &c. that I scarcely know how to arrange them. Do what I can, I fear my article, or *Heads* of my *Fragments*, on those topics will not be found very methodical, either in arrangement or mode of handling. But the poetical nature of the extracts from the classical travellers before me will, in some measure, I trust, relieve apprehensions of deficiency on my part. Proceed we, then, with a farther preface, to HOBHOUSE:—

"*Mulacasi—Tricala*."—p. 62. The first name is a Sanskrit compound—*mala*, a garland, *casi*, prime, pre-eminent; a name of *Benares*. Of *Tricala* something is said in a former page. "*IOaNilagong*—ancient names of mountains, now called *Sagori*; the name also of the city."—160. 161. These are indeed *IONI-c* and *Linga-ic* sounds. "*Paumithi*, a district," in which are places named *Aidullu, Artu, Loru, Fanari*, and "*Laka*, on the top of a conical mountain."—*Sulli* is also called *Mega*

*Kako Sulli.* "Below *Sulli* is *Tripa*, the cavity." *Suli* or *Sula*, a tooth or spike, is a name of *SIVA*—and *TRISULA*, from his character of the tridentated *NEPTUNE*. Cavities are sacred to his consort *TRISULI*—types of her as goddess of the *IOni*. "*Klysaura*."—171. Qu. *Kalisura*?—a fair Sanskrit compound. "There are other villages," says *HOBHOUSE*; "all of them on the top of formidable mountains."—172. It is in such regions that *Siva-ian* names abound, all the world over. Almost all the names given above—and almost all, with little or no alteration—are of that description—i. e. *Siva-ic*, *Linga-ic* or *IOni-c*. To continue—" *Makala*, a village on a hill."—199. This, strictly *Mahakala*, is one of the names of *SIVA*—*maha* meaning the *Great*. "The mountains of *Tricala*." ib. "*Gouria*, a village near a fruitful region, formerly called *Paracheloites*." 201. *GOURI* and *PARA* are names of the mountain-loving goddess of the *IOni*. "Connected with which is a mythological allegory of its having been torn from the *Achelous* by *HERCULES*, and presented by him as a nuptial gift to the daughter of *OËNEUS*." 202—savouring of the poetical extravaganza of a region farther East. "At the mouth of the *Aspro* is port *Petala*. Port *Candeli* is in a deep bay to the South of the Gulf of *Arta*."—206. A deep bay would, in its form, be deemed a vast *Argha*;—a mystical union of the *Linga* and *IOni*. The other names I shall not comment on. They are *Indianic*. "The extremities of the mountains of *Chalcis*—near these was the village of *Lycirna*, from which to *Calydon* is," &c. "Next to the hills of *Chalcis*

were those called *Tappians*. One of these presents a very singular appearance. It is a large red rock, and is rent from top to bottom with a huge chasm into the bowels of the mountain."—210. Reading such passages, one is almost disposed to fancy that Mr. HOBHOUSE was traversing the mountains of *Nepal*, rather than among those of *Albania*. The country and chasm just described, "a large red rock"—a *Linga*—type of the only Hindu deity with red hair—"rent from top to bottom with a huge chasm into the bowels of the mountain"—a *Ioni*—type of his consort—are combinations, or unions, precisely adapted for Hindu contemplation and enthusiasm. On such a red rock, so rent, would such a character perform *tapas*, or austere devotion; and be called—not perhaps *Tappians*, as above, but—*Tapawi*: such penance there would be highly efficacious. Of *Chalcis* and *Calydon*, or *Kalidon*, something occurs in an earlier, and something farther must be offered in a future, page.

"*Maina. Mountains of Maina.*"—232. "The *Mainotes* continued the worship of pagan divinities 500 years after the rest of the Roman Empire had embraced Christianity. They were a very savage, robbing race. *BUONAPARTE* is surmised to be a descendant of a family of that race, named, like him, *Kalomeros*, that early emigrated from *Maina* to *Corsica.*"—231. 233. In *India*, *MENA* or *MAHINA* is a goddess particularly connected with mountainous regions. She is, indeed, the mortal mother of *PARVATI*, "the mountain-born."

The beautiful view given by Mr. (now Sir J. C.)

HOBHOUSE, at p. 246. of "the village of *Castri*, and the *Castalian* summits of Parnassus," would inflame a *Saiva* of taste and feeling. It is composed of elevated cones; exactly in keeping with his enthusiastic rage for types. Chasms and rents, too, abound—cones and caverns—*Linga* and *IOni*. *Parnassus*, as it is, I believe, before hinted, may be traced to *Paranasi*—and *Castalia*, to *Castali* or *Casitali*—*tal*, the head or source—like *Talkaveri*, the source of the Mysorean river *Kaveri*. *Kasi* denotes pre-eminence—and is thence the name of *Benares*, "first of cities." "The vast range of hills named *Parnassus*—for it is not confined to one mountain—is dedicated to *BACCHUS*"—251—the *Siva* of *Greece*: one of *SIVA*'s names is *BAGISA*.

About *Thebes*, and in other parts of *Bœotia*, the following names occur. But I will first note that in p. 267. preceding, it is shown that "*Thebes* or *Thiva*" occurs—and how easily *Thiva* may be from *SIVA*—and may not *Bo-IOtia*—forcibly, I admit—be traceable to *Bhu*, pronounced exactly like *Bo*, the *earth*—and the oft-recurring vowellic diphthong? If so, here is again a conjunction of *Linga-ics* and *IOni-cs*. *Bhu-tiya*, or *Bhuṭiya*, sounds very Sanskritish; and is likely to be a terrene compound. These are some of the names of places about *Thebes*. "*Tanagra*"—*Tana*, means a town in Southern *India*; sometimes the garrison or soldiery of a town, or a garrisoned town. *Graha* are the (nine) planetary spheres. One sees no reason for such a name—but here are Sanskrit or *Indian* words of meaning. Has the name of the town a meaning in any other language?

It "is situated under a hill called *Cerysius*,"—277. *Cery* is nearly the same as *Sri*—holy, revered; as has been before said. "*Aganippe*,"<sup>1</sup> if written *Argha-napi*, would furnish scope for ingenious conjecture, which I am not able to pursue. "*Haliartus*," I should judge to be of the same parentage as *Helicon*, before mentioned, meaning hill of the sun. "Mount *Tilphosium*—" *Til* and *tal* with final vowels, are common in Indian names. "*Kamari* on a hill."—282. *KAMARI* or *KOMARI* is a Hindu goddess; immediately of *SIVA*'s mountain-ranging family—the wife of his son *KARTIKYA*. *KAUMARI*, like *JUNO*, rides a peacock.

"*Tridouni*." Hearing that name, or *Triduni*, in *India*, I should expect of course to find a triforked, or three-peaked, hill. Is the Hellenic *Tridouni* so? "*Carababa*—*Talandios*—*Kanavari*—*Seripoo*"—these names occur of places in the mythological region of *Bootia*, p. 283, and remind one of Indian names of similar sound; and are significant; but I shall pass them by. *Sri-poo* is strictly Indianic.

At *Athens* we read of a custom still prevalent with both Turks and Christians, that reminds us strongly of Hindu prejudice and practice. "Towards the *Areopagus*," says *HORHOUSE*, "is a smooth descent, which has been worn even and slippery by the effect of a singular persuasion among the females of *Athens* of both religions. The married women conceive that by sliding uncovered down this stone they

<sup>1</sup> I am not sure if this name be correctly placed here, as from *HORHOUSE*—and I have no ready means of examining.



increase the chance of bringing forth male children. I myself saw one of them at this exercise, which appeared to me not only disagreeable, but rather perilous."—315. This is the same feeling and hope, and nearly, though not exactly, the same practice, that dictates, and is seen in, the Hindu ceremony of *pradakshna*—the circumambulation of a conical stone—*Linga*—or of a tree of a peculiar species and character, or of an image, &c.; and of the transit through a cleft rock, on which I purpose an article hereafter, of, as I think, and as indeed I have said, a curious nature.

Again—A custom still<sup>1</sup> exists among the Athenian maidens, desirous to learn their hymeneal fate, that reminds us of one similar in *India*; but I am not sure if from the same desire. On the eve of the new moon, Athenian and Hindu girls expose on a plate—or *patera* in *Athens*, *patra* in *India*—some honey, salt, and a cake. The cake, in the shape nearly of a ball, is called *pinda* in *India*—what in *Greece* I know not. It is on a particular spot on the banks of the *Ili-sus*, near the stadium, that this ceremony is most efficacious. Query—Is it at a *junction* or *sangam*, or union? The Greek girls are said to mutter some ancient jargon. I should like to know the exact words or sounds. They may possibly be like the jargonics on the uplifted Eleusinian veil of the Frontispiece to this volume. Fate or destiny is thus propitiated, and a good husband may

<sup>1</sup> I have neglected to mark whence I have taken this Athenian custom.

result. On that very spot, or the banks of the *ILI-sus*, it is ascertained there once stood a statue of *VENUS*. Thus has a religious observance been continued from antiquity, until, as in many other instances, it has degenerated into a superstition :— in this case, perhaps, harmlessly.

I have in the preceding par. marked the initial of the poetical river. *ILI* is the name of a Hindu goddess, with whom are connected various observances and superstitions referring to maidenhood. In another page I shall endeavour to trace several such to *ILI-ac* sources.

“ This spring still preserves its ancient name of *Callirhoë*.”—323. I shall here offer nothing farther on this poetical fount, in addition to what has been before said. On the above passage in *Hobhouse's Travels*, I find the following note :—“ The frontispiece to this interesting work — described, though not referred to, in its 331st page — representing Grecian subjects — would answer nearly as well for *SIVA* and *PARVATI*, and their attributes. We see a serpent, balls, and pyramidal cakes. These a Brahman would at once call *naga-linga-pinda*: of which several may be seen in plates 83-4-5-6. of the *HP*. The *patera* in the hands of the figures are also in character, both in *India* and *Greece*, under the same name, *patera* or *patra*.”

“ The *Erechtheum* was sacred in the eyes of the ancient Athenians, and may be still regarded with veneration by the modern traveller, as being the spot where *MINERVA* contended with *NEPTUNE*; and the triple building must appear, even to us, in some degree

sanctified by the superstition which believed that each portion of the Temple retained some undoubted evidence of that memorable event. The heaven-descended statue of the protectress of the city was religiously preserved in her own fane; the mark of the trident, and the salt fountain from the cleft whence the horse issued from the earth, and where the murmur of the sea was often to be heard, were long pointed out near the altar of NEPTUNE."—HOB. 347.

I have fancied that of the current mythological fables of *Greece*, there are few in which so little Indian relationship is found as in that of the Neptunian terraqueous horse. The trident stroke, and the salt-fount-producing-cleft, are sufficiently in unison with *Linga* and *Ionis*-isms. I do not recollect any equestrian legend connected with VARUNA, the Hindu NEPTUNE; nor with SIVA, who, in some other points as well as the trident, corresponds with the Grecian ruler of the waters. A horse is never, I think, an attribute of either. A horse's bust is, indeed, a common "figure head" on boats. The ferry-boat at *Poona* and at *Panderpoor* are so suited; and a horse's head is sometimes seen peeping over the crowns of the ten-headed tyrant RAVENA, of *Ceylon*. Why, I do not know.

The contest for the Protectorate of *Athens* may be variously explained. The wise Athenians are said to have determined that the gift or introduction of the olive—not only so useful but also an emblem of peace—was preferable to that of the warlike horse. For neither in those days, nor in these, was or is that

noble animal made very *useful* in Eastern regions. Neither in *Greece* nor in *India* is he yet applied to the purposes of agriculture, and rarely to draught of any sort.

A swamp skilfully drained—any aqueous difficulty overcome—may have been the prosaic origin of these mythological contests. The erection of *Strasburg* Cathedral, in earlier times, might well have been so poetically commemorated. It is built in water, and its foundations and crypts are still submerged. The same may be nearly said of *Westminster* Abbey. Its site was formerly a swamp. But the days of Neptunism, as well as of chivalry, are past. To return to *HOBHOUSE*:—

In p. 356, we read of *Kervishia*, the ancient *Cephisa*, at the foot of Mount *Pentelicus*, and *Calandri*, in the same quarter near *Athens*. The first two are Sanskrit-sounding. *Pendelé*, as the famed marble-producing mount is otherways called, is a Sanskrit name; so is *Kalandri*. *Sepolia* and *Patisia*, in the next page, are thither traceable—*Se-pala* and *Patisa*, or *Vatisa*.

The port of *Munichia*—the *Munychian* promontory—the villages of *Menithi* and *Keratea*, are named in p. 364. Deep bays and bold promontories are profundities in *India*—concavities and projections are *Argha* and *Linga*. Thither pious *Muni* resort, as favorable to contemplation; and such places would probably be called *Munika* or *Muniki*. The other names I shall not notice farther.

“Two or three brackish rivulets, oozing through the sand, which *WHEELER* and *CHANDLER* call

the *Rheti*, or salt streams, consecrated to CERES and PROSERPINE, are supposed by PAUSANIAS to find a subterraneous passage through *Boeotia* and *Attica*, as far as from the *Euripus* of *Chalcis*." In this passage great scope is afforded for Hindu comparisons. "CERES and PROSERPINE," or SRI and PARASAPANA. *Boeotia*, from *Bhu*, as before hinted, or from *Bhuti*, or *Bhutiya*—*Chalcis*, or *Kalki*. Many names beginning with EU, I hypothetically, when I have a choice, write IO, of similar sound—the initial of IO*ni*—on which I have much, perhaps too much, to say hereafter. *Attica* has often occurred, and I have made no remark on it. *Ti*, or *tee*, and *tik*, and *tika*, and *antika*, are Sanskrit words of many meanings—and A is privative, as in Greek. *Atika*, a scholar would make much of.

But, passing these, it is the consecrated salt streams of *Rheti* that a Hindu enthusiast would revel in. Two of these joining, is a dear union, or *sangam*—and these, with a third subterraneously, is the mythos of mythi! Ablution here is triply purifying—suicide is ecstatic and meritorious. Hither resorts the youthful widowed *Sati*, or *Pure*, rejoicing in her approaching liberation from the trammels of the flesh—and the aged to sigh their last, in the way of nature, or by hastening their arrival in the world of spirits. The Hindu poets call such tripotanic union *Triveni*, or the three plaited locks. The geographical fact of the divine GANGA and YAMUNA joining visibly near the site of the modern city of *Allahabad* in *Bengal*—modern as to name—and, as they assert, subterraneously with their holy

sister SARASWATI—(the meandering consorts respectively of SIVA, VISHNU, and BRAHMA)—is metamorphosed by the most poetical and amorous sect and admired and sung by all, into KRISHNA, braiding the musky tresses of his delightful RHADA. The Greek stream is called *Rheti*. The rapt Hindu would say that it flowed from the tears of RHETI, the PSYCHE of the Hindu Pantheon—the goddess of pleasure, consort of its CUPID, KAMA. Her tears, when widowed by a flash of fire from SIVA's central eye, which, reducing to ashes KAMA's mortality, rendered him an incorporeal essence (a pretty origin of the divine *EPOS* of the Greeks) in punishment for his audacity in wounding SIVA by one of his impassioned flower-tipped arrows—her tears on that sad occasion flowed most copiously; and her tender lamentations fill a book in a delightful poem by KALIDAS, called *Kumara Sambhava*, or the Birth of KUMARA. We must not here indulge too much in these tempting topics of mythological fiction; but be content with observing that RHADA's lamentations, when severed temporarily from KRISHNA, were also very lachrymose. Her weepings, as well as those of the bereft SITA, spouse of RAMA, gave origin and names to lakes and pools. Such are named RHADA-Khoond, or SITA-Khoond, or RETI-Khoond, according to the personality of the fables.

The saltness of the streams, like those of the *Rheti* of Greece, would not be lost on the Hindu fabulist. The musings and "oozings" of that class of writers are not always repeatable.

"The sacred way leading from the *Thriasion* gate across the *Rheti*, and the *Thriasion* plain to *Eleusis*."—HOM. 374. *Triasi* is Hindi. I have used the word a thousand times as the number 83. It is not unusual in *India* so to name places. *Chou-rasi* is a district about *Surat*, meaning 84—from having, or having had, as it is said, that number of villages or towns. *Salsette*, as we call the fine island close to *Bombay*, the natives called *Se-ushter*—86—because, they say, it has or had so many villages. I know not if this line of naming obtained in *Greece*—or if the names of places there are at all so traceable.

"Not only *Athens* but *Attica*," says HORRHOUSE, after HEGESIAS, "was the handy-work of the gods and ancient heroes."—359. So are *Kashi* and *Varanasi*—*Benares*, city and province: the *Athens* and *Attica* of *India*—which, like *Naples* (and *Calabria* &c) are said to be "a piece of earth which tumbled from heaven."—*Athens* and *Attica* seem to abound in Hindu names almost as much as the city and district of *Benares* or *Kashi*.

"A path branches off from the main road by the sacred way to *Athens*, a little nearer to *Eleusis* than the *Rheti*, or salt streams, and leads to *Kaliva*, a village; and to *Casha*, through the opening of the hills."—375.

*Kaliva*, *Kasha*, as well as *Rheti*, I should rather have expected about *Benares* than *Athens*.

"The mountains of *Kerata*" occur in the same page—and *Megar*, *Corydallus*, *Salamis*, *Pharmacusæ*, *Megala*, and *Micrakira*—names of more East-

ern sound, and significance. Some of them are all significant on the spot. "Mount *Pentelicus* is now called *Pendele*, and sometimes *Mendeli*."—39. These sound more like the ancient and Eastern name, than the softened and probably more modern *Pentelicus*. This mount and that of *Hymettus* 'Ἥμῆτος, (—*haima*, snowy—) are the sites of endless mythological legends. "The latter had on its summit an image of JUPITER; and has now fifty chapels, or consecrated caves."—*Ib.* This is strongly Oriental—SIVA, the Indian JUPITER, reigns paramount in *Haima-laya*—so is the account of the cave of VENUS, *Colias*. One could fancy it on *Sesette*—that island of cavernous mountains—bathing the Greek inscriptions. Nor is the Nympholeptia foolery unmatched in *India*. "The credulity of the religionist, adorned by the fancy of the poet"—sufficiently conspicuous in both regions.

"*Kalivia Kouvara*, a small village."—40. "*Vrisuki*, *Thascalio*, *Kake*, *Thalasa*, small fishing harbours between ports *Therico* and *Raphti*."—42. The last is the ancient port of *Prasia*—"one of the *Pandionis*; well known as the place whence the mysteries of the hyperborean APOLLO were annually carried by the Athenians to *Delos*."—424. The names, some of them slightly altered, are mostly pure mythological Hinduisms, combinable with the Oriental, as well as with the hyperborean, APOLLO. On some of them earlier remarks have occurred. *Kaliva*, *Kuvera*, *Vrisaki*, *Daskala*, *Kaka*, *Talas*, *Parasi*, *Pandu*—would be the method of writing the names of such places or persons in *India*.



according to the excellent system laid down—based on Italian pronunciation—by Sir W. JONES, in the *As. Res.*, and generally followed by me in the *HP.* in which most of the above names occur, as Indian.

By *Rhamnus*, in a valley, is “the village of *Vraona*, celebrated for the worship of *DIANA*.”—429. Query, *VARUNA*?—for in the next page it is connected with water, as are the rites of the Indian *DIANA*, in her characters of *DURGA* and others—“An island formed by the torrent which flows from the valley of *Vraona*.”—430. *VARUNA* is the Hindu regent of water. “Here,” continues *HOBHOUSE*, “is a square marble, looking like a pedestal; and in a pool of water in the same island, is the headless statue of a female, sedent, of fine white marble, and exquisitely wrought.”—*Ib.*

“Near *Stamati* is the village of *Cervishia*.” 437—and near it is *Charootika*.” 440,—“the mountain anciently called *Brilesus*, in the region of *Diacria*, to the north of the high mountain of *Parnes*—to *Cashq*—to *Calamus*—an hour to the S. of *Oropo*—the powerful city of *Tanagra*.”—442. “The village of *Scimitari*, near a spot called *Gremetha*; answering tolerably to the site of *Tanagra*; and the hill above may be that once called *Cerysius*.”—460. “A spot named *Castri*—on a height above, we saw *Mavromati*—through that part of *Bæotia* called *Parasopia*.”—461.

Of the preceding names much of *Greco-Hindi* connexion might be traced by a competent writer. I pass them; though I could trace some.

“There is among the ranges of *Mezzovo* or *Pin-*

*dus*, at no great distance from a *han* called *Kokoulitiko*, the supposed site of *Gomphi*, a high rock with nine summits, called *Meteora*. It lies in the road leading from *IOuNina* to *Tricala* and *Larisa*." 465. From this page we are referred to p. 62. where we find the road leads over a river that flows to *Aita*, then over a mountain to *Malacasi*, a village; then crosses a stream that falls into the *Salembria*, or river *Peneus*." We then read again of *Tricala* or *Tricca*, of *Cassiope*, the hills of *Sagori*, Mount *Tomarus*: the districts of *Paramitkia*, *Purga*, and *Sulli*."—62.

An Orientalist may conceive with what reverence a Hindu would approach a hill with nine peaks, containing, or environed by, places distinguished by the names just quoted. The most poetical of Hindu mythological mountains, *Meru*, has usually three peaks—I cannot speak to the fact of nine or its absence—and has places on or near it, distinguished by some of the above names. Such a hill as the Greek *Meteora*, would in *India* be the resort of pilgrims and ascetics—*Saniasi* and *Tapaswi*—as well as of divinities. See Pl. 31. of HP. for exactly such a hill so peopled. And approaching it, most persons, with any poetry in their composition, would feel some Parnassian emotions. Let us see what HOBHOUSE says and saw hereon.

He first chides his predecessor *POUQUEVILLE*, for being too poetical on a similar occasion.—" But though the license granted to the fancy of his nation may suffer him to wander through the Elysian fields, and sport with the Grecian muses on their favorite

these groves are not to be distinguished from a thousand woody recesses that shade the mountains of Albania: and the prose of the traveller is less sober than the poetry of his harmonious countryman:—

“Ce sont passés ces temps des rêves poétiques  
Où l'homme interrogeoit des forêts prophétiques,  
Où la fable, créant des faits prodigieux,  
Peuploit d'êtres vivants des bois religieux.  
*Dodone* inconsultée a perdu ses oracles,  
Les vergers sont sans dieux, les forêts sans miracles.”  
DELSLE—*Tr. Reg. de la Nat.*

HOBHOUSE tells us, p. 465—“That on each of the nine summits of *Meteora*, which are in a cluster together, is a monastery. The monks of these aerial habitations have contrived to secure themselves from all surprizes or unwelcome visitants, by cutting down those ridges of the rocks by which they first ascended them; and all the monasteries are now inaccessible, otherways than by baskets let down from the summits of the mountains to the highest landing-place, perhaps a hundred feet below. The monks thus leave and return to their habitations for the occasional purchase of provisions,” &c.

“One,” continues Sir J. H., “may surely be at a loss to guess what charms life can have for a *Caloyer* of *Meteora*<sup>1</sup>—a prisoner on the ridge of a bare rock.

<sup>1</sup> In India, “a *Kaliya* of *Miti-ora*” may be expected to be heard or read of. Of *Kaliya* something occurs in pp. 245, 7, 8.



Security is not acceptable on such conditions. Yet from amongst the varieties of human conduct we may collect other instances of voluntary privations, equally unanswerable, and produced, independent of habit or control, by original eccentricity of mind. A monk confessed to me, that he had never in his life felt an inclination to change his place; and, having from his childhood belonged to his monastery, had seldom wandered beyond its precincts. For four years he had not passed beyond the grotto in the grove, and might not, perhaps, in the next four. 'Some of us,' he said, 'prefer travelling. HADJI,<sup>1</sup> there, has been to *Jerusalem*. For myself, I do not wish to remove from this spot.' One of these monks passed his whole time with the oxen of the monastery, and would suffer none else to look after them. He never spoke to any one."<sup>2</sup>—446.

<sup>1</sup> "HADJI"—somewhat strange to see such a name so applied. Had the wanderer been to *Mecca*, he would, in Mahomedan countries and company, have been of course so distinguished and addressed. But I should not have expected it in a Christian monastery, in Christendom.

<sup>2</sup> The masterly author of the book of *Ecclesiasticus* had probably such a man in the eye of his deep-searching mind, when he penned these passages:

"How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plow, and that glorieth in the goad—that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give his kine fodder."

The above was happily applied at the period of high debate on Lord JOHN RUSSELL's motion for Reform—referring to an apprehended undue preponderancy of the agricultural interest—not much flattered by the son of SIRACH.

The reflections of Sir J. H. on the follies and mad-  
nesses of men, especially of men associated on  
principles contrary to common sense, and regulated  
according to a system in strict opposition to the  
general habits and nature of mankind, apply as well  
to the *Boskoi*, or grazing saints, of *Mesopotamia*, as  
to the ascetic Brahmans, and others of the Hindús;  
and not better.

I may note, as connected with this subject, that  
in a retired, shady vale, on that beautiful part of the  
beautiful island of *Bombay*, called by the English  
*Malabar Hill*—I know not by what name by na-  
tives—is a fine tank, surrounded by temples and  
terraces, and trees and buildings, constituting a vil-  
lage: if I ever knew its name, I have forgotten it.  
There resided, in my earlier day, Brahmans and  
contemplative Hindús, many of whom had never in  
their lives been in the city or fort of *Bombay*, though  
only three or four miles distant. And many more of  
the English living there, had never, I dare say,  
visited or heard of this cool, quiet, happy “Brahman  
village”—its usual designation when spoken of.  
It was a favorite resort of mine; and I became tole-  
rably well known to some of its sober philosophers—  
and I have sometimes, when tired of the heat and  
turmoil, and vexations and excesses of business and  
society, been more than half disposed to envy the  
peaceful inhabitants of “that shady blest retreat,”  
the life they there led, and seemed to love.

Since the time of which I speak, this village,  
then unapproachable except on foot, is probably no  
longer secluded, or inhabited by the same description

of people. The *Hill* has become studded with villas—the *Point*, a bold sea-chafed promontory, where the fine temple once stood, from the blasted and ruined foundations of which I dug out and brought to *England*, the ponderous triune bust represented in the cubic pedestal of my mystical *Frontispiece*—that *Point* has become the marine residence of the Governor—roads for horses and carriages intersect the *Hill*—and ere as many more years elapse as have passed into the ocean of eternity since I first wandered, and chased the hooded snake, over it, steam coaches may, for aught I know, traverse it on iron roads. — But to return to *Greece*:—

In *Attica* we find the village of *Cockli*. In *India* it would be called *Cokli*; or, as I should write it, *Kokli*, or *Kukli*. I think I recollect a village of that name in *India*. In *Greece* “it is near the plain of the *Calivia* of *Kaundouri*.”—468. *Attica* itself, as well as the other names in this par. would, with little or no alteration, come into the list of Sanskrit sounds and names.

“A spring is shown in this valley of *Eleusis*:—this is the flowery well where *CERES* reposed; and the valley is the *Rharian* plain—the path to *Athens* then strikes off over the *Thriasian* plain.”—486. *ILI* and *ILA* are names of a Hindu goddess—but not *Eleu*, nor *Eleusi*. Of *CERES* and *SRI* and *Triasi*, something has been said in a recent page. On the foregoing passage I have therefore only to add, that *Rhari*, or *Raree*, is the name of places in *Western India*.

"The country inhabited by the Southern *Valachi* comprehends *Edessa*, *Kastoria*, and *Larissa*."—491. These words are *Indian*; and the people inhabiting those places in *Greece* are avowedly "of remote, obscure, and ambiguous origin."

"The ceremonies of the Athenian Greeks at childbirth, where the attendant is always a woman,<sup>1</sup> are very mystical. A lamp burns before the picture of the VIRGIN<sup>2</sup> during labour, and the candle<sup>3</sup> is adorned with embroidered handkerchiefs, jewels, and coins, as presents to the four fairies who preside over the infant. When born, it is immediately laid in the cradle, and loaded with amulets. A small bit of soft mud, well steeped in a jar of water, properly prepared by previous charms, is stuck upon its forehead, to obviate the effects of the evil eye: a noxious fascination, proceeding from the aspect of a personified, though invisible, demon, and consequent upon

<sup>1</sup> A *man*-midwife is a thing unheard of in *India*—in *Asia* probably. Such a thing cannot enter into the imagination of a Hindu. And as to a Mahomedan!—let such of my readers as are acquainted with Mahomedan gentlemen fancy, if they can, the effect of such a proposition. A Hindu would receive it probably with mingled astonishment and meekness. The feelings of the Mussulman I can scarcely analyze. I should not volunteer the suggestion of such an attendant in any case, however urgent, within reach of his scimitar.—(Qu. *Smiter*?)

<sup>2</sup> A relique of the reverence to *DIANA*, under her name of *LUCINA*—the protectress of suffering females in this interesting predicament. Her double, *PARVATI*, assumes the like character in *India*.

<sup>3</sup> A consecrated *bougie*, most likely.

the admission of an incautious spectator. The evil eye is feared at all times, and supposed to affect people of all ages, who, by their prosperity, may be objects of envy. Not only a Greek, but a Turkish woman, on seeing a stranger look eagerly at her child, will spit in its face; and sometimes, if at herself, in her own bosom. But the use of garlic, or even the word which signifies that herb, *σχιγγόνιον*, is considered a sovereign preventive. New-built houses, and the ornamented sterns of Greek vessels, have long branches of it depending from them, to intercept the fatal envy of every ill-disposed beholder. The ships of the Turks have the same appendages. In fact, there is a great uniformity of practice between the two nations."—507.

Had I read the preceding—a few words altered—as descriptive of births in *India*, I should have made no remark. The evil eye is equally feared in *India*, by Mahomedans, Hindús, and Christians. It does not occur to me that I ever made any memoranda on that subject; and I shall not trust my memory now to record any particulars—farther than to note the recollected prevalence of the fear. A nurse of my own—an aged papist—used to be very angry at encomia on my children; and I think I have a recollection of her spitting, in cases of apprehended emergency.

In HOBHOUSE's map of the western part of Hellepontine *Phrygia*, we see "the ruins and river of *Callifatli*, probably of *Ilium*"—" *Karantik*"—" *Mavromati*"—which is said to mean "black eyes." Most of these names are applicable to KALA.



One of his names is KALANTIKA, or Time-destroying. *Hi-un* might, by a stretch of etymological conjecture, be traced to the same sounding LI O'M — and *Maharromati* sounds more like Sanskrit than Greek.

The mountain of *Parné*, or *Parnes*, has been before mentioned as a name of *Pindus*; and *PANDU* has been hung upon it. The Greek town of *Keratea* is near it. The mountain contains excavations and profundities, natural and artificial, that would delight a mystical Hindu. There are clefts and holes in rocks that a *IONtjah* would delight in. If this mountain were examined by one reasonably read in the mythology of *India*, it would, I am disposed to think, yield testimony to the identity of the mythi of both regions. I expect that *Linga-ic* and *IONi-ic* vestiges would, without any stretch of imagination or credulity, be discovered in some abundance.

The mountains of *Kerata* and of *Keratea* have also been mentioned. In the HP. p. 448. it is related how *PARVATI*, the mountain goddess, having parted in anger from her spouse—they had quarrelled at gambling—assumed the alluring semblance of a *Cirati*, a daughter of a mountaineer, to win back the lost affection of her wrathful consort. I know not the correct initial sound of the last-marked word—probably soft: but soft and hard C's and K's are for ever interchanging. *Cirati* I take to be feminine—and that *Cirata*, or, as the reader may discern my drift, *Kirata*, or *Kerata*, seem alike in sound, and all connected with mountains.

The *Marathon* — *Mycalé* — *Salamis* — of *Greece*, sound Hinduish.

A Sanskrit scholar—a distinction to which I have no pretension whatever—should such peruse my humble lucubrations, may fancy me tripping in some of the Greek words, or names, or sounds, which I select, as being, or like, Sanskrit. But it does not follow that the Greeks, though they borrowed so much of the more ancient and more Eastern language, borrowed from the most classical sources. Like me, they had, perhaps, access only to the vulgar tongues. If such Sanskrit scholar were to wend southward from the *Ganges* to the *Krishna*—say from *Benares* to *Mysore*—his classical ear would be invaded by, what he would call, vulgarisms. He would hear, and perhaps read, of MAHDEO—*Devadara*—GUNGADER, &c.—instead of what his fastidious organs have been Gangetically gratified by—MAHADEVA—*Devadara*—GANGADHARA, &c.

By the way, Sir W. JONES, in his pretty, lively little poem, “The Enchanted Fruit, or the Hindu Wife,” partly sanctions the use of the colloquial *deo*. This is, however, merely a metrical convenience:—

“ And there—no sight, young maids, for you—  
A temple rose to MAHADEO.”

But he—in his chaste mind, and all the pure young maidens of his acquaintance—might have visited, as I have, five hundred such temples, and have seen nothing to sully the purity of their minds or thoughts. In fact, nothing objectionable meets the eye. The inquisitive may draw forth explanations which will require the veil of charity—such as is kindly flung over them by the same amiable writer in this passage—extracted from the HP. p. 155.

In the character of BHAVANI, Sir W. J. supposes the wife of MAHADEVA to be, as well the JUNO (*Junia* or LUCINA of the Romans (called also by them DIANA *Salvadora*, and by the Greeks ILITHYIA) as VENUS herself:—not the Italian queen of laughter and jollity, who, with her Nymphs and Graces, was the beautiful child of poetical imagination, and answers to the Indian RHEMBA, with her train of *Apsaras*, or damsels of *Paradise*; but VENUS *Urania*, so luxuriously painted by LUCRETIVS, and so properly invoked by him at the opening of a poem on Nature:—“VENUS presiding over generation, and on that account exhibited sometimes of both sexes (an union very common in the Indian sculptures) as in her bearded statue at *Rome*; and, perhaps, in the images called *Hermathena*, and in those figures of her which had a conical form—‘for the reason of which figure we are left,’ says TACITUS, ‘in the dark.’”—“The reason,” continues Sir W. “appears too clearly in the temples and paintings of *Hindustan*, where it never seems to have entered the heads of the legislators or the people, that any thing natural could be offensively obscene: a singularity which pervades all their writings and conversation, but is no proof of depravity in their morals.”—*As. Res.* i. 254.

I cannot but wish that the last member of the above passage had been somewhat qualified. The word *all* is, I presume to think, too comprehensive.

Mountains and rivers, I have before observed, retain their original or ancient names the longest of any objects. In them we may best hope to discover

the remains of ancient nomenclature and language. They are the stable and ever current vertebrae and arteries of the earth. In this view it is much to be lamented that discoverers of regions and their early and late followers, have not noted, and do not carefully note, where practicable, such names from the mouths of natives. The philosophy of language might hence derive important aids. In the vast spread of *Australia*, for instance, we might expect to find, as in *Java* have been unexpectedly found, traces and remains of Sanskrit, and temples and images, and various Hinduisms—evincing, indeed, the existence there, at no very distant period, of a magnificent Hindu empire. And I expect results something similar in the currency of exploration among the vast and numerous islands farther North and East—such as *Borneo*, *Laconia*, *Papua*, &c. &c.

While the names of mountains and rivers are transmitted unchanged, or but little changed, from generation to generation, those of towns are easily altered by the caprices of conquerors or rulers. Natives, of themselves, rarely, perhaps never, change the name of their towns. Mahomedans bestow Arabic names whithersoever they go paramountly. In the Spanish peninsula—including *Portugal*—their remains may still be traced. *Alhambra*, *Alguazil*, *Alcaid*, *Guadalquiver*, *Trafalgar*, perhaps, and many others easily recognizable.

In *America* what fine names might probably have been found and left of the vast lakes and streams and hills, which ennoble, beautify, and enrich those extended regions. How poor and uninformative are

the *Hudson*, the *St. Lawrence*, in comparison with *Niagara*—pure Sanskrit I suspect—*Poutoumark*—*Mississippi* (this name is, I confess, too sibilant and mimini-pimini for my liking)—the *Alleghany* chain—*Lake Michigan*—the great river *Kanhawa*—the *Athabasca* lake—the snowy mountains of *Orizaba*—*Canada*—but I shall have to bestow a few pages on American Hinduism hereafter—and shall here only ask the reader to compare the foregoing names—quite refreshing to geographical students—to *Cape Dods*—*Cape Mobbs*—*Pittville*, &c.

Perhaps if our early voyagers to *Australia*—(what is the native name or names for that fine fifth portion of our earth?)—perhaps if they had noted from the natives the names of their noble mountains and rivers, we might now be tracing them to the *Heliconia*, and *Meru*, and *Nila*, and *Ganga*, of more poetic regions. Is it still too late? Or must we be content to read of the mighty masses and magnificent waters of the novel-named world, by the unpoetical appellation of the *Lachlan*, the *Macquarie*,<sup>1</sup> the *Blue Mountains*—(is it too late to learn their native name? *Kal*, something, perhaps, or *Nilgheri*)—the *Hawkesbury*, the *Swan*, *Botany Bay*, &c. instead of possibly *IONIC*, or *Lingaic*, or *Solar*, or *Lunar*—*Heliconian* or *Parnasian*, derivations?—such as *Paramata*, *Morambidji*, or *Morumbaji*, the fine name of a fine Australian river. The accidental retention of a

<sup>1</sup> Fine names too—and of a very old and much esteemed and lamented friend.

few, makes us the more regret the probably studied absence of so many.

Let us hope that the fine series of mythological baptism found among the glorious range of *Himalaya* will never yield to the personalities of English adulation. *Himalaya*, the snow-crowned — apt appellation — crowned by the snows of ten thousand winters. *Dhaulagiri*, the loftiest pinnacle of our great globe. *Gahumuki*, its most sacred cavity, "whence famed *Ganga* springs" — how fine! compared with *Mount Smith*, or *Thompson's Peak*, or such temporary transiency.

No disrespect can, of course, be intended towards any of the worthy individuals who may bear such names as these; and with them wear the local honors of the day. But one has scarcely patience to see them supplant the useful, godlike, appellation of antiquity — appropriately bestowed.

It may be of less moment in botanical, than in geographical, science. But even there I am disposed to prefer the fine significant native names of Indian plants: *Camalata*, *Jatamansi*, *Sitaphala*, *Tulas*, *Champaka*, &c. all perhaps derived from mythological legends, like *DAPHNE* and *LAEURUS*, and other Ovidian elegancies. How preferable even to the deserved immortality of *Jonesia*, *Banksia*, *Rafflesia*, &c. of English substitution.

I may, perhaps, remark here, as well as any where else, that if the *Sanskritisms*, or *Kalicisms*, noted in this Head and others, be deemed striking or curious, they may, with due inquiry, be extended

to almost any length. The whole world almost is overspread with them. I have not sought them for the purpose of upholding any hypothesis; nor have I, in fact, sought them at all. I am not aware that I have ever read a book or a page in such search. They forced themselves on my notice in the course of a desultory and confined range of reading and observance. Any one qualified, and so disposed, may multiply *Kalic*, *IONIC*, *Lingaic*, coincidences; lingual, synchronic, geographic, to a very unexpected extent.

We must linger a little longer, somewhat more miscellaneously, in *Greece*, for the purpose of noticing some more of the coincidences mentioned in the preceding paragraph. I have accidentally run my eye over DOUGLAS's "Essay on the Modern Greeks," whence I have culled a few flowerets that invite transplantation into my *Kalic* parterre.

On "*Tricalla*, a village," p. 12. something has been said already, and we pass on to "the remarkable village of *Ambeluchia*," 13. "Holy fountains, or wells, were called by the Greeks, *agiasmata*; *agiasma* in the singular *-ἀγίασμα*. To these fountains multitudes will flock to invoke the saint, the *genius loci*. The sick are brought to drink the waters; which, destitute of all medicinal qualities, owe their influence entirely to the patronage of some superior being: and it would be thought great impiety and ingratitude in those who receive, or fancy they receive, his help, to neglect affixing a lock of hair, or a strip of linen, as the *votiva tabella*, at once to record the power of the saint and the piety of his



votary." 61. References are made to many such usages of antiquity. Intending a short article on Holy Wells and Fountains, I make here no farther allusion to them.

"Three girls, otherwise of the most bewitching forms, but with the feet and legs of goats, are believed to circle, in an eternal dance, the point which towers above the village of *Scardamula*," 83. The fiction related of this poetical peak, probably furcated or conical, is very Hindush, as well as the name of the village.

In a neat little book, entitled "*Naples and the Campagna Felice*,"<sup>1</sup> we read (as we may in a hundred other pretty books) of "*Venus Kallipigia*," 15. by others written *Kallipiya*— of "*old Vesuvius*, detached from its parent, the mountain of *Somma*, or rather, rising from out of its bosom"—17. "the hot vapour baths of *Tritoli*," 40. "the romantic convent of *Camatauli*," 75. "*CALPURNIUS*, founder of the temple of *JUPITER*, now the cathedral of *Pizzuoli*," 88.

Here we have Hinduisms in abundance. The *Kalic* appellative of *VENUS* we will pass. Mountains seem less liable to be nick-named than ever rivers. "Mountains of the Moon," "*Montes Parvedi*," as such a range is named in ancient geogra-

<sup>1</sup> "*Campagna Felice!*"—Is it true that with thy most sublime mount, and beautiful bay, and gay city, and innumerable fascinations, thou art indeed, as thy natives call thee "that piece of earth which tumbled down from heaven?"—But art thou, indeed, what others call thee,—"*Un Paradiso habitato per Diavoli?*"



phy, and by the Arabians, “الكمار *Alkomari*,” are but literal translations of the *Chandragiri* of the Sanskrit: a mere change of name; not, indeed, all applied to the same range. PARVATI is the best mode of writing the name of the Hindu “mountain-loving DIANA.” It is otherways written PRAVADI, PERVEDY, PERVETI, by Western geographers. A lofty conical hill near *Poona*, with a fine temple of the goddess on its summit, is there usually corrupted into PARBUTTY. In the operations of the Russian army in their last approach to the capital of *Turkey*, one of the *ghats*, or passes of the *Balkan*, was called *Pravadi* in the papers. In such a range of mountains I should expect many other Kalicisms; and where I find Kalicisms, I expect to find them connected with hilly regions.

*Chandragiri*, in Sanskrit, means a lunar hill. PARVATI, in one of her characters, is CHANDRI, in the feminine; her spouse is CHANDRA. Poetical interchange of sexes enliven this line of Hindu mythology, which is more fittingly touched on in the *Hin. Pan.* p. 289. A male moon is not very uncommon, *Ib.* p. 292.; nor, among other seeming incongruities, a bearded VENUS, even in *Europe*! That beautiful planet is in *India* personified in a male—SUKRA.

We have just read of “Mount *Somma*, the parent of *Vesuvius*.” SOMA is another Sanskrit name, masculine of the moon. An etymologist might make something out of these names, but not out of Latin or Italian. What is *Vesu*, or *Vesuvi*, or *Vesuva*? The unmeaning local suffix we may leave. Write it

*Vasu*, and you have a collection of Hindu deified personages, of whom *AGNI*, the *Ign-eous* deity, is the fiery chief, and a suitable person to give a name to, and preside over, such a Plutonian region. "*Mount Somma*" is, therefore, but another name for *Chandragiri*, and may be well applied to one of Earth's most wonderful and stupendous spectacles.

We are still in the *Campagna Felice*; quitting *Soma*, and his offspring *Vesu-vius*, we may observe, in our last quotation, "the hot vapour baths of *Tritoli*." Such surprising natural phenomena are justly viewed with wonderment by reflecting Hindús; and pilgrimages are commonly made by them to very distant founts of hot water or of flame. The latter are happily burnt out in our own fortunate island; but who can look unmoved on the wonderful smoking spring of *Bath*—yielding as it has yielded for thousands of years, such a copious issue of heated water, of the same temperature summer and winter? *Tritoli*, if written *-tali*, would come under the remarks made on *Tintali*, in p. 249.: *tuli* is also a Sanskrit word. "*Camala uli*" is the name of a romantic convent. *KAMALA*, as I write it (some write it *CAMALA*), is a name of the Hindu goddess *LAKSHMI*, in one of her Venereal characters. *Camaldoli*, the fine hill near or in *Naples*, may, or may not, be the same with *Camalauli*. Of *Camalodunum*, something occurs in another place. *Kamaldoli* would in *India* mean the vehicle, the *palky*, or perhaps the *rest*, of *KAMALA*.

The temple of *JUPITER*, now converted into a papal cathedral, may have been, in still older times,

converted from a temple of the Hindu JUPITER, SIVA, or KALA. Its founder's name, CALPHURNIUS, comes as near as may be to KALIPURNA; associating him with both Grecian and Hindu legend. KALI-PURNA, and ANA-PURNA of India, and ANNE-PERENNA of the West, have attributes and fables in common. See *Hin. Panop.* 158.

About temples of JUPITER, and MINERVA, and VENUS, I expect to find more or less of *Kalic*, *Lingaic*, or IONIC matter; and do usually there find, of such, more or less. If what is now known of Eleusian and Bacchic mysteries, as left us by ancient writers, were closely examined with the commentaries and explanations of moderns, and compared with the images and superstitions still existing among Hindús, under a striking similarity of names, we could scarcely withhold belief in their identity. Such examination I am altogether unable to make with any competency of skill. A few particulars, found floating on the surface of that line of literature, I may endeavour to throw together in a future page. In this I shall give one or two instances.

PROCLUS says, in *Theol. PLAT.*, "That according to the theologists who have delivered the accounts of the most holy mysteries of *Eleusis*, PROSERPINE abides on high, in those dwellings of her mother which she prepared for her in inaccessible places, exempt from the sensible world. But she likewise dwelt beneath with PLUTO, administering terrestrial concerns, governing the recesses of the earth, supplying life to the extremities of the universe, and

imparting souls to beings of themselves inanimate or dead." p. 371.

The above is a description also, as far as it goes, of the Hindu PROSERPINE; who, I think, but I cannot at this moment refer to my authority, is named PRASARPANA; she abides in high places, and is then named DURGA (in common language *Droog*, in which word many hill forts in Western India terminate) meaning "difficult of access." She also dwells beneath with her consort YAMA, the Hindu PLUTO; she is then called PATALA-DEVI, or Queen of Hell, as before mentioned, and is employed pretty much as her double is above described to be by PROCLUS.

May not the mysterious *Cala-thus*, mentioned by CLEM. ALEX. and others, as used in the sacrificial ceremonies of *Eleusis*, be connected with CALA or KALI? The *Calathus* and *Cista*, vessels of capacity, were very profoundly mystical. The former, according to TAYLOR, was a vessel of a conical shape; and the *cista*, small cups or bowls, sacred to BACCHUS. We have said in a former, and intend to explain farther in a future, page, how every thing conical is, with the Hindús, symbolical of SIVA or KALA. I know of no engraved representation of the Eleusinian *cista*—small sacrificial cups are used in Hindu ceremonials. I have two now before me, that have been so used, of silver. One may just glance at the seemingly indecorous stories related by ancient authors of BAUBO, and note that they may be exactly paralleled by those still current of DEVI or KALI, among Hindu mythæ.

ARNOBIOUS relates those stories in pretty plain terms, at which CLEM. ALEXAN. is much scandalized; and justly, if the fable be taken literally. But JAMBlichus (*de Myst.*) shows that they must not be so taken; and offers strong reasons in favor of their purity and propriety:—which are, indeed, adopted with some complacency by WARBURTON. As to TAYLOR—"PAUSANIAS TAYLOR," as he is sometimes designated—he says, that "the doctrine," as laid down by JAMBlichus, "is indeed so rational that it can never be objected to by any but quacks in philosophy and religion." *Pamphleteer*, xvi. 468. A position of the learned gentleman more savouring of dogmatism than decency.

To CALA or KALI, many, if not all, of these fables may, I venture to think, be traced. Her poet, CALLIMACHUS, in his Hymn to CERES (SRI or SRIS, names of KALI) describes the contents of her *Cala-thus*.

This mythological poet, CALLIMACHUS, bears a name which may be suspected of being of *Kalic* derivation. It was he who wrote the original poem on the ravished locks of his patroness BERENICE, consecrated by her in the temple of VENUS. The poem is unfortunately also lost, but it still serves to immortalize the pious dame; the astronomers, consoling and flattering her still more, having placed her votive hair among the constellations: another instance of the mythological and poetical use made of that beautiful and interesting appendage.

In the name of CALLIMACHUS may be fancied

the Sanskrit compound *Kalimuki*, fair-faced ; *black-faced*, too, it must be confessed. But are beauty and a black skin incompatible? I say, No.

"No Athenian," says the Hon. F. S. N. DOUGLAS, in his book before quoted, "quits the *Piræus* without presenting a taper to S. SPIRIDION on the very spot where *DIANA Munychia* receives her offerings ; indeed no voyage is begun, no business undertaken, without some offering at the favourite shrine. Even the *papas* sacrifice on the altar lock of their hair."

*DIANA's* name of *Munychia*, is traceable, without doubt, to a Greek origin ; but such origin may have been a sequence. I should be disposed to go further back to the Hindu *DIANA*, the consort, under another form, of the *Muni SIVA*—p. 58. 314. I must stop to dilate a little on the *Piræus*. It was a harbour with a *pharos*, and was named from *fire* ; which assuming necessarily a *pyr*-amidal form, is a symbol of the same pair. As before observed, *SIVA* is also the tridented *NEPTUNE* of *India*, to whom departing sailors would, probably, make votive offerings, as the Greeks did, and perhaps still do, at their *Piræus*.

It would be too much to couple poor S, *Spiridion*, with deities of fable, merely on account of his name. But if we designate him, as is usual among his own sectarists, or church, as they term themselves, *SPIRIDION* ; and fancy the initial S have been mistaken for a sanctifying prefix, papists would be glad of a new saint—they might then possibly have

wanted one to make up 365—may not have scrupled to admit him into their kalendar' on the strength of their faith in such prefixure. Extravagant as this may seem, it is matched by the asserted and received fact of S. ORACTE being an accidental sanctification arising out of a mistake touching *Soracte*, as mentioned in p. 226.

I am equally ignorant of the history of both these sanctified personages, and so possibly may be my reader, but I will endeavour to learn something of them. If of dubious, or extremely obscure origin, as to odour, &c. I shall deem my suspicion of their far Eastern nativity as somewhat strengthened. Meanwhile I call my friend *PiridION*, or *Pir-id-IONI*; and connect him with *SIVA* and *PARVATI*, in their characters of Fire, and goddess of the *IONI*; with *pir-aus*, *pyr-a-mid* ( $\Delta$ ) a *Linguic* symbol as well as is everything in the form of flame, and erect or 'spir-ing; not forgetting the saint's erect, votive, flaming, farthing candle.

Equally unpardonable with the preceding extravaganza, if the reader will have it so, it may be to give here, avowedly no wise connected with our subject, a piece of aristocratic wit, which happening now to occur to me I will relate; in relief, as I hope, of the apprehended dryness of my subject.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Kal* (endar) as connected with *Time*.

<sup>2</sup> Soon after the murderous catastrophe at *Benares*, in which our Political Resident, Mr. CHERRY, and others were killed by VIZIER ALI, Mr. DAVIS, one of the survivors—I believe the only surviving Englishman—dined at the R. S. Club. He obligingly yielded to a special request, and



"Nor," observes Mr. DOUGLAS, on another occasion, "are flowers the only offerings placed by the simple piety of the Greek women upon the tomb. Cakes made of honey, flour, and oil; or the *Colyva* a pudding formed of boiled wheat, honey, and almonds, still unmeaningly occupy the room of the "*mellitum far*;" the propitiatory repast of *Cerbura* or the cake *πυλαυος*, used by the ancients on the same occasion."

The offering of flowers thus made by the simple piety of Greek damsels, reminds us, of course, of the equally simple piety and offerings of Hindu females who are among the most innocent and interesting of Heaven's creatures. They also present cakes, called *pinda*, made of honey, flour, and oil. The *Colyva* Mr. DOUGLAS calls the Greek cake offered to CERBURA.<sup>1</sup> Of the "*Colyva*" I know nothing. Such

related the extraordinary particulars of that appalling and interesting event; and in doing so described, of course, his own most surprising and almost miraculous escape. In the early alarm he seized a hog-spear; as he described, and ran up a narrow spiral staircase. There he most manfully defended himself, and successfully, until relief came, a fearful length of time, against a host of sanguinary and infuriated assailants. In his animated relation of these strange events he had, of necessity, occasion to repeat very often the name of his weapon, the *spear*, as well as the *spiral* stair. "Aye, aye," said Lord MULGRAVE emphatically to the gentleman next him, "dum *spir-o sper-o*."

<sup>1</sup> I have so copied the name, but I am in some doubt if correctly, and have no immediate means of seeking. It is a little moment. CERBURUS may be the more usual mode, and would answer my purpose nearly as well. Few will cavil at the rejection occasionally of the termination *s* or *us* in Greek words.



offerings might on some occasions be called in *India* *Kaliva* or *Kaliya*, and especially if offered to *SERBURA*, the Hindu hell-dog. Like his own brother, or himself rather, of *Greece*, he has three heads, and is hence called *TRISIRAS*. Mythology as well as poetry—they are nearly identical—delights in triads. *ISIS*, *OSIRIS*, *HORUS*, the prime deities of *Egypt*—*JUPITER*, *NEPTUNE*, and *PLUTO*, the three brethren of the Greeks—*SIVA*, *VISHNU*, and *BRAHMA*, the trio of the Hindús—the Furies, the Graces, the thrice three Muses, the three Judges of Hell, and a thousand other instances that I have collected, but spare the reader here, dance in eternal triads before the inquiring eye; as well as the triple head of this infernal dog.

We have noticed the name of *Calphurnius*, as the founder or builder of a temple of *IUPITER*. We may, in the same line of allusion, notice the grand temple of *MINERVA*, the *Parthenon*, on the *Acropolis*. Though *ICTINUS* has usually the glory of having constructed this edifice, some authorities make *CALLICRATES* a sharer in such glory. *WILKINS*, *Athenensia*, p. 94., refers on this point to *PLUT. in PERIC.* From the remoteness of these times the connexion of the Hindu *Kalic* deities may now be but obscurely applicable to the *Kalic* buildings, and places and fables of *Greece*. Thus, in lapse of time the sharer in the glory of the temple is supposed to have been the architect, and not the half-forgotten deity to whom the temple was dedicated. Or the founder of such a temple in honor of *KALI*,

may well have been prone to assume a name like hers.

Hard by, was another glorious edifice to JUPITER *Olympus*. "The foundation of this structure having outlived all record at the time PAUSANIAS visited it, vulgar opinion regarded it as a production of the age of DEUCALION."—*Ib.* 156. That is of *Deo-KALI*, or *Dev KALI*, or *KALDEVA*.

The same author, WILKINS, tells us, that the "Female BACCHUS of *Athens* is called by a learned and accomplished traveller, Dr. CLARKE, 'the *Indian Bacchus*,' under the impression that he could discover part of the beard lying in the bosom, the head having perished."—*Athen.* 181. Combinations of male and female moieties are common in *India*: as I have had occasion to state and show in another place.—See *HP.* pl. 24. When half man, half woman—half SIVA, half PARVATI—they are called *Ardha-nari*. See pp. 244. 329. preceding.

"The Romans, on one occasion, set up the image of VENUS-*Barbata*, with a comb in her hand, and the masculine appurtenance to the countenance."—*Letters from Palestine*, 159. A female BACCHUS, and a bearded VENUS, are *de mauvais goût*. But the last, as is noticed in another place, is matched by the male Hindu VENUS, SUKRA, and their male Moon, CHANDRA. But the Moon is sometimes—every other fortnight indeed—LUNA, or CHANDRI. These transformations of CHANDRA and CHANDRI are poetically and astronomically accounted for in Hindu poetries. Western heathens have also *Deus*

the deity held in the greatest veneration.—Art. 1x. of the 1st Report of the R. S. of Lit., by M. W. LEAKE, Esq. NEPTUNE, he says, was worshipped there under the name of CUARIUS, from that of the river, which flows by the site of *Arne*, as *Cierium* was also called.

RANGA is a name of SIVA, as the god of tears and lamentations—and *mata* has a meaning terrifically applicable to that tremendous deity. He is the trident-bearer of *India*—Sri RAM also bears a trident. May the very ancient city of *Cierium* have been hence named ; and its neighbouring village of *Mata-ranga*? Sri RANGA is also named GAURI—his consort at least is, and that is nearly the same. NEPTUNE we have just seen called *Cuarius*, after the river of that name. In *India Gao*, GAURI, GOVINDA, have relation to kine. I believe the river *Cauveri* in *Mysore* is thence named : not very unlike *Cuarius*.

Rivers and kine bear legendary relationship in *Greece* and in *India*. GOVINDA, the pastoral deity, gives his name to the *Krishna*.

The classical *Clitumnus* is famed for white oxen ; and is triply Sivaic. In its name may be recognized the *Kali*, the *Tum* or *Toom*, and the *Yamuna* ; as if their names and elemental sounds had been used in



combination to form that of *Cli-tum-nus*. This poetical river turned white the kine which laved in its sacred wave. Such were peculiarly dedicated to JUPITER *Clitumnus*. 2nd *Geor.* vs. 146. So they are to SIVA—who rides a white bull:—but I do not know—others may—any Indian river having a similar power of *blancherie*. The temple of JUPITER *Clitumnus*—(or of *Kalitumna*?)—was on a conical hill, near *Spoletto*. It was equally famed for beauty of architecture and of site. PLINY the younger gives a rapturous description of it. B. 8. *Ep.* 8.

The Grecian city *Callirete* is, perhaps, the same as Sir W. GELL and others call *Calavrita*. Both are Sanskrit compounds. Of *Reti*, something occurs in another page. SIVA is called *Vritrahan*, from having slain a bull.

“CALLIPHAE, one of the IONIAN nymphs.” WALPOLE. On which a word hereafter. “*Kalivia* is the name of a hamlet, or summer residence, of a tribe of Greeks called *Tza-cunntOte*.” *Ib.* This is rather a barbarous name for a Greek tribe—the name of their residence, in *Turkey*, the euphonic *Kalivia*, they probably brought with them.

Dr. CLARKE mentions the villages of *Ambelakia*; and *Caldurita*, in the *Morea*, and *Heraclea*—the last has before been supposed to be *Hara-Kala*. All are of Sanskrit sound.

A tribe of *Turkoman* are described by POCOCKE, called *Begdelee*; as wanderers, levying contributions. Tribes, or parties of half a dozen or more, so far

similar as being wanderers and levying contributions in various ways, are seen all over *India*. They are sometimes wrestlers—and I have heard them call themselves *pelhivan*, implying *heroic*, prize-fighter, &c. May not the *Begdelee* of *Turkey*, be *Bâgdili*, or *Baghdili* (the three are pronounced nearly alike) mean, in Turkish and several other eastern tongues, *lion-hearted*, *heroic*, &c.—in farther similitude with their brotherhood of *India*? The gypsies ('*gypts*?) are similarly seen all over *India* as all over *England*—and nearly all over all the intervening regions.

It was, I believe, to gain an opportunity of offering a note on our gypsies, that I introduced the preceding and the following passages.

"We could not help remarking," says Dr. CLARKE, "a very great resemblance between the Albanian women of *Zeitun*, and those of *India*, whom we had seen with our army in *Egypt*. They resemble that Indo-European tribe called *Gypsies* in *England*, whose characteristic physiognomy no change of climate seems to affect." IV. 253.

Various have been the speculations on this extraordinary race of man. Their home, or aboriginal region, is still a problem—real *home* they seem not to know any where. *England* designates them after their supposed Nilic cradle. *France* calls them *Bohemians*. Neither nation, when christening them, seems to have tracked them any farther. The Russians call them *Tzengani*; Germans, *Zigeuner*; Italians, *Zingari*. These names, which may have

been corrupted by transcription, seem of the same origin. M. DE RIENZI, as I have seen in a periodical, supposes them the posterity of the ancient nomadic tribe of the *Tzengaris*, or *Vangaris*; a branch of the Mahratta parjahs who supplied the Mahratta forces in former times with provisions."

It is not easy to know exactly what a writer may mean by "former times." A tribe called by Mahrattas and others *Vanjari*, or *Banjari*—sometimes *Banjara*; but never with a hard *g*—are, and probably were, "in former times," the suppliers of the Mahratta and other forces with provisions—grain chiefly. But I should not reckon the *Vanjari* a very low class or *caste*—not so low as that called in *Europe*, and perhaps in *India*, *pariah*; but I do not recollect that I ever heard the word *pariah* out of the mouth of a native, untaught by us foreigners. In *Bombay* natives will, after us, talk of *pariah*, or *piar* dog, &c. but beyond our tuition, would not, I think, apply the term to a man of a base tribe.

I should not reckon the *Vanjara* so low a tribe as the Mahratta, but I speak vaguely. They are a race of stout brave men, and of hardy virtuous women. If M. DE R. grounds his similarity of tribe on any supposed similarity of name, I think he is in error. Nor can any two races of men be much more unlike, bating itinerancy, than the *Vanjari* and the wandering *Zingari* of *India*. The latter word, as *Zingar*, means a saddler. All leather-workers in *India* are base. In the Mahratta countries

saddle and bridle menders must, with such an equestrian erratic people, have been much employed, and of necessity also wanderers. I have forgotten the appellations by which these wanderers are called in different parts of *India*. Wherever I have been, I have, I think, seen gangs of them, four or five or more in number, of males—women and children to correspond—and have ever been reminded by them of the gypsies of *England*. Here they are mostly tinkers; in *India*, cobblers.

As curiosity seems never to be altogether dormant in *England* touching this singular race of our fellow subjects, it might be acceptable if some one would collect the various names by which the corresponding, if not identical, race are called in *India*:—say, from *Point de Galle* to *Lahore*, and from *Sind* to *Assam*; which might be easily done. Among them would be *chumar*, cobbler, or leather-worker; from *chumari*, a skin. They are rather *menders* than *makers*; although *zingari* may imply the latter. *Dehr* would be another name—but this applies to an extensive sect, of which the one in question is probably a subdivision. Of *bhungi*, or night-man, the same may be said. Mahomedans call the last named tribe *halalkhor*, base-feeder, eater of forbidden food. The two latter names are applicable to a lower tribe than the *zingari*, or *chumar*. By Brahmans either would perhaps be called *chandala* or *dehr*; but a Brahman would not give either of those appellations to a *vanjari*; nor perhaps to a *zingari*. The *dehr* or *chandala*, or outcast, he, in his semi-divinity, would deem doomed to such baseness by

sins in a former existence—and altogether unworthy of spiritual comfort. A Brahman, under ordinary circumstances, would rather die than touch one. It has been said that the shadow of one passing over the person of a Brahman, would be an offence to be lawfully expiable by the life of the too near approaching outcast. But I have never heard of such an expiation. I have, on the contrary, been associated with Brahmans and Dehrs in such deep distress as to have witnessed their hands dipped at the same moment into the same puddle, impatient to raise a portion of liquid to their parched lips.

It has been supposed that the persecutions of the Hindús by TIMUR, about the year 1400, caused the voluntary exile of many. But such persecutions would have exiled, if any, various tribes—that is, individuals of many;—and it cannot be supposed that all would, even in the lapse of three or four centuries, have become so homogeneous, in regard to personals and principles, as the widely spread race under our notice. There was then, and is still, plenty of room in *India* for emigrants from the seat of war—even of TIMUR's wars. I should judge the wanderers to be of much older date—although they may not have reached *Western Europe*, or have been noticed on record, earlier than the dates assigned. These seem to be in *Bohemia*, *Hungary*, and the German states, in 1417; in *Switzerland* and *France*, in the following year: and in *England* the time of HEN. 8. is that given for their first appearance.

Their gross number has been—(I should, without professing to possess any good data for it, guess



greatly over-) estimated at five millions. Of this, one million have been reckoned in *Europe*; a half in *Africa*; one and a half in *India*; and two millions throughout the rest of *Asia*. *Spain* is supposed to have sixty thousand of them.

GRELMAN has shown a great affinity between the Gipsy language and Hindustani. My late worthy friend, MATTHEW RAPER—a V.P. of the R.S.—abridged and translated GRELMAN'S large work. It has become scarce. A new edition, in 8vo., with notes adapted to the present day, would, I think, be well received. Many years have elapsed since I saw RAPER'S 4to., and I have forgotten all the lingual affinities. Some years ago, I recollect, among other things, asking a black-eyed, black-haired, dark-skinned, white-toothed, handsome gipsy woman, what she called *this*? showing her a knife. "*Chury*," she said: exactly as half the inhabitants of the great Indian range above indicated would have answered—from *Indus* to the *Brahmaputra*. I have forgotten the rest of our colloquy.<sup>1</sup>

I may have occasion in another page to say something on piscine worship and mysteries, so extensively observable. I find a reference to BUCKINGHAM'S *Mesopotamia*<sup>2</sup> on that subject, having

<sup>1</sup> I received the same answer to the same question, from a like person within a week of my writing this note—May 1833.

<sup>2</sup> Of the same meaning as *Doab* in *India*—between-rivers. *Mesopotamia* is the ancient *Chaldea*; or, as I contend, *Kal-dea*.

connexion with what I have to say, in conclusion, on the attractive subject of CALIRHOE—or KALIRUHI. In that country it was that VENUS, flying from the wrath of TYPHON, was metamorphosed into a fish. *Dag*, in the language of that country, is a fish; and DAGON, in the mythology of the Chaldeans, was the *fish-formed* VENUS. To this day there are sacred fish kept in the pool of Abraham at *Ur*, or *Orfa*.

*Dag*, in some oriental languages, means *dew*; as it means, also, in the current dialect of *Suffolk* and *Norfolk* at this day. (See *Suffolk Words*.) VENUS was formed from the sea-foam—(or dew?). OM is one of her many names. UMA is a name of a corresponding goddess in *India*. Om and On have been deemed the same.<sup>1</sup> *Ur*, PLINY says, is *Calirrhoen*—an easy dialectic transition from *Callirhoë*, or *Kaliruhi*. *Ur* appears to have been a seat of the true religion in days of old; and of mythic superstition in later times.

Of CALLIOPE—or, as it would suit me to write her name—KALIOPE—the *coryphæe* of the Muses, presiding over eloquence and heroic poetry, I will interpolate the remark that she seems to correspond most with SARASWATI—"sweet grace of BRAHMA's bed"—the goddess of eloquence, writing, music, and the creative arts—whose "sighs are music, and each tear a pearl." CALLIOPE, if written *Kaliapa*, or *Kaliyapa*, would farther connect

<sup>1</sup> Speculations on o'm and on—leading to o'm-nya in the East, omnia, &c. in the West—might be profitably pursued.

her with Sanskrit sound and significancy. The etymology of CALLIOPE is probably the same as I have surmised of KALIRUHI—*Καλλος*, *beauty*, and *ὤψ*, *countenance* or *face*.

There are, as may be supposed, many celebrated females named CALIRHOE. One was daughter of NIOBE. Legends connected with both the Greek and Sanskrit *Kaliruhi*, run parallel:—a fatal necklace; fatal to, among others, HERMIONE, who received it from EUROPA, she from IUPITER—denial of connubial rites—proceedings of a very tragic and ensanguined nature, denote some striking analogies in their respective histories.

A name of KALI or PARVATI, is SATI; meaning transcendent purity. It is the word so often in English mouths and types, as *Suttee*. In one of her adventures, in rage and revenge at not having been invited to a wedding or a funeral—I may have forgotten which, but it was a feast—(every event with Brahmans, as much as among Englishmen, is begun and ended with a feast; it is, as it were, the necessary alpha and omega of all ceremonies)—in rage and revenge, she flung herself into the fire and was consumed. She became SATI or *Pure*:—for, as MENU says, “Fire is the great *Purifier*.”<sup>1</sup> This is the origin of the name and practice of *Suttee*. She was *consumed*, not destroyed; *changed*, not annihilated. Being immortal she was merely regenerated. A poet would perhaps say she was

<sup>1</sup> Whether it were a wedding or a funeral, the presence of fire is essential. There is a mysterious triad of fires—the nuptial, the funeral, and the sacrificial.

embraced by AGNI—the igne-ous god. I have a picture of SITA in the flames, & stained by the two-faced, three-legged, six-armed, red-skinned AGNI. —All these attributes are extensively and profoundly significant—of which see HP.

So the interesting young female, of exquisite beauty, distractedly beloved by a Bacchic high-priest of *Calydon*—(mark *Kalidun*, or Mount *Kali*, and hence, as hinted in another place, *Caledonia*)—named CALIROE, or KALIRUI, as I say, became a *Suttee*, or *Sati*. Her igneous immolation was decreed by an oracle, in consequence, or in punishment, of her frigidity. But even the inquisitor of that day, relenting at the sight of her beauty—her *Kalirœ*, or *Fair-face*—and, smitten with remorse at such contemplated enormity, destroyed, not her, but himself. And KALIRUI—as I choose to call her, followed his example. She became *Sati*—but whether by solitary suicide, or by concretion, is not stated. Hindu females still commit the sad act both ways. *With* the body of the husband it is called *Sahamarana*. *Without*, when he have died at a distance, it is *Anumarana*, or post-cremation. The latter I have never witnessed. Concretion I have, too often—and, having taken notes at the time, and collected some materials thereon, could, I think, concoct an interesting Fragment on the suicidal subject of *Sati*.

In former pages, 245, 7, 8. we have seen *Kaliya*, a Greek word, in supposed connexion with a like Sanskrit name. So *Calliope* and *Kaliyapa*, may be fancied similar. The last word in Sanskrit means

*silent meditation* on KALI: a species of worship, or propitiation, much pressed in Hindu precepts. *Yap* is thus, and otherwise, used on several occasions. Ask a Hindu astronomer the name of the constellation which we call *Cassiopeia*, and he will immediately tell you KASYAPA; and give you the legend of the exaltation to astral honors of the important historical personage, who bore that name on earth.

“ — So the Muses, aye  
In-dwellers of the Olympian mansion, used  
To sing :—the chiefest of them all *Calliope*.  
For she alone with Kings majestic  
Walks.”—ELTON'S HESIOD. *Theog.*

—Connected with *Kal*, in the relationship of fire, heat, blackness, darkness, &c. we may notice קלה, *caleo*, to grow hot. Here we have the root, in immediate combination with the ever-recurring sound, *IO*. Our *coal*, has also the root, and sense. It used to be written *col* and *coll*. JUNIUS, *Etym. ANG.*, writes it *cole*. In the *Mid. N. Dream* we read, “like lightning in the *collied* night.” And in OTHELLO, “And passion having my best judgment *collied*.” 11. 3. So in a comedy called the *Family of Love*, 1608—“Carry thy link t’other way—thou *colliest* me and my ruffle.” “The word, I am assured,” says STEEVENS, “is still used in the midland counties. In the northern counties fine black clay or ochre is commonly known by the name of *callow* or *killow*”—(mark the immateriality of the initial, and the interchangeability of the vowels). “It is said to have its name from *kollow*”—(*KallO* ?)—“which in the N. means the smut or grime on the

back of chimnies. *Colly*, however," he concludes "is from *coal*, or *collier*."

In *Suffolk* we have a little black troublesome louse which infests the top of growing beans, which we call *collier*; and when the plants are so disfigured and injured, we say "the beans have got the *collier*."

To show the farther extension of this root, in sound and sense, I will venture on an extract from my C. P. B.—wherein I find this entry: "*Colchicum*—what is this plant?—whence its *Kal*-ic name? Is it black, or conical, or triform? or has it any attributes that may be twisted into *Kali*-isms?—And I find the following appended, by way of answer: "This plant has been so named from its abounding in *Colchis*, in *Eubœa*. It is otherwise named *IUnci* and *IONcacci*—why?—Here we have not only the root *K—L*, but its intimate *IO*, *EU*, or *IU*—for in sound they differ immaterially—and *blu* (*bo*)."  
*Ess. char.*—*calyx*, a spathe—*cor.* six-cleft—*tube*, springing immediately from the root"—perhaps in this form  $\text{᳚}$  which is but a combination, at junction, a union of *IO*—"cap. three, connected"—(triune)—"*root*, bulbous, abounding in milky juice, like the most mysterious and sacred *somalata*, or moon-plant, of the Brahmins—the acid *asclepias*."

The preceding may appear trifling—so may what follows, on *Colchis*, and its *Kalicisms*. But let us recollect that it is the very cradle of fable and mystery:—all connected with it, its golden fleece, its *Argo*, and *Arghanat*-ics, and a hundred others, savour of mystery, in connexion with dates older than

JASON, and with countries, perhaps, still more remote.

The characteristics or attributes of the *Colchicum*, above enumerated, would mark it as a mystical plant, in the eye and mind of a Hindu classifier. The nearest cognate eastern Kalic sound that occurs to me is *Kalki*. *Kalki-kama* is a Sanskrit compound, but not, that I know, applicable in this instance; unless *Colchicum* be of aphrodisiac tendency. Its poisonous quality farther denotes it Kalic. SIVA, as has been before noticed, p. 263 is a poison-swallower.<sup>1</sup> It stuck in his throat, and gave it an external blue tint; as is seen in pictures of him. He is hence named NILAKANTA, or the *blue-throated*: and his ardent followers stain their throats with sanctified ashes and indigo. Ashes, as being the result of fire, are a very mystical substance, the immediate product of that great agent—that great changer of forms—or SIVA. I have known individuals named after this azure fable; usually called NEELKANT—spelled differently perhaps. A Hindu poet, complimenting a beauty, whether a goddess or a mortal I have forgotten, avers that it was “in despair of obtaining such peerless charms that the disappointed consort of PARVATI drank the poison which dyed his neck azure.”

Hindu poetry, and, indeed, all their writings, so abound in mythological allusions, that an acquaintance with that species of their *learning*, as they

<sup>1</sup> In chemical hieroglyphics ♂ is arsenic.

call it, is necessary to the comprehension of an author.—

One of the attributes of the black, terrific goddess is a *cup*, wherein to receive the blood of her victim. This containing vessel is called, among other names *argha*, and *putra*. With us a cup is variously called *cal-ix*, *cal-ice*, and *chal-ice*—but he might be deemed an incurable or outrageous etymologist who would endeavour thence to trace relationship; or the dolorous initials of such words as *calamity*, *cholera*, &c.<sup>1</sup> to a like source. *KALI*, and *IRA*, and *IS* would, in combination—when one of two medial vowels is mute—produce like sounds: but, although these are severally names of the goddess, I cannot say that connectedly—*Kalira*, *Kalisi*—they are the same. She is, however, the deity propitiated in times of pestilence, to avert her anger.

I have somewhere recently read of “*SMAS KALI*, as the consort of *KALA*, in her character goddess of cemeteries. Images of her under this name and form”—(the *form* I have not seen or heard of)—“have been made and set up and invoked in various places about *Calcutta*, and other towns in *India*, in the hope of checking the cholera which has of late years so extensively afflicted the fair regions. The ceremonies are said to commence at the new moon.”

<sup>1</sup> What a number of English words of dark, dolorous, chronic, fiery (all *Kalic*) meanings, might be collected of initial sound; among them, calcine, calculate, caldron, lefy, calid, caligation, caloric, calx, kalender, kali, kiln,



The above I appear to have taken from some periodical ; and appended to it, is a note of inquiry. "*Smasin? Sema—Sami?*"—which is thus answered. SAMI is a name of KALI, connected with cemeteries, in as far as under that name she is invoked as the goddess of the *Sami* tree—the *Adenantha aculeata*—of the pure wood of which, by the mysterious friction of two cones, of occult *Linga*-ic and *IONi*-c forms, Brahmans are, under particular circumstances, required to kindle an unearthly fire—for the due performance of the tripartite ceremonies of their nuptials, the *sradha* or sacrificial duties in honor of departed ancestors, and for their own funerals.

Another of the names of this goddess of cemeteries is RAMI; and another SAMI-RAMI. Under the latter she has been found to correspond, in legend, as well as in name, to the SEMIRAMIS of the Greeks. The *IONO* of that race was named SAMIA, from *Samos*, her reputed birth-place, under the shade of an *agnus-castus*, or *chaste-tree*; common on that island. The Hindu SAMI is annually recalled to life by ceremonies performed under the pure shade of the *Sami* tree; a spot peculiarly sacred to her. Some of the leaves of that holy tree, and some of the earth of that consecrated spot, are carried away and kept till the festival of the ensuing year. *Samos* also produced a peculiar kind of earth called *Samia terra*; but I know not how much superstition may be attached to it. JUNO is declared by mythologists to be the same as *IONA*—and as *SELENE*, from an arkite relationship. Her image at

*Samos* stood in a lunette, crescent-crowned. *Laconia*, a statue was styled VENUS-JUNONI BRYANT. "The name of the dove was IONA often expressed Ad-IONA. DIONE is VENUS *Aphrodite*." *Ib.*

Trees, as being among the most beautiful productions of Nature—and, I was going to say, among the most wonderful, but that all her productions seem when duly examined almost equally so—have become all the world over the immediate objects of poetry, fable, enthusiasm, and superstition. Some instance will appear casually in this volume, and the subject might be greatly extended.

Whence cemetery?—from *κοιμω*, as some have said, meaning *put to sleep; oblivion, forgetfulness?* not this almost as far-fetched as *Sma, Sema, Sam*. And why may we not be allowed the endeavour to trace cholera, colera, to KALIRA—as the consort of the choleric god (and she herself, as we have recently seen, is IUNO-like in her anger) may well be called, by the mere union of two of her names as has just been shown. Such is the case in SAM RAMI. I do not say that she is named KALIRA nor know that she is not.

Let us say something farther on the poetic country of the *Colchicum*. *Colchis* or *Cholcos*, had a noted city named *Cyta*. SITA, we have seen on another page, is an interesting personage in Hindu epics—the faithful wife of RAMA, "of cerulean hue;" like KRISHNA, who is sometimes *black*, well as *blue*. All the rivers of *Colchis* run into the *Euxine* sea. Here is the usual mysterious junction

*Kal IO*—which would be hieroglyphically expressed ♂ or → or perhaps ⚡ : as is intended to be shown when we come to explain the upper line A of Pl. v. Nos. 5. 14. HERODOTUS says that the Colchians were originally Egyptians, and were black: SESOSTRIS having left part of the army with which he invaded *Scythia* in *Colchis*, to people it. They had, he says, woolly hair, and were of a dark complexion. This description applies to many of the Abyssinians—*Habshi*, as they call themselves—natives of *Habesh*. BRYANT supposes the Colchians to have been one of the most ancient colonies of the Cuthites—one of their principal cities, he says, was *Cuta*: the Caucasian range of mountains ran through their country; named, after their ancestor *Chus*. FABER, in his *Cabiri*—i. 266—says that “the snaky locks of *Gorgon*, and the Colchian dragon, equally relate to the solar superstition.” I should expect to find in *Colchis*—if any archaic thing remain—the site or ruins of a temple or temples heretofore relating to the more eastern KALI, and mountains from their forms, and rivers, bearing Kalic names. I infer that the name and colour of the abode and race of the Kalki-ans—another mode of writing it, but pronounced sufficiently like Colchians—have reference to the black goddess of *India*; in like manner as in *India*, *Habshi* or *hubshee* is applied to black things—grapes for instance—from their colour, more than from supposing them natives of *Habesh*: who, as we have recently seen, are so called.

From a passage in the preceding par. we might be reasonably led to expect Hinduisms in that fine

range, the *Caucasus*. After noticing that the *Aghanathic* expedition has intimate connexion with *Colchis*, and that the Colchians have been just mentioned in connexion with *Caucasus*, let us run a rapid eye over those mountains, and see if they retain any vestiges of Hinduism. If *Caucasus* were written *Kakasu*—and how valueless the final sibilant is in many languages no one will deny—meanings might be found for that compound in Sanskrit, which shuns such finals. *Su*, means beautiful; and *Ka* (*cauca* would do nearly as well) is a *crow*; but perhaps so restricted. The eagle would be a more fitting associate for the scenery of that glorious range.

Its highest summit is called *Kasi-beck*. K. PORTER's *Travels*. *Kasi*, in Sanskrit, denotes pre-eminence; and is a classical name of the Hindu "eternal city," *Benares*, as hath, I think, been before noticed. "*Titridshkali*," according to the barbarous redundancy of consonants in the Russ, is the name of a mountain torrent of that region, flowing from *Kasi-beck*, in a style described by PORTER—i. 86—as likely to arouse the feelings of a mystic Hindu. It would remind him of his own *Ganga*, and the scenery of *Nipal*. "*Kristawaja*, or mountain of the cross," looks and sounds more like Sanskrit than Russ or any other language: so does "the mountain god, *GARA*." i. 90. The description of the mountains and *cleft* passes by PORTER, would suit almost equally well for the similar scenery of the *Himalaya*.

Approaching the sacred and poetical regions

raqueous, animal, VISHNU and other arkite deities are seen. I know not if *Ararat* can be tortured into Sanskrit, or if it require any such torturing. The final *rāt*, or *rat'h*, is a vehicle, or support, or rest, in some of its dialects. "*Anni*" is a place in that neighbourhood—172. "We crossed the *Akhor* near a spot where a boiling spring issues from the ground, accompanied by volumes of steam." 177. The city of "*Nagchiran*"—179—compounded of *nag*, the great mythological serpent, and *tan*, its vehicle or rest. VISHNU is often seen reposing on that "thousand-headed"—"*Ophiucus* huge;" and otherwise connected with it. *Nag* is the king of the serpent race—an endless source of Hindu fabulous legend. "*Talish*," 181—" *Karakala*," 198—" *Makoo*,"—(q. *Muhakoo*?)—" *Sheroor*—*Sevan*," 202—remind us strongly of Hindu names of places. Again—" *Devaloo*, *Oujary*," 210—" *Kalagan*," 214—and others, which the curious reader will find described by PORTER in the neighbourhood of *Ararat*, would induce a belief that the Sanskrit tongue and Hindu superstition once had sway in that region. In i. 571, he mentions "*Kanarah*," near *Persepolis*.

More such names might be found in the neighbourhood of *Ararat*. But, few as these are, it may be doubted if so many so closely allied to a Hindu language can be found in all *France* or *England*. In *Ireland*, *Scotland* and her isles, they abound; as



we hope to show soon. We must now take leave of Sir KER PORTER, with whom I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance, lamenting the loss of an accomplished gentleman.

We have slid, as it were, out of *Greece* for a while; not quitted it abruptly—and must now turn thither to notice a few miscellaneous gatherings before we finally quit that seducing country.

Considering the ultra-poeticalities of *Olympus* I am disappointed at the unyielding Greekness of the name. The “biforked hill,” if this be it, promises something Hinduish; identifying or connecting with the *Kailasa*, the terrestrial paradise of Siva or with *Meru*, the *Olympia*, in every thing but name of Hindu poetics. I can make nothing of it under the name of *Olympus*. What other names has it?

Its immediate neighbourhood yields a little. *Olympia* city is at the foot of mount SATURN, washed by the river *Cladeus*, which soon intermingles with the IONI-an sea. This city was among the most celebrated of antiquity for sacred groves, trees, and mysteries. We may here trace some Kalacisms. *KAL*, like *SATURN*, is *Time*—in *Cladeus*, we may fancy *Kaludeo*, or *deva*. But leave we *Olympus*!

“ ——— the Olympian maids—  
The daughters they of regis-bearing JOVE—  
Whom, to the embrace of JOVE, MNEMOSYNE  
—— bare of old in the Pierian mount—  
Thrice three nights did JOVE embrace her.  
She, some distant space from where  
*Olympus* highest rears its snow-capt head,  
Brought forth the thrice three maids—whose minds  
Are knit in harmony.”—ELTON’S HESIOD, *Theog.*

Of CASSANDRA, I can make but little. *Kasi* and *INDRA* offer some speculation in sound: but I am unable to connect them by any common legend. The many daughters of *PRIAM* and of the Puranic *DAKSHA*; and *SATURN* and the *Apsarasa* mermaids, might perhaps be brought into relationship by an initiated hand. But I neither know their names; nor where to find them, or their histories——

“Then embracing earth,  
He fashion'd the great *THAUMAS*,  
And blooming *CETO*—  
From *NEREUS*, and the long-hair'd *DORIS*, nymph  
Of Ocean's perfect stream, there sprang to light  
A lovely band of children, goddesses,  
Dwelling within the uncultivable main—  
They from the blameless *NEREUS* sprang to light:  
His fifty daughters—versed in virtuous tasks.”—*Ib.*

The name of *CALYPSO* is also prominent—but here again I am in ignorance. If *Kalapsara* were admissible, something might be said connecting the poetical personages of the preceding par. and quotation: — “goddesses, dwelling within the uncultivable main.”

We read of the “gulf of *Bhagena*, or *Colokythia*, near the channel of *Cerigo*”—the southern point of the *Morea*: a promontory, probably. Such are in *India* symbolic of *SIVA*. *BHAGA* and *BHAGI* are names of him and his consort. In *Colo* we have the root of *Kal*; in *Cerigo*, *Srigao*. *Cerigo* I have noted as in connexion, if not identical, with *Cerigotto*, but have omitted my authority. *Srigao* may

in Sanskrit mean holy kine; and *Srigat*, a holy gate, or pass.

*Candia*, the modern name of *Crete*, is said by an anonymous writer to be derived from *Khunda*, an Arabic name of the capital. Capitals rarely give names to countries—and I should be rather disposed to say, from the Sanskrit *Kunda*, a hill, *Kund*, a pool or lake. Is there any noted hill or lake near the city, likely to have afforded a name to it, or to the island?

"*Macronisi*, or the isle of *HELEN*," noted in history or fable for amatory scenics, reminds us of KAMA's piscatory symbol *Makara*; or of one of his names thence derived, *MAKARI*. Ist, it may be recollected, is a name of *PARVATI*; but I am not aware of its having any direct reference to the freaks of the Hindu *CUPID*, one of whose names is *KANDARPA*. As may be supposed, his names and attributes and legends are perpetually alluded to by all Sanskrit writers; whether poetic or didactic. When *KRISHNA* in the *Gita*, is likening, or rather identifying himself with the first of every thing, he says, "Among fishes I am the *Makar*—I am the prolific *KANDARPA*, the god of love." And in a planatory reference to a passage in p. 355. I may add "I am, amongst worships, the *yap*."



## IN AFRICA.

THOSE of my Readers who may be classed as Orientalists; who have watched the progressive developement of the cognascence of the Sanskrit and Greek mythology and languages; may not, perhaps, be much surprised at what precedes—touching chiefly geographical nomenclature connected with such mythology. No one must expect to dip into Greek or Sanskrit literature without ever-recurring allusions to that all-pervading subject. “There gods meet gods, and jostle in the dark.” But what is to be expected in the Cimmerian regions of Central *Africa*? Who looks thither for poetry or polish? And who may not feel some surprise at finding the rivers, mountains, towns — things which usually receive appellations least liable to change—bearing Sanskrit (and Greek?) names; almost as commonly as the rivers, mountains, towns, of *India* or *Greece*?

The following few pages contain some of such instances as have occurred in the currency of my very limited reading. I do not recollect that I ever read a volume, or a page, expressly in search of such things; in reference to *Greece*, *Africa*, or any other region. They are of incidental occurrence and notice. Those referring to *Greece*, and most of those referring to *Africa*, were noted many years ago.

Some of the latter were published in the Asiatic Journal of 1817. Wishing to throw together the Greek and African coincidences, I will here note the latter, substantially in the form in which they were communicated to that Journal—although at the risk of some repetition.

The similarity in the usages, customs, &c. of distant regions and remote ages, have amusingly and profitably attracted the notice, and employed the pen of many writers. The same may be said, in perhaps a greater degree, of affinities in the languages of people geographically and chronologically remote. Such similarities and affinities are sometimes very striking and unaccountable; and have given rise to various speculations—curious, learned, profound, extravagant. But I do not recollect any writer attempting to amuse or instruct the reading public in a branch of coincidence—so to speak—that appears to me as curious and striking as any of those above mentioned; nearly, indeed, related to them—and which as naturally gives rise to speculations that, if pursued, might ramify into all the descriptions just enumerated. I mean in the *Names of Places*—such as cities, towns, hills, mountains, rivers—which may be generically classed under the Head of “Geographical Nomenclature.”

I have little pretension to the ability of *instructing* the public: but perhaps some readers may condescend to excuse this attempt to contribute to their amusement, by pointing out sundry coincidences in *India, Greece, Africa, America, Britain*, and other

parts of the world; between which it may not be easy to discover any ready channels of lingual inter-communication.

I will now show that many of the towns, hills, rivers, &c. of *Africa*—even deep in her interior—have Sanskrit names — or names sounding very like that language. What their signification may be in the dialects of *Africa*, if any, I have no means of ascertaining. Some may sound like corrupt Arabic—but perhaps have no local meaning in modern language.

Let me here observe, that although in all parts of the world all names of places (and of persons also) may reasonably be supposed to have been originally significant in the local tongue, yet in the lapse of time the sounds have altered; and the sense has been forgotten, in so many instances, that etymological research has been often put to the test, and not seldom whimsically extended, in the attempt to trace such varied sounds and meanings up the tortuous stream of ages back. <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A stranger to the languages of *Europe*, or even an uninstructed Englishman, would not easily recognize the names of Our SAVIOUR in the mouths, or from the pens, of nations half a dozen leagues or hours to our eastward. The French pronunciation cannot, perhaps, be better expressed by our letters than thus—ZSHASOO KREE. This may serve to show the difficulties of etymologists, in this line—and what licences may be taken and allowed, when ages and oceans have rolled between the regions thus attempted to be lingually re-united. And let it be farther observed, that when I write of Hindu-

*India*, where the Pantheon of the Hindús is found to have been the grand magazine whence such persons have derived and applied their varied appellations : a very great proportion of which is thus easily traceable by any one moderately skilled in the dialects of *India*. And as the sacred language of the Hindús and their mythology are little or nothing altered in the lapse of many centuries, in *India* we may run and read in the features of nature, and in the early works of man, the origin not only of local nomenclature, but the names of places very ancient and distant from this supposed source. Through what channels, lingual and geographical, the current of connexion may have run, is not evident ; and has been the subject of the speculations above described.

With these premises I invite the Reader to remark the following names of places which occurred to me in a recent perusal of Park's last mission, as coming within their purview :—

*Jonkakonda — Tendiconda — Kootakunda — Tat*

isms in *Greece, Africa, &c.* I do not mean to be restricted within precise geographical, or even historical boundaries. "In or about,"—"in such neighbourhood;" or under such influences, now, or at some earlier period, may rather be understood.

touching *Kunda*, a hill, and *Kund*, a pool or lake, applies here and may suffice. Such terminations are common in *India*, and are almost always, I believe, found attached to hills or pools, or to their immediate vicinity. Some instances I will note: — *Golconda*; or, as I conjecture, *Kalkunda*—*Gurrukunda*—*Ganeskunda*—*Kailkunda*—*Inaconda*—*Miconda*; (perhaps *Mahékunda*)—*Nargoond*—*Noulgoond*—*Penekunda*—*Curacunda*. Many others might be added. Whether these terminations be spelled like PARK's *konda*, *conda*, *kunda*, *caunda*; or like those of *India*, which are as varied as PARK's, with the farther difference of *gound*, *kendy*, *ken*, *gondy*, &c., I am disposed to refer them all to the Sanskrit *kunda* or *kunda*. The same sound in *India* is found initial in *Condapilly*—*Cond*—*Conjeveram*—*Condatchy*—*Cundapoor*—*Cundwah*, &c. Whether these be all, or chiefly, names of hills, I have no present means of ascertaining; but suspect so. PARK has omitted to mention the description of places bearing the name of *Konda* in *Africa*: but I suspect them also to be hills, or connected with them.

<sup>1</sup> I had here, and in the names, &c. hereafter given, referred to the pages of the several authors whence I have taken them—as I have generally done, precedingly, in respect to Sanskritisms in *Greece*: but considering the little probable utility of such minute references, I have now, to save room, mostly omitted them.



place. Consonants are the bones and sinews of isolate words. A substitution of these important vertebræ of vocables may be allowed to a certain extent. I shall, however, require these indulgencies in a very limited degree: not exceeding, perhaps, the allowable interchange of a *b* and *v*—or a *y* and a *j*—or a *k* and *g*.

With a little of this licence where wanted, and it may be, and is, allowed to others, as well as to distressed etymologists, let us try to turn PARK'S African names into *Hindi*. *Jonkakonda* may be *Janekakunda*, or the hill of *JANEKA*. I know not, it is true, of any such hill in *India*—but *JANEKA* and his daughter *JANEKI*, commonly called *JANKY*, are important mythological or historical persons well known in *India*; and may well have given their names to a hill or river there, as well as in *Africa*.

*Tendiconda* and *Tandarunda*, of *PARK*, are, I imagine, the same place, or the same name. And although here again I have no knowledge of any such compound name in *India*, yet *tunda* is a Hindu word, and the name of a town in *Bengal*; where, indeed, there are few or no hills to fix it on—that country being chiefly alluvial and flat. I should, therefore, expect to find there few or no *Kunda* as

<sup>1</sup> And, of course, noticed, with some of the fables connected with them, in the *HP*.

names of places—and the hilly country of the *dekkon* to abound in them. A town in the *Carnatic* is named *Tondi*. In some dialects of *India*, *tanda*, or *tunda*, or *tund* (vowels are of no moment, the root is *tnd*) means *cold*. And although we may not, at first view, expect a reason for its *positive* application in the interior of *Africa* or in *Bengal*, yet comparative degrees of cold exist every where — and perhaps in very elevated spots positive too.<sup>1</sup> The “Hill of Cold” may not unreasonably be looked for and found within the tropics, though not so obviously, as within the polar regions. Mountains covered with the snows of a thousand winters are in sight from *Bengal*.

The *Kootakunda* of *Africa* may be also traced to *India*. In modern dialects—though I do not say that such dialects are derived immediately from the Sanskrit, the prime radix perhaps of all language—*Koota* means a *dog*: and it farther means *short*, or *low* of stature. It is found initial, final, and sole, in

<sup>1</sup> Nor need we ascend or move extra-tropically for positive cold. I have known it so cold in *Bombay* that the troops could not parade at the usual time, day-break. It was put off till the sun was high. Travelling once to *Poona*—accompanied as is mentioned in p. 148.—we pitched our tents the first night—it was Christmas Eve—at *Panwell*, near the tank. It was a bitterly cold night. We moved at day-break next morning—and my gallant, and noble, and shivering friend pointed my attention to the thermometer hanging on his tent-rope. I write from recollection, but I am within bounds when I say it was under 40°: and that on coming to our new ground, the same thermometer in the same position, in the shade, stood upwards of 100°.